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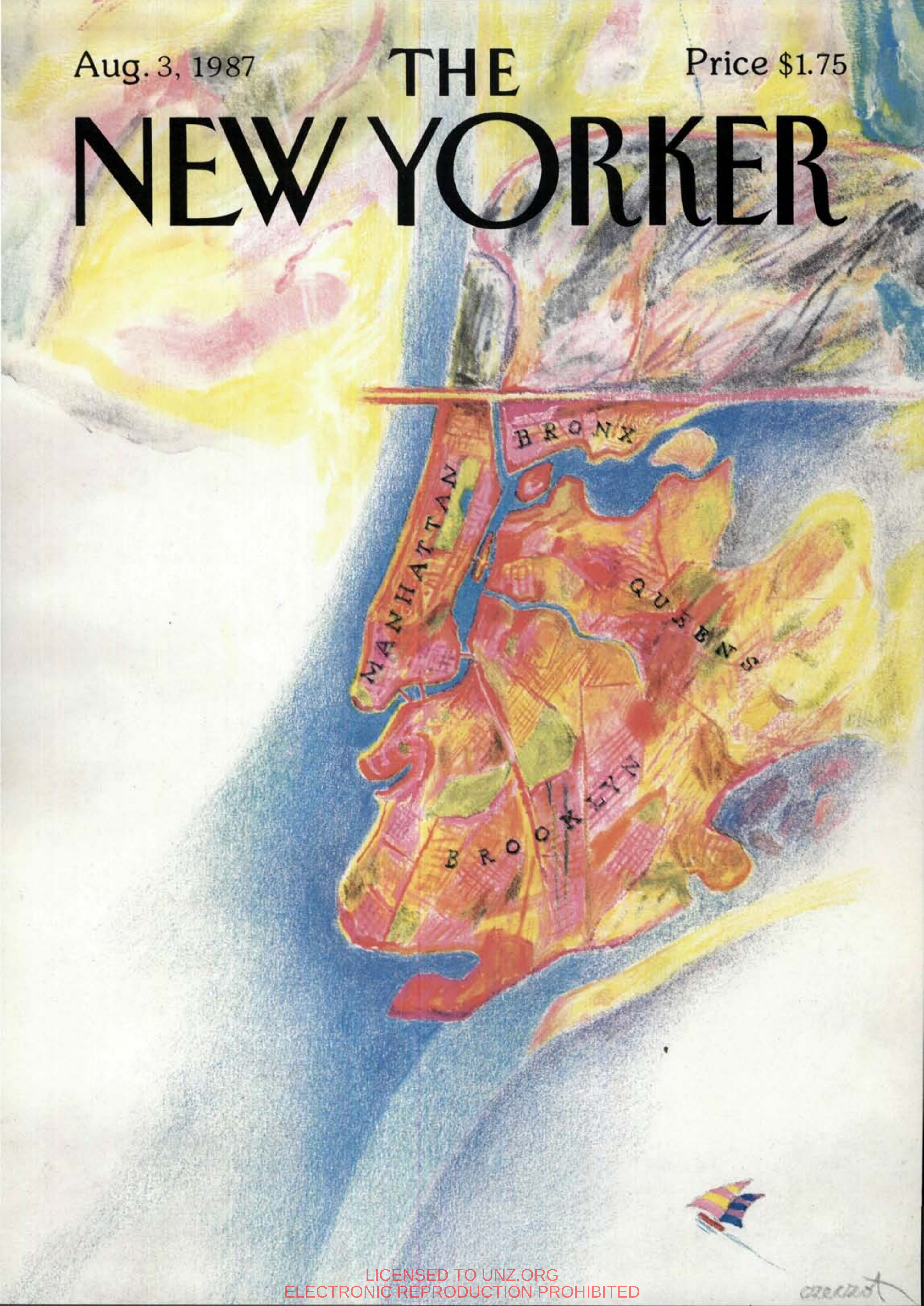
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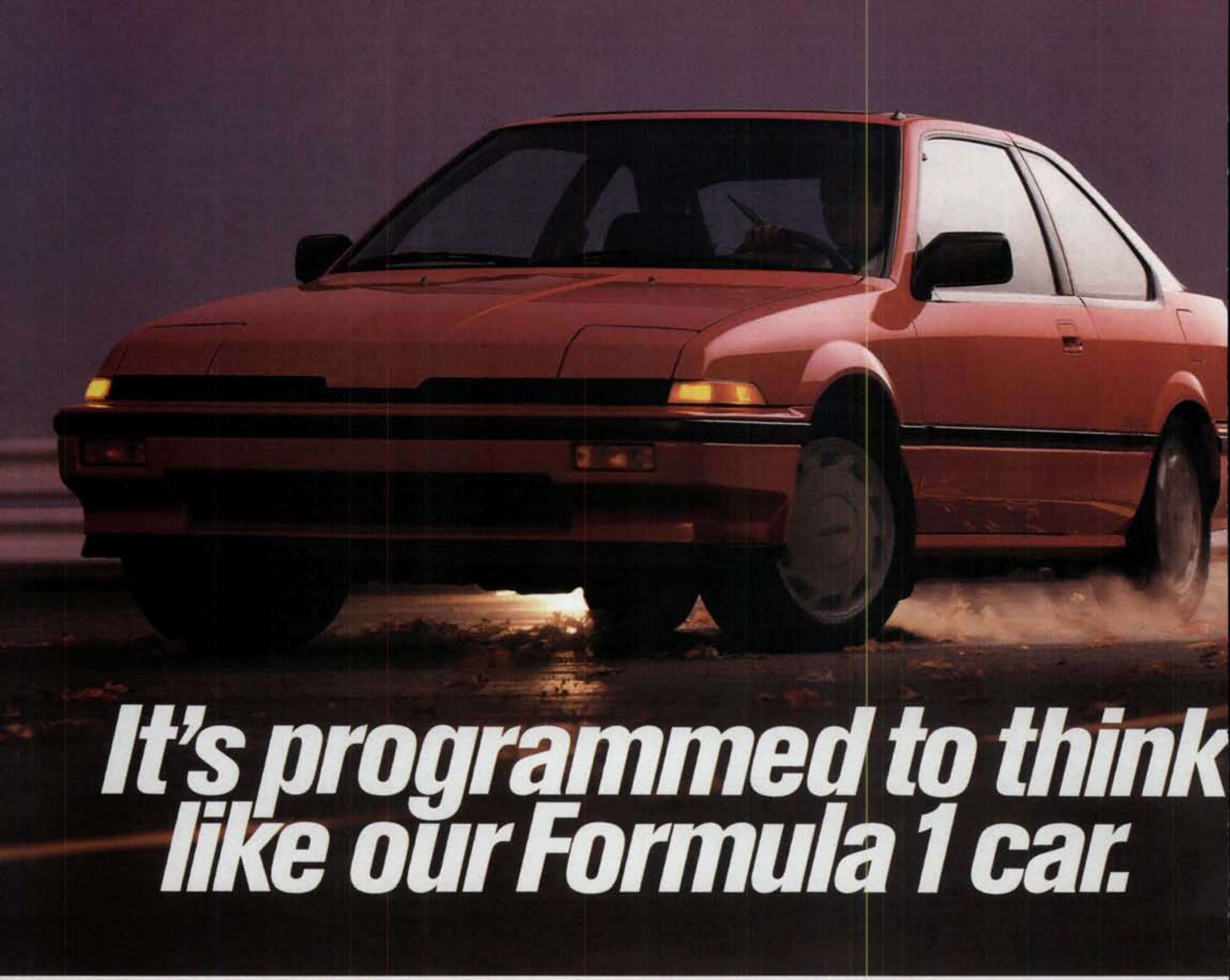

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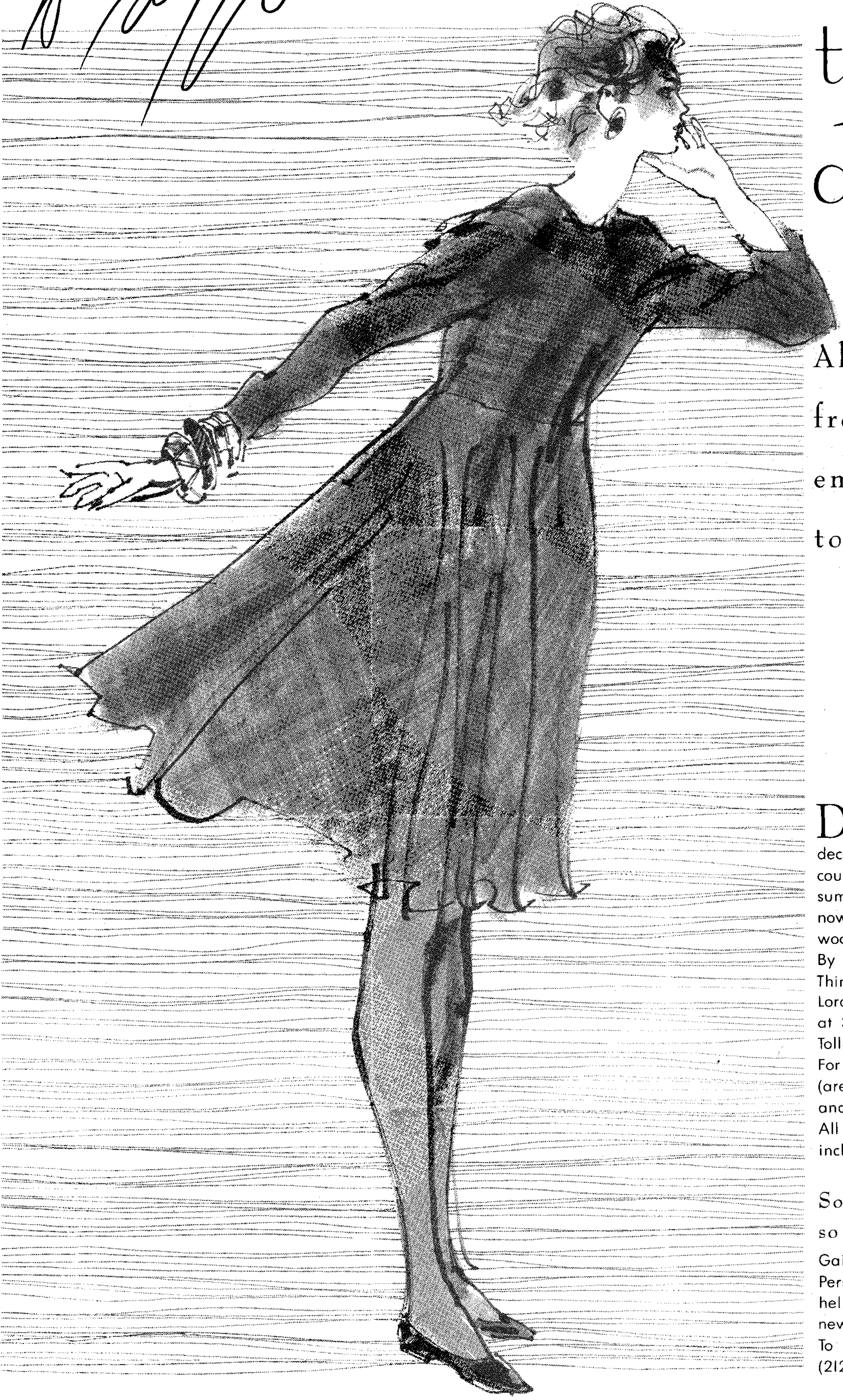

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. With Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, *Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman.* Carole Rothman was the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

The Invasion of Aratooga—A play by Peter Bach. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway,** a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

1984—This multimedia stage adaptation of Orwell's novel takes far too much effort and manpower to arrive at the banal conclusion that "1984" was prophetic. It revels in technology while making the point that we live in an overmechanized society but fails to use theatre to express the novel's greater themes. The third of four productions in the American Theatre Exchange, it comes to us from the Wilma Theatre, in Philadelphia. (Reviewed in

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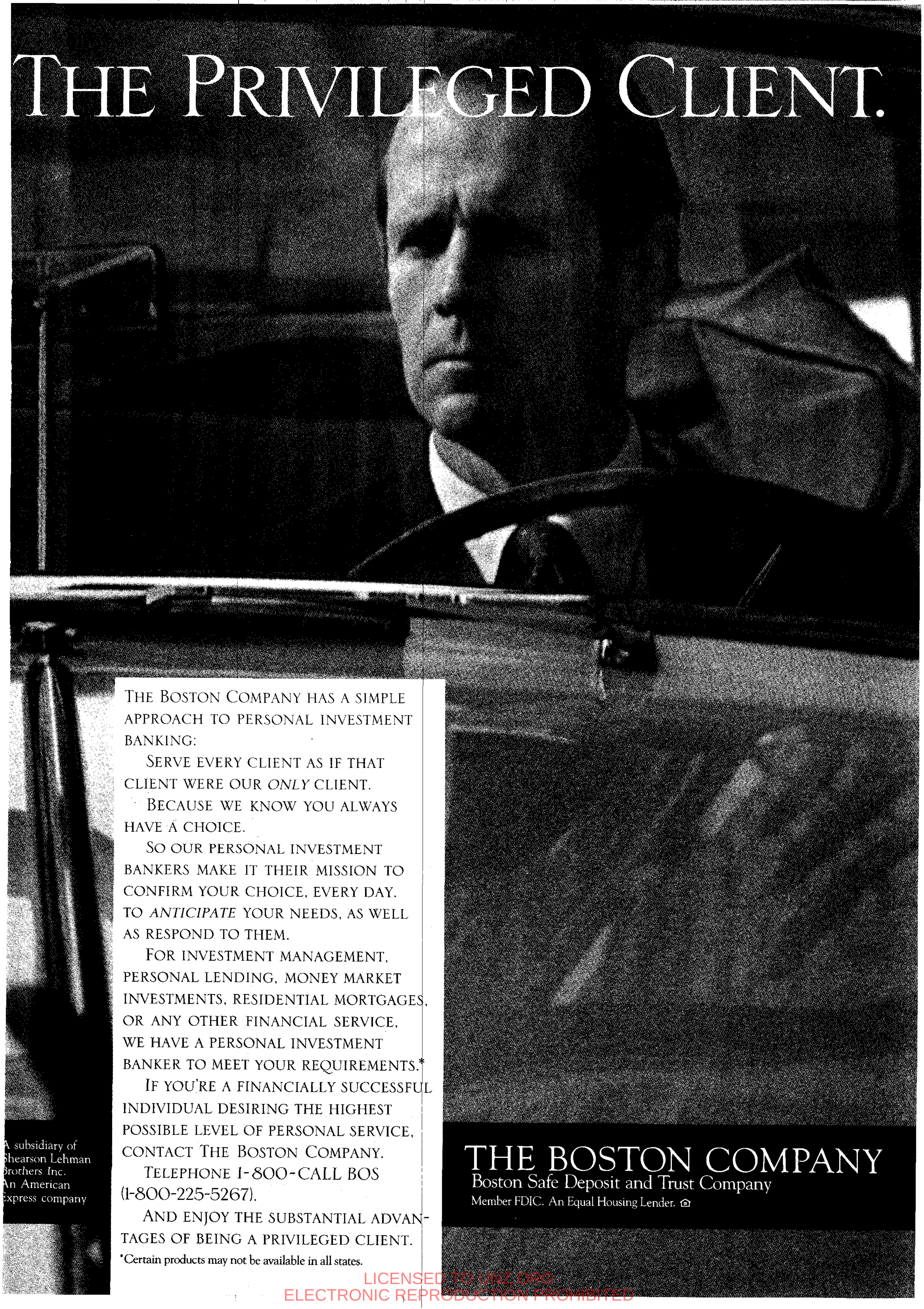
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this issue.) (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 9. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 5. Closes Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 2.)

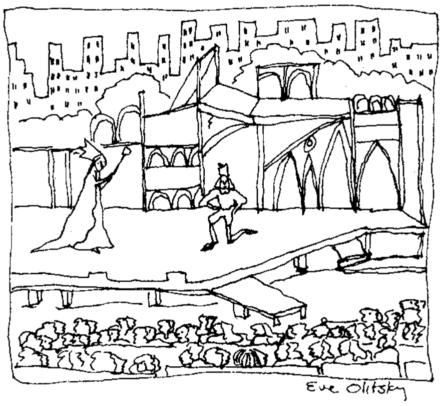
The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, sublime clown, acrobat, mime, and juggler, is appearing here for a limited engagement, with his two stalwart partners, Doug Skinner and M. C. O'Connor. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 9.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the common pursuit:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,344 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

"Serious Fun!"—Final performances—Wednesday, July 29, at 8: Musicians David Van Tieghem and Scott Johnson performing their own works. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 8: The Lounge Lizards and performance artist Ann Magnuson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8: Geoff Hoyle, Frank Olivier, and Michael Moschen, a trio of "New Vaudeville" comedians. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Festival Latino in New York—Opening performances of a three-week theatrical *celebración*, featuring plays from Latin America, Spain, and the U.S., which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. Unless otherwise noted, all performances are in Spanish. "El Reñidero," by Sergio de Cecco. A production of Argentina's La Comedia Cordobesa. Saturday through Thursday, Aug. 1-6, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2, and Thursday, Aug. 6.) . . . ¶ "Las Bacantes," conceived and directed by Salvador Távora. A production of Spain's La Cuadra de Sevilla. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 3-9, at 8. . . . ¶ "Pancho Diablo," a play (in English) by Carlos Morton. With Fernando Allende. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 5-7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 8-9, at 3 and 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.) . . . **note:** There will also be a program of Latin-American and Spanish films at the Metro Cinema, and of Argentine films at the Public's movie theatre. (See "The Movie Houses," on pages 11-12, for dates.)

Out to Lunch—A musical revue by Wally White. (West Bank Café Downstairs Theatre Bar, 407 W. 42nd St. 695-6909. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 4-6, at 8:30.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Saxophonist **bill saxton's** trio holds forth Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, jazz and blues singer **dakota staton** will be aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **joan cushing,** a Washington, D.C., singer-pianist-satirist, performs at six-thirty Wednesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 1. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, Ronald Reagan, pretending to be a virtuoso impressionist named **jim morris,** holds a very funny hour-long news conference. Musical humorist Michael Garin goes to work at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. A Latin-jazz mini-fest is in progress: Havana-born alto saxophonist **paquito d'rivera** and his quintet trade sets with an upstate New York fusion bunch called Cabo Frio through Sunday, Aug. 2; starting Tuesday, Aug. 4, Jamaican-born pianist **monty alexander** and his steel-drum-driven band play opposite Brazilian Express. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, art-rock types, stray Dead Heads, and members of the **chris isaak** fan club. The songs that Isaak does on his records—restrained, melancholy ballads whose central figure is an aching soul laid up in a Blue Hotel waiting for true love to happen—don't really describe his range as a singer or as a performer. You might guess from the Roy Orbison echo in his voice that he was a slightly nutty romantic, but you probably wouldn't expect him to show up, as he did here a couple of weeks ago, wearing a boxy turquoise suit with spidery silver embroidery, or to strap on a squeeze box and sing the 1945 Louis Jordan hit "Caldonia (What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)," or to do a Jimmy Stewart imitation, or to take his band through a psychedelic California-surf instrumental in which he plays a long, demented drum solo. Isaak will be back on Friday, Aug. 7. **sun ra** will be here in his flowing robes and sequinned space traveller's cap on Saturday, Aug. 1; upper-atmosphere trumpeter **maynard ferguson** brings in his big band on Sunday, Aug. 2; and the Bongos, a Hoboken folk-rock band, play on Tuesday, Aug. 4. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: **hilton ruiz** and

RAY DRUMMOND through Saturday, Aug. 1; **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** on Sunday, Aug. 2; and **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** starting Monday, Aug. 3. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HENRY THREADGILL'S** seven-person "Sextett" (two tat-tatting percussionists, a bassist, a cellist, a trombonist, a trumpeter, and the leader on woodwinds) sounds at different moments like a New Orleans brass band, a rowdy, talkative, midsize Mingus ensemble, and an avant-chamber group. Mr. Threadgill's music is varied and very likable, and it will be available through Sunday, Aug. 2. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet takes over on Tuesday, Aug. 4. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* The lineup: Wednesday, July 29, the Scott Cossu trio; Thursday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2, Joe Roccisano's big band, featuring valve trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4-5, pianist Andy LaVerne, bassist Mike Richmond, and drummer Danny Brubeck. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, Keith MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, **LARRY VUCKOVICH;** and starting Tuesday, Aug. 4, **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Carla White sings with support from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Ed Howard. Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays are claimed by bop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his threesome. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **BILL MAYS** plays it, with bassist John Goldsby at his side, through Saturday, Aug. 1; on Tuesday, Aug. 4, **BEN ARONOV** and his bassist, **CHIP JACKSON,** swing into action. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Wednesday, July 29, saxophonist **JOHN ZORN;** Thursday, July 30, trombonist **GEORGE LEWIS** and others; Friday, July 31, Percy Jones; Saturday, Aug. 1, Pianosaurus; Sunday, Aug. 2, Zusaan Kali Fasteau, with **RASHIED ALI** and **SIRONE;** and Thursday and Friday, Aug. 6-7, pianist **GERI ALLEN'S** trio. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Jelly Roll Morton claimed to have "personally originated jazz in New Orleans in 1902." **JAMES BROWN** doesn't say where or when he invented soul music, but he does say that it is "the music that with God's help I created. It never was before." The co-creator, now in his middle or late fifties, will be in action here on Monday, Aug. 3, at eight and eleven. The rest of the lineup: Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, the **RADIATORS;** Sunday, Aug. 2, Jamaican rapper-singer **YELLOWMAN;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4-5, the Bluesbusters. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. The fourteen-piece Great American Swing Band, conducted by clarinettist Walt Levinsky, is paying tribute to Benny Goodman through Saturday, Aug. 1; starting Tuesday, Aug. 4, the band will dip into the books of Count Basie and Duke Ellington. Shows at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

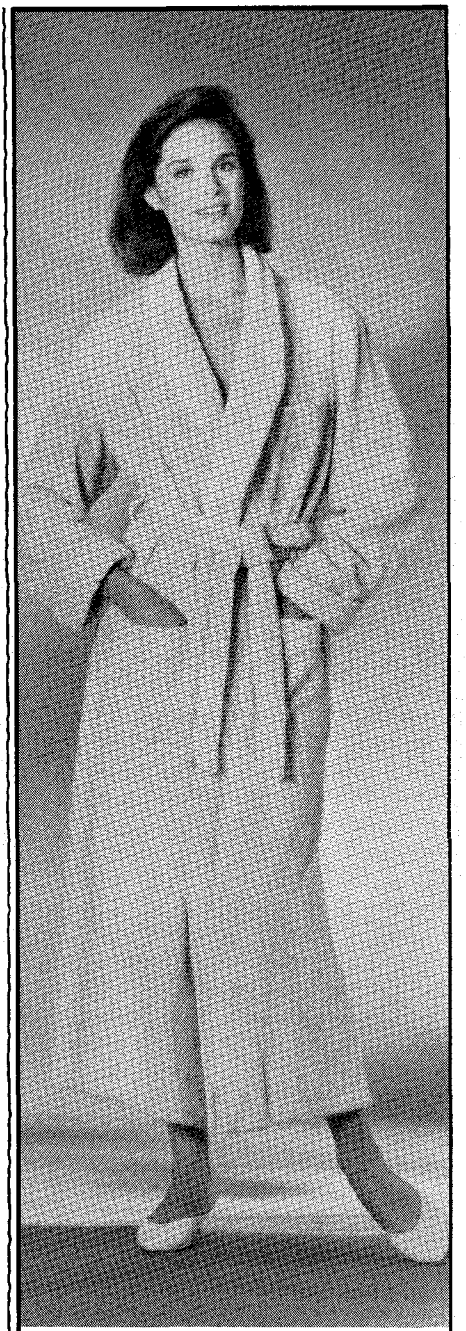
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Wednesday, July 29, Nina Hagen; Friday, July 31, **BONNIE RAITT;** Saturday, Aug. 1, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW;** and Friday, Aug. 7, **LIVING COLOUR,** with guitarist **VERNON REID,** and spiky-haired British balladeer **BILLY BRAGG.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, Senegalese singer **YOUSSOU N'DOUR** and his fourteen-piece band, **SUPER ÉTOILE;** Friday, July 31, the Brooklyn-based Haitian band **TABOU COMBO;** Saturday, Aug. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Wednesday, Aug. 5, from Martinique, Max Cilla; and Friday, Aug. 7, Skah Shah, another Haitian dance band. Music from nine Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **HENRY BUTLER,** a blind New Orleans-born pianist (he took lessons from Professor Longhair, but he leans more toward the modal mysticism of McCoy Tyner) and singer (he has an operatic bass-baritone), will be here with clarinettist **ALVIN BATISTE** (another of his teachers), bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** through Sunday, Aug. 2; bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** brings in his quintet on Tuesday, Aug. 4. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix' "Stone Free." Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St.

Judith Shahn



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(873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It *wouldn't be this sleek soul-and-jazz room.* **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES,** veteran purveyors of Philadelphia soul music, sing here Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, July 29, Funk Philharmonik; Thursday, July 30, Phantom Tollbooth, Nice Strong Arm, and White Zombie; Friday, July 31, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Aug. 2, Lucky 7 and Nine Below Zero; Thursday, Aug. 6, **LIVING COLOUR;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, R. & B. singer **LOWELL FULSOM.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Aug. 3, **TITO PUENTE'S** orchestra will share the stage with trumpeter **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ'S** ensemble and flutist Nestor Torres. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Pianist **MULGREW MILLER** leads a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 2, and on Tuesday, Aug. 4, **JOE HENDERSON,** a hard-edged, steely-toned tenor saxophonist, descends the stairs with a rhythm section composed of pianist Irene Rosnef, bassist Marlene Rosenberg, and drummer Sylvia Cuenca. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **ETTA JONES** sings with tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON'S** band Thursday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 2, and starting Wednesday, Aug. 5, **CARRIE SMITH** will apply her deep, rich, down-in-the-valley voice to blues, ballads, and perhaps a gospel song or two. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Guitarist **JOE BECK** will be in the good company of pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Aug. 1; on Monday, Aug. 3, Mr. Bunch and Mr. Moore return with cornettist **RUBY BRAFF.** Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bon Jovi—With Keel. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 1-3, at 8.)

Rebirth Jazz Band—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 3-4, at 8.

Billy Idol—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8.

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Charles McPherson and the Barry Harris trio. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

Classical Jazz—Monday, Aug. 3: Betty Carter, Marian McPartland, Sasha Daltonn, Carrie Smith, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 4: Walter Davis, Jr., Barry Harris, Carmen McRae, and others performing the music of Thelonious Monk. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5: A tribute to Charlie Parker, with Tommy Flanagan, Roy Haynes, Hank Jones, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Watercolors and drawings. Through Aug. 15. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through Friday, July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Wilber Niewald and Christian White—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figure paintings. Through Friday, July 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—One of the artist's final works is a repeat-pattern painting—the kind that's like a sheet of postage stamps—whose subject is Leonardo's "Last Supper." Through Friday, July 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **BURGIN,** 270 Lafayette St.: A polished brass box by Donald Judd, three mosaiclike works by Gilbert and George which are made up of postcards, and an installation by Tony Tasset that consists of six benches, each progressively narrower than the last. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **ENO,** 164 Mercer St.: A juried exhibit of wall works not exceeding eighteen inches in any direction. Among the various pieces are a bronze coffin-shaped object based on Egyptian mastabas, by Sharon Turner, and a painted-and-stitched handmade paper sheet by Kate Ward Thacker. Through Thursday, Aug. 6. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **COLE,** 200 W. 57th St.: Prints of nudes by twenty-five American artists—Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Louis Lozowick, and Paul Landacre among them. Through Aug. 14. . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists just arriving on the gallery scene. Through Sept. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Americans Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **GRACIE MANSION GALLERY,** 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Works on paper by Rhonda Zwillinger, Buster Cleveland, and Hope Sandrow, among others. Through Friday, July 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St.: Richard Hamilton, Richard Artschwager, Nancy Dwyer, TODT, Justen Ladda, and others are represented by paintings combining text and images taken from the mass media. Through Aug. 14. . . . **LORENCE-MONK,** 568 Broadway: Paintings by eleven artists, including Carole Seborovski and Alan Uglow. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART,** 584 Broadway: Paintings, works on paper, sculptures, and videos by forty-nine Cuban émigré artists, including Tony Mendoza, Maria Brito-Aveuana, and Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Figurative paintings and drawings by Milton Avery, John Graham, Alex Katz, Irvin Tepper, and others. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Six abstract paintings on paper by Peter Flaccus, four dark-wax floor sculptures by Rona Pondick, and abstract ink drawings from 1981 to '82 by Helen Miranda Wilson. Through Friday, July 31.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at **ALEXANDER,** 59 Wooster St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 415 West Broadway. . . . **LITTLEJOHN-SMITH,** 133 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Joyce—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). Through Friday, July 31. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—Works by these paper-negative pioneers are at the Metropolitan. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Joe Maloney—Photographs of the Delaware River in upstate New York, stone houses in Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington, D.C. Through Friday, July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

German Photography of the Eighties—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **LIEBERMAN & SAUL,** 155 Spring St.: Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **WITKIN,** 415 West Broadway: Chairs are the common denominator in this show of prints by more than sixty photographers. Through Aug. 21. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has gone through the roof to provide a sculpture garden with spectacular views over the treetops of Central Park. The rooftop sculpture garden (all twentieth-century works) will be open for three months beginning Saturday, Aug. 1. Free tickets will be issued daily on a first-come, first-served basis. . . . ¶ Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through

Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Pueblo artifacts. Through Sunday, Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Starts Friday, July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibit surveying three thousand years of Chinese celadons, a family of ceramics that reached its peak in the hands of Sung-dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) artisans, who perfected the jadelike texture of the glaze. Bells, funerary urns, covered boxes, ewers, vases, and bottles—nearly ninety works in all. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through Friday, July 31. (Open Wednesday through Saturday, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Gabrielle Lansner and ensemble (dance), Friday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 2, at 9. . . . ¶ Eric Barsness and Dancers, Friday through Sunday, Aug. 7-9, at 9.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, July 29, at 1; and Thursday, July 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, July 31, at 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2:20; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 3-5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 6-7, at 7:35, and Saturday, Aug. 8, at 7:05.

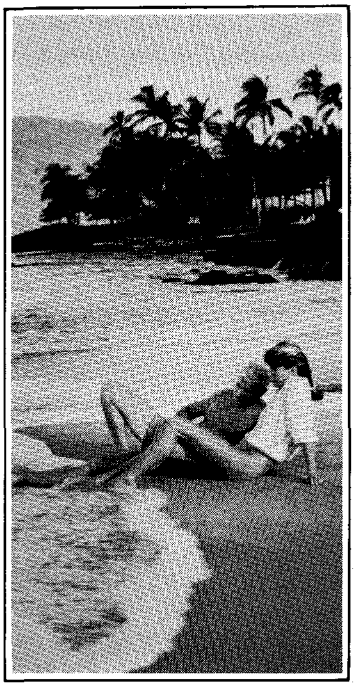
Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Friday, July 31, at 1. Races begin at 3 on Friday. Through Monday, Aug. 3. The Sword Dancer Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Haskell Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 5, through Monday, Aug. 31. The Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 8.

Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30, from Monday, Aug. 3, through Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

Taneyev String Quartet—Chamber music by this group from Leningrad, appearing here for the first time. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, July 31, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1 and 7: "Sweeney Todd," with alternating casts; conducted by Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Tuesday,



THE LIGHT
AT THE END
OF THE
TUNNEL.

*"So many times when things
were going badly, she was the
only one who understood.
Now we're sitting here together,
letting fish nibble at our toes
and watching our lightshow.
Maybe we'll dress for dinner
and maybe we won't."*

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has a happy ending.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Aug. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gianna Rolandi, Cynthia Rose, and Kurt Link; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Susanne Marsee, Richard Leech, and John Cheek; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Cornett; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 2: "La Traviata," with Marilyn Mims, John Stewart, and Pablo Elvira; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Wednesday, July 29: Leopold Hager conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Paul Gallo, basset horn; and Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: A program of Bach harpsichord concertos for one to four players, performed by Anthony Newman, Kenneth Cooper, Edward Brewer, and Arthur Haas, with the New York Chamber Soloists. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1: Leopold Hager conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Delores Ziegler, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 3: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Stoltzman and John Graham, viola. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 4-5: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Handel's oratorio, "Acis and Galatea," with Erie Mills, soprano; John Aler and David Britton, tenors; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6: Alicia de Larrocha. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: George Cleve conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkušný, piano, and Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Through Saturday, Aug. 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,** with Elizabeth McGovern as Julia. The second of three productions to be presented at the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, Aug. 16. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday, July 29; Friday, July 31; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Lisa Lancaster, cello, and David Kim, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Lewis conducting the American Jazz Orchestra, with Benny Carter, alto saxophone. (Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:15.)

CENTRAL PARK BANDSHELL—Thursday, July 30, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in Verdi's "Il Corsaro." . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8: Rachel Rosenthal, Nicky Paraiso & Mary Shultz, and Jaimie Martinez & Mark Dendy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 3: Rebirth Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3: Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Love Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 3: Allen Toussaint. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

PROSPECT PARK BANDSHELL—Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Tania León conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with Tito Puente and his ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8: Yomo Toro and his ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8: Baba Olatunji's Drums of Passion. (For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

RIVERSIDE PARK ROTUNDA—The Vic Juris Quartet. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin. Sunday, Aug. 2, at 4.)

MUSIC CRUISES—Concerts on excursion boats. Friday, July 31, at 8: David Bromberg, John Sebastian, and Aztec Two-Step. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 3, at 6:30: Astrud Gilberto. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Frank Donaruma, horn. The fourth in a series of five weekly concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 4, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller-beer people's summer series. The Turtles (with Flo and Eddie), the Byrds, Herman's Hermits, the Grass Roots, Tommy James and the Shondells, and Mark Lindsay. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

SUMMERFARE—Final performances—Mozart's **DON GIOVANNI,** conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Wednesday, July 29, and Friday, July 31, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **EL TANGO DE DON JUAN,** a musical directed by Jérome Savary: Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **COMPAGNIE JÉROME DESCHAMPS,** presenting "It's Sunday": Thursday and Friday, July 30-31, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:45; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **TEATRO MASCARA,** of Florence, presenting "Until Help Comes," a one-woman work, with Susanna Dini: Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 9:45, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 4. . . . **ACTORS THEATRE OF LOUISVILLE,** presenting "Digging In: The Farm Crisis in Kentucky": Saturday, Aug. 1, at 6, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **LIMON DANCE COMPANY,** presenting "Dolmen Music," "Also, Egmont Bitte!," and "A Choreographic Offering": Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8. (State University of New York at Purchase. For information about tickets and round-trip transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 253-5900.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 30, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: Shura Cherkassky, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Marilyn Horne, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 5:30: Christopher Parkening, guitar. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Richard Westenburg directing Musica Sacra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Wynton Marsalis and his quintet in a program of jazz music. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER-MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final performances—Friday, July 31, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: An all-Mozart program performed by Claude Frank, piano; Kazuhide Isomura, viola; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Frank, piano. (Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

TANGLEWOOD—Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Nexus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: Carl St. Clair conducting the Boston Symphony, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Benjamin Pasternack, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Kronos String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7: Malcolm Lowe, violin, and Andrew Davis, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Andrew Davis conducting the Boston Symphony, with Ken Noda, piano, and Malcolm Lowe, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

BERKSHIRE CHORAL FESTIVAL—The last two in a series of weekly concerts by a chorus of more than two hundred members, the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, and soloists. Saturday, Aug. 1: Joseph Flummerfelt directing a Handel-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8: Charles Dodsley Walker conducting a concert performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Berkshire School, South Egremont, Mass. 1-413 229-3522.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Through Saturday, Aug. 1: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2: The Kronos Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 4-8: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 2 and 8:30, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 3. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** in a three-week season that runs through Saturday, Aug. 15. Wednesday, July 29: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola; William Stokking, cello; and Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: William Smith conducting, with Alec Chien, piano, and William de Pasquale, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1: Victor Borge conducting and playing the piano in an improvisational concert. . . . [**NOTE:** Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, will give a special concert on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 2-3.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 5: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 6: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7: Robert Irving conducting a program of ballet music to be danced by Merrill Ashley and John Meehan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8: Riccardo Muti conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 16.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Sept. 2-Oct. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Sept. 5-Dec. 19.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Sept. 1-13.)

OTHER DATES—A new play by Charles Marowitz, "Sherlock's Last Case," with Frank Langella as Holmes, will open Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 5-7 and Sept. 12-13. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Frank Sinatra at Carnegie Hall, Sept. 10-12 and Sept. 15-19.

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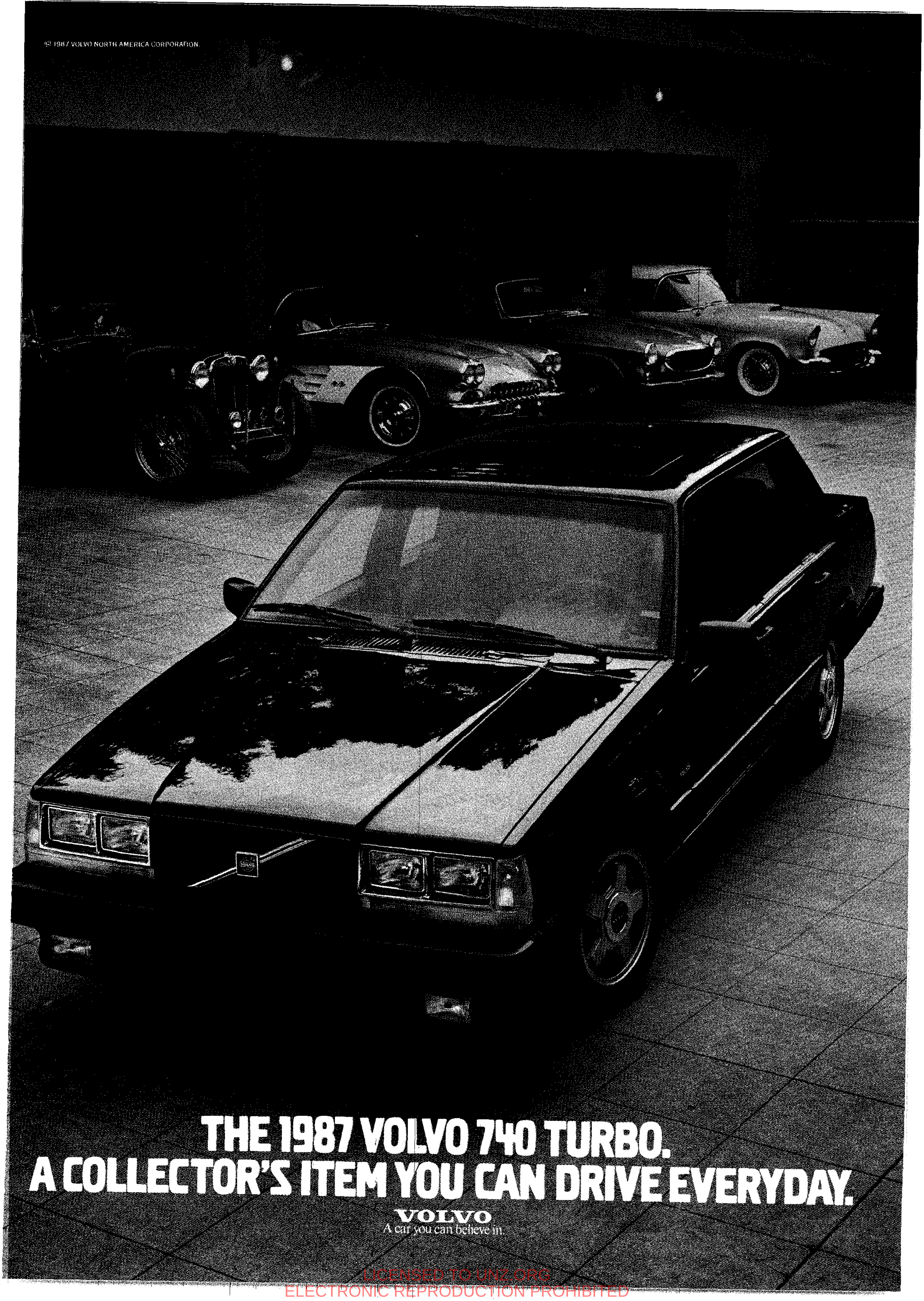

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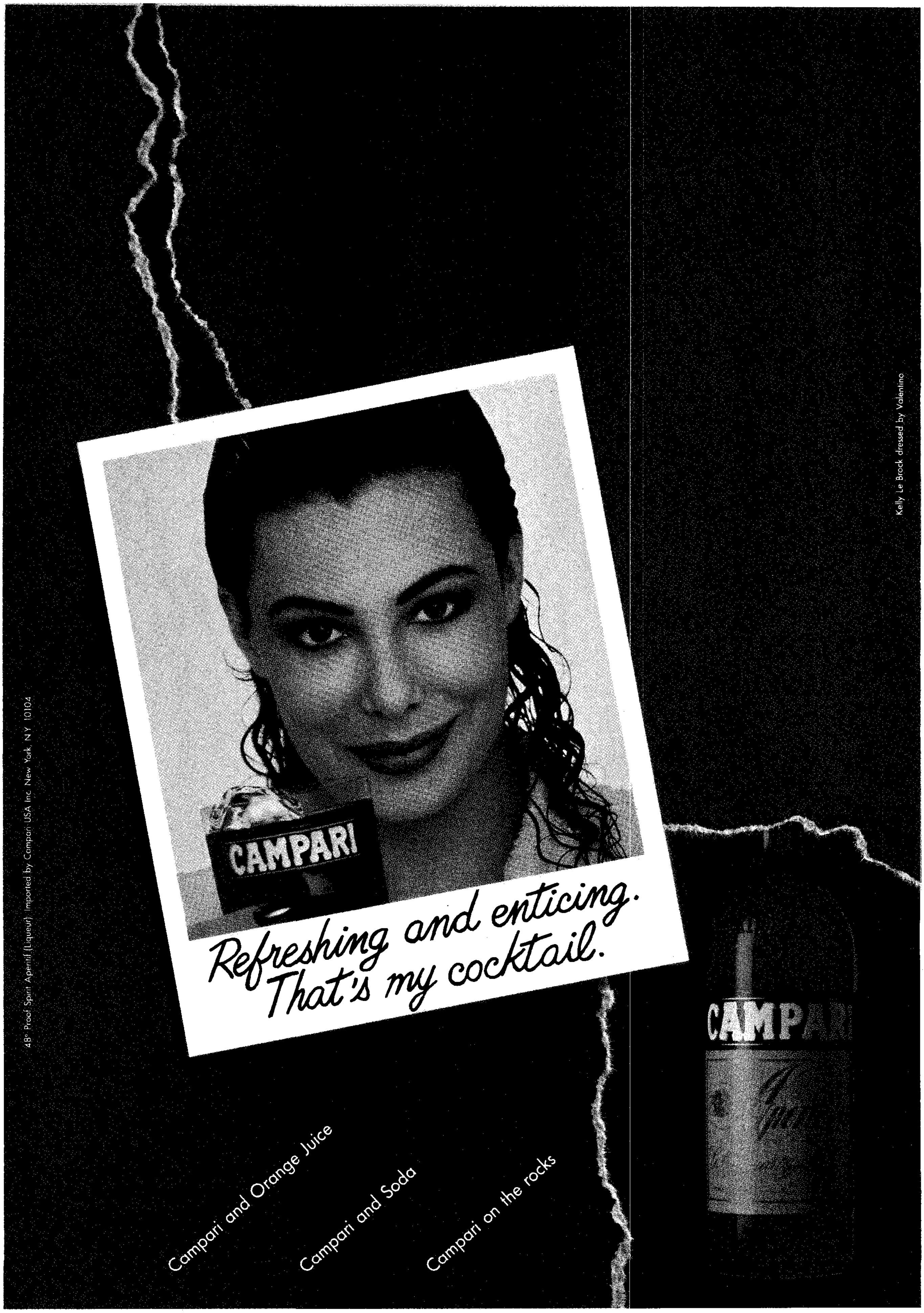

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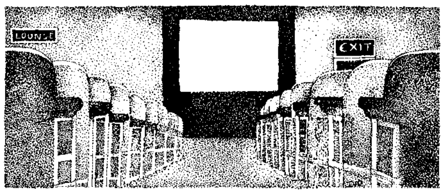

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

BLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through July 30: At 6, "Love Me Tonight" (1932; directed by Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; at 8, "I Married an Angel" (1942; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and, at 10, "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline, Linda Ronstadt, Angela Lansbury, Rex Smith, and George Rose.

July 31: At 6, "The Night Is Young" (1935; Dudley Murphy), with Ramon Novarro, Una Merkel, and Evelyn Laye; at 8, "Singing on the Treadmill" (1974; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian); and, at 10, "The Lottery Bride" (1930; Paul L. Stein), with Jeanette MacDonald and Joe E. Brown.

Aug. 1-2: At 4, "The King Steps Out" (†); at 6, "The Night Is Young;" at 8, "Singing on the Treadmill;" and, at 10, "The Lottery Bride."

Aug. 4-6: At 6, "The Pagan" (1929; W. S. Van Dyke), with Ramon Novarro and Renée Adorée; at 8, "Singing on the Treadmill;" and, at 10, "Waltzes from Vienna" (1933; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews.

From Aug. 7: A program of Argentine films.

OVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve. From Aug. 7: "Nadine" (Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine. From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.

RAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Aug. 6: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

From Aug. 7: "Back to the Beach" (Lyndall Hobbs), with Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon.

Y CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Aug. 4: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

From Aug. 5: "Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn.

EWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine. From July 31: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Roxanne" (†).

ASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

TTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Aug. 6: "Innerspace" (†).

From Aug. 7: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.

OTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.

AZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

ANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Theatre 2: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

ARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus). From July 31: "Roxanne" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Roxanne" (†). From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.

W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Good Morning, Babylon" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida. *From July 31: "A Man in Love"* (Diane Kurys), with Greta Scacchi, Peter Coyote, Peter Riegert, Claudia Cardinale, and Jamie Lee Curtis.

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (Alan Clarke). From July 31: "Good Morning, Babylon."

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Dragnet" (1987 †). From Aug. 7: "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "My Life as a Dog" (†). From Aug. 7: "Nadine" (Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges and Kim Basinger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Aug. 4: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

From Aug. 5: "Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine. From July 31: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Whistle Blower" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through July 30: "Dragnet" (1987 †).

From July 31: To be announced.

86TH STREET TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Innerspace" (†). From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon. From July 31: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

Theatre 2: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "The Sea and Poison" (1986; directed by Kei Kumai; in Japanese). From Aug. 5: "Vampires in Havana" (1986; Juan Padron; a Cuban film, in Spanish), an animated film.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Ping Pong" (Po Chih Leong; in English and Cantonese). From July 31: (Separate admission) "Ping Pong;" and "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Dragnet" (1987 †). From Aug. 7: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.

Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido. From July 31: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (Alan Clarke).

Theatre 3: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †). From Aug. 7: "Happy New Year" (John G. Avildsen).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks. From Aug. 5: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Spaceballs."

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs;" and (evenings only) "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 5: "Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Aug. 6: "Roxanne" (†).

From Aug. 7: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Eat the Peach" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Withnail and I" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"My Life as a Dog" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Jean de Florette" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through July 30: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

From July 31: "Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Gran Fiesta" (Marcos Zurinaga; in Spanish and English).

Theatre 2: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).

Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Revenge of the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine. From Aug. 5: "Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine. From July 31: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dragnet" (1987 †).
Theatre 4: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 30: "Innerspace" (†). From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon. From Aug. 3: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Summer School."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs;" and (evenings only) "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 3: A program of Latin-American and Spanish films.

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "The Believers" (†). From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (directed by Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.
Theatre 3: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 4: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 5: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus). From Aug. 5: "Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 3: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.
Theatre 4: "La Bamba."

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through July 30: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
From July 31: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Aug. 6: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From Aug. 7: "Masters of the Univers
(Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgr
and Frank Langella.

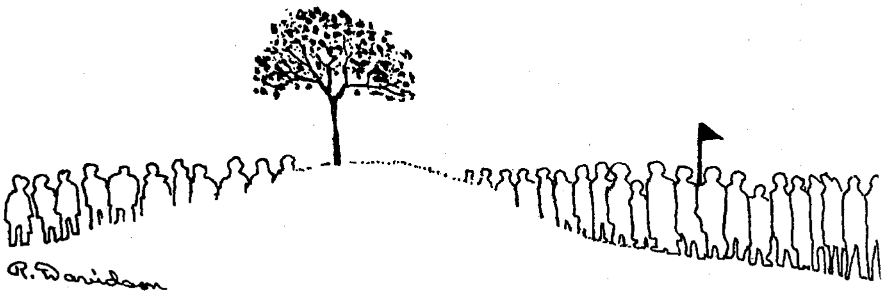
REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 30: A program of M-G-M ca
toons.
July 31-Aug. 1: A program of Warr
Brothers and Looney Tunes cartoons.
Aug. 2: A program of musical cartoons.
Aug. 3-4: A program of Popeye cartoons.
Aug. 5-6: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons
Aug. 7-8: A program of Hollywood cari
ture cartoons and traveltoons and nev
reel funnies.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Monda
through Fridays, theatre opens in the late
ternoon.)
July 29: "City Lights" (1931; directed
Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Virg
ia Cherrill; and "The General" (1926; Bu
ter Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a sile
film), with Keaton.
July 30: "Dust" (1986; Marion Hansel), wi
Jane Birkin and Trevor Howard; a
"Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), wi
Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
July 31-Aug. 2: "It Came from Outer Spac
(1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carls
and Barbara Rush; and "The Day t
Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wis
with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, a
Hugh Marlowe.
Aug. 3: "Rocketship X-M" (1950; Ku
Neumann), with Lloyd Bridges and O
Massen; and "The Flying Saucer" (195
Mikel Conrad).
Aug. 4-5: "They Came from Within" (197
David Cronenberg), with Paul Hampto
and "Videodrome" (1983; David Crone
berg), with James Woods.
Aug. 6-7: "Invaders from Mars" (1953; W
liam Cameron Menzies), with Hele
Carter and Arthur Franz; and "The Inv
sion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; D
Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Da
Wynter.
From Aug. 8: "A Clockwork Orange" (†) a
"THX 1138" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 30: "Let's Make Love" (196
George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe, Yv
Montand, and Milton Berle; and "Ladies
the Chorus" (1949; Phil Karlson), wi
Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Monkey Business" (195
Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ging
Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Mo
roe; and "The Prince and the Showgir
(1957; Laurence Olivier), with Maril
Monroe and Olivier.
Aug. 2-3: "The Seven Year Itch" (†) ar
"There's No Business Like Show Busines
(†).
Aug. 4-5: "Don't Bother to Knock" (†) ar
"The Asphalt Jungle" (†).
Aug. 6-8: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logar
with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arth
O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Hec
art; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Bil
Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Cu
tis, and Jack Lemmon.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 29: "Boudu Saved from Drownin
(1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with M
chel Simon; and "La Chienne" (1931; Jea
Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon.
July 30: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wi
Wenders; in German), with Rudig
Vogeler; and "The State of Things" (198
Wim Wenders).
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Harder They Com



(1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Heartland Reggae" (1980; Jim Lewis), a concert film.

Aug. 2: "Germany in Autumn" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Straight Through the Heart" (1983; Doris Dörrie; in German).

Aug. 3: "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson; and "Village of the Giants" (1965; Bert I. Gordon), with Tommy Kirk.

Aug. 4: "The Honeymoon Killers" (†); and "Homebodies" (1974; Larry Yust).

Aug. 5: "The Serpent's Egg" (†); and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

Aug. 6: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (†).

Aug. 7-8: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 29: "The Homecoming" (1973; Peter Hall), with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

July 30: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, and David Manners; and "Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan.

July 31-Aug. 1: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946; George Marshall), with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan.

Aug. 2: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (†); and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Aug. 3: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish).

Aug. 4: "Three on a Match" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak; and "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis and Richard Barthelmess.

Aug. 5: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

Aug. 6: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967; Stuart Rosenberg), with Paul Newman.

Aug. 7-8: "Wuthering Heights" (1939 †); and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: July 30 at 2:30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1931; directed by Rouben Mamoulian), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Rose Hobart. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6 and July 31 at 2:30: "Girls About Town" (1931; George Cukor), with Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, Lilyan Tashman, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "June Moon" (1931; A. Edward Sutherland), with Jack Oakie, Frances Dee, and Wynne Gibson. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5 and Aug. 2 at 2: "Three Cornered Moon" (1933; Elliott Nugent), with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, and Lyda Roberti. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5: "June Moon." . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30 and 6: "Hot Saturday" (1932; William Seiter), with Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30 and 6: "This Is the Night" (1932; Frank Tuttle), with Lily Damita, Charles Ruggles, Roland Young, Thelma Todd, and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30 and 6: "The Phantom President" (1932; Norman Taurog), with George M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Ethel Merman, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: "The Princess Comes Across" (1936; William K. Howard), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Alison Skipworth. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2: "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Pauline Lord, W. C. Fields, ZaSu Pitts, and Evelyn Venable. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 5: "We're Not Dressing."

Theatre 2: July 30 at 6:30 and Aug. 1 at 4: "City of Lost Souls–Berlin Blues" (1983; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 6. at 6:30 and Aug. 8 at 4: A program of German films made in Super-8mm.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a nineteen-day retrospective of films that opened at the New York Film Festival from 1963 to 1986, in celebration of the festival's twenty-fifth anniversary. Aug. 7 at 6:15: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Gérard Depardieu. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8:30: "Ran" (1985; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 12:30: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 4:30: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein), a documentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6:30: "Wise Blood" (1979; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 9: "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. . . . ¶ Through Sept. 26: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances for both programs is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Genbaku Shi: Killed by the Atomic Bomb" (1985; Gary DeWalt), a documentary. (July 31 at 7.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 29: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann. . . . ¶ July 30: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels. . . . ¶ July 31: "Moon Over Miami" (1941; Walter Lang), with Don Ameche and Betty Grable. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time on the night of the performance.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"Robin Hood" (1922; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Beery, Sam De Grasse, and Enid Bennett. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (July 29 at 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A program of films by Hou Hsiao-hsien. July 30 at 3: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 30 at 7: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (1985; in Mandarin, with English subtitles). (For information about tickets, call 288-6400. Ext. 284.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—"Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., Mary Steenburgen, Elizabeth McGovern, James Olson, Pat O'Brien, and James Cagney. (Aug. 2 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller, directed by John Huston, about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. Sterling Hayden is the central figure, and the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, Marilyn Monroe, and James Whitmore. (Regency; Aug. 4-5.)

The Believers—John Schlesinger's occult thriller is set in a vile, hellish New York City—one of his specialties since "Midnight Cowboy." In this picture, about a widowed police psychologist and his young son, who are threatened by a human-sacrifice cult, Schlesinger seems right at home: in the no man's land between pop sociology and sheer exploitation. The high seriousness of the tone makes the pulp material far more loathsome than it would be in a schlock horror movie. Schlesinger has never been more effective or more hateful. With Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and a fine supporting cast that features Robert Loggia, Jimmy Smits, Harris Yulin, Lee Richardson, and the alarming Malick Bowens. Screenplay by Mark Frost, from Nicholas Conde's novel "The Religion;" terrific cinematography by Robby Müller. —T.R. (Criterion Center; through July 30.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. The cast includes David Niven, Edward Everett Horton, and Franklin Pangborn, so there are some alleviating comic moments. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri. (Film Forum 2; starting Aug. 8.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico

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Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. In other respects, it's standard. Roy Baker directed fairly efficiently, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel. With Richard Widmark, Anne Bancroft, and Donna Corcoran. (Regency; Aug. 4-5.)

Dragnet—The first joke in this expensive spoof of Jack Webb's long-running TV cop show is that Sergeant Joe Friday's nephew (played by Dan Aykroyd) is, in the "swinging" Los Angeles of the eighties, an even straighter arrow than his unsmiling uncle was in the fifties. The second joke is apparently being saved for the sequel. With Tom Hanks (as Friday's partner), Christopher Plummer, Dabney Coleman, Elizabeth Ashley, and Harry Morgan, who played Webb's sidekick in the sixties version of the program. (If you're old enough to remember that, you're too old for this movie.) Directed, clumsily, by Tom Mankiewicz, who also conspired on the screenplay with Aykroyd and Alan Zweibel. —T.R.(Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through July 30. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Art Greenwich Twin; through Aug. 6.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who doesn't use his problem-solving ingenuity in order to make a living or to provide decent quarters for the wife and child he loves. He's an impractical man who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you've seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie's little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there's nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes out, her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock." With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O'Neill as the blond barmaid. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/87.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and National Twin.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as the Spaniard Diego, a professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic. With Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 6.)

The Honeymoon Killers (1970)—Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through Lonely Hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951. This low-budget black-and-white movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. As the two-hundred-pound Martha Beck, Shirley Stoler is much too shrill at the start but quiets down and improves as the movie plods on; as the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony Lo Bianco is alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre. Directed by Leonard Kastle. With Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 4.)

Innerspace—With Dennis Quaid as a germ-size Navy test pilot floating around inside the bloodstream of a fretful hypochondriac supermarket clerk, played by Martin Short, this sci-fi buddy-buddy comedy sounds stupid-crazy-funky, and at its best that's what it is. But mostly it gets by on being good-natured enough for you to accept its being clumsy and padded and only borderline entertaining. The director, Joe Dante, made his reputation by the subversion of cuddly themes. Here, working from a script by Jeffrey Boam (and Chip Proser) that's a synthesis of the 1966 "Fantastic Voyage" and the 1984 "All of Me," he seems to be slogging through pages of plot, dutifully trying to set up the mechanics for the gags to pay off. And a lot of the time he's setting up the emotional apparatus to give the movie "heart." Luckily, Quaid comes through even though it's an almost totally encapsulated performance; he may be the only actor who can be infectiously free and breezy while scrunched up inside a pod. The blitheness of Meg Ryan, who's the heroine, gives the picture a lift. And Short has a drunken dance scene in which he's like an insect in convulsive ecstasy. But there's too much trumped-up tenderness and pathos in his role; the danger looms that he could become elfin-lovable—a darling. With a large cast that includes Robert Picardo, Wendy Schaal, and Ken Tobey. (7/27/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th Street Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through July 30. . . . ¶ Sutton through Aug. 6.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Public Theatre; Aug. 1-2, at 4.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Aug. 6.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the liveliest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Coronet; through July 30. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting July 31.)

The Serpent's Egg (1977)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 5.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, and Oscar Homolka. (Regency; Aug. 2-3.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

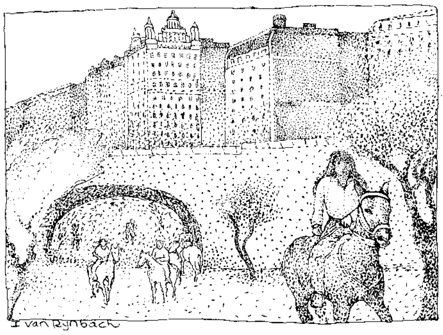
There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—Square and garish. Conceived as entertainment for the whole family, this musical is about a family of Irish vaudevillians; Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are the parents, and Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Johnnie Ray are their progeny. The plot is almost insultingly sentimental; it involves a misunderstanding between O'Connor and the girl he loves—Marilyn Monroe, as a seductive but good-hearted Broadway star. You have to put up with Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. But there's good, fast hoofing by Dailey and O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, who has a gleeful bounciness; she and O'Connor are wonderful together. And the Irving Berlin songs can carry you through a lot of tedious silliness. The costumes are so grotesquely tasteless they become enjoyable—Ethel Merman sings the title song in a monstrous white gown that looks as if it's going to attack her. Directed by Walter Lang. (Regency; Aug. 2-3.)

THX 1138 (1971)—George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984." The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. (Film Forum 2; starting Aug. 8.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. And the movie never comes to life visually: Langton seems still to be directing for a nineteen-inch screen. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

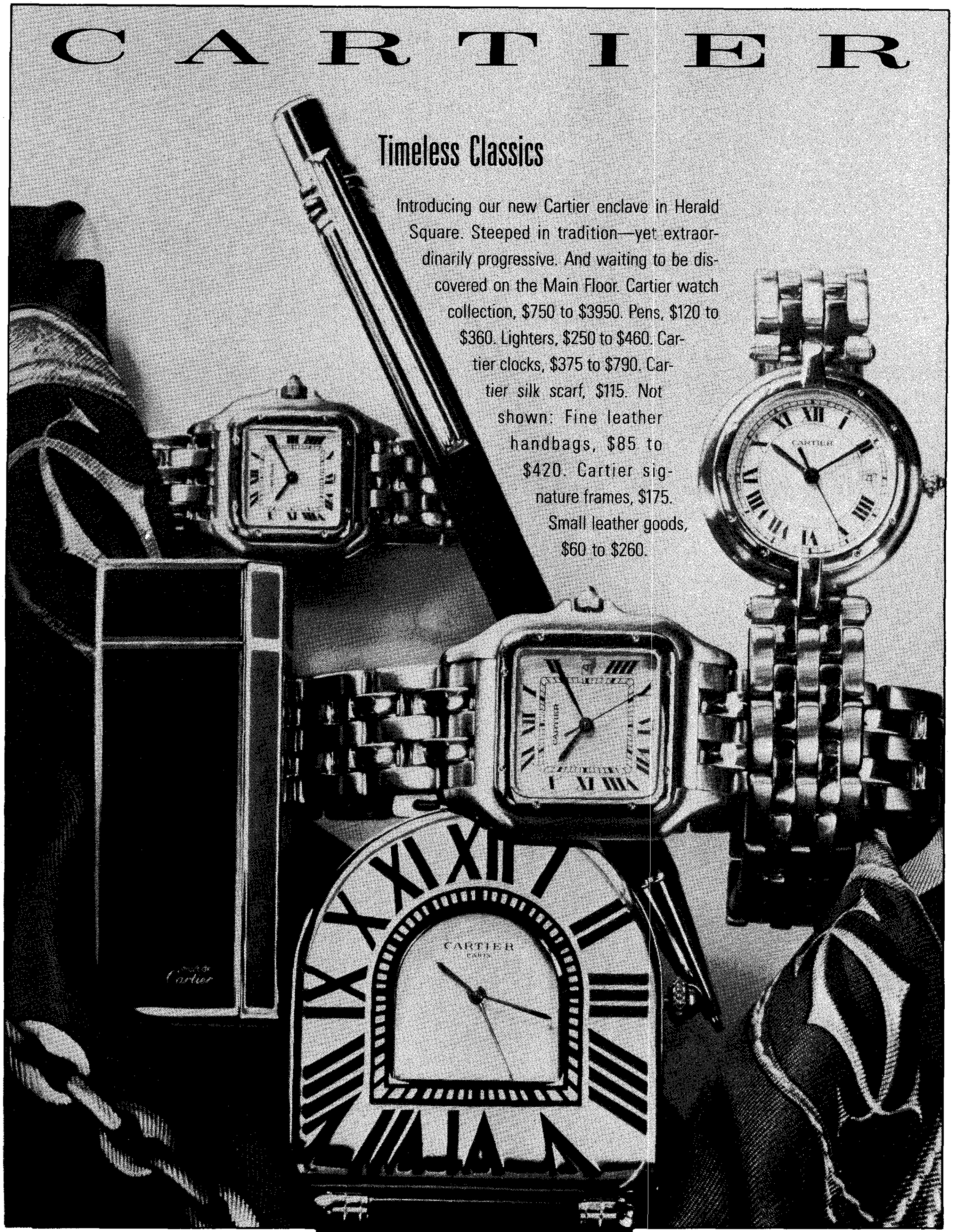
Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)



The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Cinema 3; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 6.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that as Heathcliff he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty. But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, and Cecil Kellaway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7-8.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE words "strict constructionist," "judicial restraint," "judicial deference," "original intent," "laissez-faire," and even "conservative" have acquired in recent years at least three entirely distinct sets of meanings. In one, which is traditional and legitimate, the words accurately characterize the views of almost all serious constitutional scholars, and of all honorable and competent federal judges—whose work is, after all, not merely bound but defined by a solemn oath to uphold and apply the Constitution. In another, the words are mere code or buzzwords, used almost mindlessly and without meaning but with highly polemical intent; that is, to characterize the views one holds or wishes to applaud, and to disparage all opposing views with yet another, accusatory buzzword: "judicial activist." Finally, the same words have been appropriated by holders of views so extreme, so coercive, so intrusive, and so radically at odds with tradition, with legal precedent, and with the whole text, history, structure, and meaning of the Constitution that they serve actively to conceal rather than to express positions, and have come to mean their precise and Orwellian opposites. In modern political history, this sort of transformation is not at all unusual. The most extreme agendas and regimes often adopt the terms of legitimacy and moderation.

When President Reagan announced his nomination of Judge Robert Bork, of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, to the seat on the Supreme Court which had been vacated by Justice Lewis Powell, news publications and spokesmen of every kind used that vocabulary of "strict constructionism," "judicial restraint," "judicial deference," "original intent," "laissez-faire," and "conservative" as though it applied especially, or at all, to issues now posed for the Senate by that nomination. This was not surprising. President Reagan, Attorney General Edwin Meese, and Judge Bork himself had used that vocabulary to characterize the positions of the nominee. They were also trying to frame the terms of the debate for all three constituencies of those words—the legitimate, the polemical, and the ideologically extreme to a degree almost unprecedented in the history of the American federal courts. This left most people who had not actually read Judge Bork's published articles and his opinions, both for the court and in dissent, uncertain of and not overly worried by which set of meanings was intended.

The Supreme Court for more than two decades has been in no sense and by no stretch of the imagination a radical or a liberal, or even a Democratic, court. On the day Justice Powell announced his resignation, the Court consisted of two justices appointed by Democrats and seven appointed by Republicans. Justices Powell, William Rehnquist, and Harry Blackmun were appointed by Richard Nixon, Justices Sandra Day O'Connor and Antonin Scalia by Ronald Reagan. Justice John Paul Stevens was appointed by Gerald Ford, Justice William Brennan by Dwight Eisenhower. Justice Byron White, who was appointed by John Kennedy, has voted so consistently with Justice Rehnquist on what has been until now the right wing of the Court that he is no longer mentioned as a swing, or even a moderate, vote. Justice Thurgood Marshall, who was appointed by Lyndon Johnson, is the sole liberal Democratic appointee.

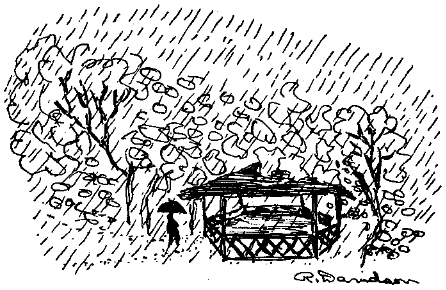
It is this Court, and its continuity with its predecessors in almost every major decision upholding an individual constitutional right against the powers of the State, over a period of more than thirty years—going back to Brown v. Board of Education and beyond—that Judge Bork has repeatedly and consistently accused of deciding "lawlessly" and "without principle," and of "creating rights," and of imposing "value choices" and "preferences," and of "lacking candor," and of being "unprincipled," and of producing a line of precedents "as improper" and "as intellectually empty" as Griswold v. Connecticut—a 1965 case in which the Court upheld a married couple's right to use contraceptives, a decision to which Bork has returned obsessively and scornfully again and again, and one that he would clearly vote to overrule. He has accused the Court, including on major occasions Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter, Potter Stewart, and Lewis Powell, with whom he prefers on other occasions to be identified, of being, unaccountably but consistently, less principled, less competent intellectually, and less committed to the Constitution than Judge Bork believes himself to be.

It goes without saying, although we all seem to feel obliged to say it, that a man who is nominated for the Supreme Court is entitled, like every other citizen, to his views, his judgment, his character, his history, his temperament, his intellectual quality, his personality and predilections. We know of Judge Bork, for instance, that he was a professor of law at Yale; that he was Solicitor General under President Nixon; and that he fired Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, an act that was *subsequently found by a federal court* to be unlawful but that he now defends as having saved the "viability" of the Justice Department. We know that he has been a judge on a federal appellate court; that some of his friends regard him as witty; that he smokes, and likes Martinis; that he did not pay certain taxes he had owed in New Haven since 1972, but paid them in July, 1987, the day before the New Haven *Register* broke the story. We know that he had been about to resign from the bench and resume private practice (he had hired no new clerks) when President Reagan announced his nomination for the Court. All this seems to leave open the possibility that he is an open-minded man, experienced in legal scholarship and in public office, who might affect the "balance" but would in no way threaten either the continuity, collegiality, and integrity of the Court itself or the entire constitutional structure—the separation of powers, the system of checks and balances—with which the republic was founded, and which has endured and developed over the past two hundred years.

FROM most of the reaction to his nomination so far, one might think: Well, some blacks oppose him, and some gays oppose him, and some women who oppose sex discrimination and believe in the right to abortion oppose him, and some woolly-headed liberals who believe in a right to privacy, or even believe that the First Amendment protects speech, oppose him, but those groups don't always speak with one voice, or for the whole decent, centrist consensus of the country. On the other hand, the right wing supports him. And even some members of the establishment, including the academy and the press, support him, or, at least, are reconciled to him. And Roosevelt, after all, had his Court-packing scheme. So unless there is some "smoking gun" the Senate might as well confirm him and get it over with. That's the way the system works.

But that's not how the system works. The Court-packing plan, for instance, failed. It was defeated by the Senate. The vast majority of the House, the Senate, and the electorate, moreover, were of President Roosevelt's party, and supported his social policy, at a time of genuine economic and political disaster. The present House and the Senate, many of whose members were elected as surely as and more recently than the current President, are not of his party. There is no crisis, except in extreme constituencies, and that is a crisis of ideology. But Judge Bork has made it so clear how he would decide nearly all major constitutional cases that have come before the Court, not just in the last thirty years but long before, that certainly for the first time in this century, and perhaps in the history of the republic, the Senate is being asked not to confirm a man but to establish on the Court a doctrine and a set of concrete decisions, most of which are reversals of established law and precedent. And Bork's published work seems to set forth methods, certainties, and positions that, while they may be consistent with what Bork calls "representative democracy," are so radically at odds with the Constitution as to amount to a rigid ideological system of his own.

What Bork has been looking for, and believes he has found, is, above all, a theory, a simple axiom, or principle, or formula, that the Court can—in fact, must—apply in constitutional adjudication to all cases that come before it. This "theory," developed at length in an article in the *Indiana Law Journal* in the fall of 1971, does not initially acknowledge the existence of "rights" at all but speaks instead of competing "gratifications," "pleasures," "preferences," but repeatedly and above all "gratifications": "Every clash between a minority claiming freedom and a majority claiming power to regulate involves a choice between . . . gratifications," and "There is no principled way to decide that one man's gratifications are more deserving of respect than another's or that one form of gratification is more worthy than another." The innumerable "lawless," "utterly specious," and "unprincipled" decisions—in fact, the perpetration of "limited" judicial "coups d'état"—that Bork thinks he discerns particularly, but by no means only, in the Warren Court seem to him, however, to "establish the necessity for theory." To be a "principled" judge "means," in fact, to "have and rigorously adhere to a valid and consistent theory." And "the Court's power is legitimate only if it has . . . a valid theory . . . of the respective spheres of majority and minority freedom." Bork believes that, while he does "not offer a complete theory of constitutional interpretation," he has found the best one by far. It is essentially this:



THERE are two classes of constitutional "rights"—or, rather, claims to "gratification." (He notes in passing, and with disdain, "rhetoric" to the effect that any "rights . . . inhere in humans.") The first class of rights consists of those which are "specified;" namely, those which the "framers" can be found literally and "actually to have intended," and which are "capable of being translated into principled rules." And the second class consists of "secondary," or "derived," rights, which "are located in the individual *for the sake of a governmental process*" (emphasis added). "They are given to the individual because his enjoyment of them will lead him to defend them in court and thereby preserve the governmental process." In all other cases, the Court must simply administer the "majoritarian" "will," or "preferences," as these are expressed in law. This Judge Bork believes to be the doctrine of "strict constructionism," "laissez-faire," and "original intent."

There are many difficulties with this theory. In the first place, the constitutional command that the courts consider only specific "cases" or "controversies" has precluded them from proclaiming theory—either philosophical or "advisory" or in advance of any set of facts. That is how constitutional adjudication works. The law is discovered in the cases, and not the other way around. That is why Justice Powell, in a long interview in the *Times* after his resignation, took the trouble to say, "I never think of myself as having a judicial philosophy. . . . I try to be careful, to do justice to the particular case, rather than try to write principles that will be new, or original, or whatever." Secondly, the notion that "rights . . . inhere in humans," which Bork dismisses as some new, modish rhetorical development, was held so firmly by the founders of the republic that the second paragraph of the Declaration with which they proclaimed their independence began, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." The

Constitution itself was drafted with three clear aims: to create a compact to form a republic, which would unite the separate states; to establish a structure by which that republic would be governed; and to protect precisely the individual rights of citizens against majoritarian intrusion and coercion by the State. That the framers regarded these rights as inhering in the individual, and not as in any sense “derived,” either from any document or from any trivial, utilitarian “governmental process,” is clear, and not just from the Bill of Rights—which Judge Bork, in the same article, brushes aside as a “hastily drafted document upon which little thought was expended.” It was thoroughly thought out again, after the Civil War, when the Fourteenth Amendment extended the core of the Bill of Rights, along with due process and equal protection, to the citizens of all the states. But Bork treats this amendment rather dismissively as well, speaking of the “value choice (or, perhaps more accurately, the value impulse) of the Fourteenth Amendment.” He writes of the “men who put the amendment in the Constitution” that “many or most of them had not even thought the matter through.”

“Courts must accept any value choice the legislature makes unless it clearly runs contrary to a choice made in the framing of the Constitution,” Bork writes. And: “It follows, of course, that broad areas of constitutional law ought to be reformulated.” And: “The distinction between rights that are inherent and rights that are derived from some other value is one that our society worked out long ago with respect to the economic market place. . . . A right is a form of property. . . . The modern intellectual argues the proper location and definition of property rights according to judgments of utility. . . . As it is with economic property rights, so it should be with constitutional rights relating to governmental processes.” The notion that the individual or his rights exist for the State, and to serve its “judgments of utility,” is the ultra-anticonstitutional basis of Bork’s ideology. And: “There is no principled way in which anyone can define the spheres in which liberty is required and the spheres in which equality is required.” But the Constitution does not speak of “spheres,” and the founders of the republic discerned so little of the tension that Bork consistently finds between “liberty” and “equality” that the same sentence of the Declaration which speaks of “liberty” as one of men’s “unalienable rights” includes the statement “All men are created equal.”

“IT is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department,” Justice John Marshall said in 1803, in the great case of Marbury v. Madison, “to say what the law is.” To that end, insulated by life tenure from the majoritarian pressures to which members of the two other branches, and of the state legislatures, were subject, the federal courts were empowered—indeed, obliged—to protect, from the prospect of “tyranny” by any of these majoritarian bodies, individual constitutional rights. The Constitution is complicated, intricate, difficult to understand and apply. That has been part of its continuing vitality. But two hundred years of decisions by the Court have understood ever more clearly that it was the intention of the framers to make very difficult—to require the State to give fairly compelling justifications for—any attempt to take any of those individual rights away. And the reason Judge Bork’s whole formulation is more disturbing than the mere ruminations of an ideologically extreme, revisionist professor is that he misapprehends the nature of “strict construction” in such a way as to compel him, as a “principled” judge, to abdicate the judicial duty “to say,” on behalf of the individual constitutional right against the State, or on behalf of one branch of the federal government bringing suit against another, “what the law is.” And yet nothing could be more apparent from his writings than that he is and intends to be a highly “activist” judge, concerned less with theory than with results, and with reaching what he considers certain desirable outcomes.

The consistent form of his activism has so far been repudiation. Sometimes, particularly in congressional hearings, he rather tepidly and ambiguously repudiates prior positions of his own. But when it suits him, and if the result he wishes to reach requires it, he repudiates, without hesitation, the clear text of the Constitution itself. Thus, if the Constitution says explicitly, “Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech,” Bork writes, “Laymen may perhaps be forgiven for thinking that the literal words” are what is meant, and that any legislation seeking to censor or repress that speech bears the burden of explaining why an exception should be made. “But what can one say of lawyers who think any such thing? Anyone skilled in reading language should know that the words are not necessarily absolute. . . . We are, then, forced to construct our own theory of the constitutional protection of speech.”

Having set aside, in other words, “original intent” as it is expressed in a specific provision of the Constitution, he proceeds to attack also, as “deficient in logic and analysis as well as in history,” the “clear and present danger” standard that was first developed by Justices Holmes and Brandeis in the years after the First World War. He wishes to overrule all the free-speech cases that elaborated and refined that standard, and then to apply instead the test set forth in his “own theory,” which leaves constitutionally protected only what he calls “explicitly political speech,” a category that he defines so narrowly as to exclude not only what most people mean by “speech” but also what is generally meant by “political.” If Judge Bork’s narrow conception of “explicitly political” speech had prevailed against the sermons, marches, boycotts, and sit-ins that advocated violation of what the federal courts eventually found to be bad and lawless state laws, those laws would never have been found unconstitutional, and there would still be Jim Crow in the South.

What he clearly wants, and clearly intends on the Court to vote to achieve, is to overrule as well many other important lines of cases—concerning, for instance, the right of privacy. Bork believes quite simply that no such right exists: that it is a “court-created right”—or, rather, an imposition of the “unprincipled preference” of the judges for the “gratification” of that “minority” which, for instance, wishes, as in Griswold, to be free to use contraceptives, over the “gratification” of that majority which wishes to be free not only *not* to use contraceptives but to prevent anyone else from using them. He does not acknowledge, or appear to perceive, a difference in the order of “freedom” embodied by choosing to do or not to do something and "freedom" to prevent anyone else, even in private, from doing or not doing whatever it is. In fact, Bork routinely uses the vocabulary of coercion to describe choices of the private citizen, and the language of "loss of liberty" or "loss of freedom" to describe the position of the majority whose intrusion the private citizen is trying to resist.

In the name of "freedom," he wants to overrule, for instance, Shelley v. Kraemer, a 1948 decision, thereby allowing states to enforce "a racially restrictive covenant." And to overrule Skinner v. Oklahoma, a 1942 decision, and thereby uphold the right of the State to sterilize robbers. He thinks that the Supreme Court decision forbidding the poll tax was wrongly decided, since the poll tax in question was "not discriminatory" and was "very small." And so on. There are, of course, cases about which men of good will reasonably disagree—having to do, for example, with capital punishment, with the one-man, one-vote reapportionment cases, and with the "exclusionary rule," which forbids the State to use in criminal trials evidence that was illegally seized. Of the last, he has said in an interview that it seems to him that "the conscience of the court ought to be" at least as much "shaken by the idea of turning a criminal loose upon society" as by the idea of admitting illegally seized evidence.

IT might be worth examining by Judge Bork's own reasoning the kind of "majoritarian" statute he would feel compelled to uphold. The only individual right that he finds in the Fourteenth Amendment, albeit "derived," is the right to be protected from State action that enforces "racially invidious classification." So there is nothing to prevent a majoritarian preference from being expressed, for instance, in a statute requiring everyone, of every race, to be blond. And nothing—perhaps this is more serious—to prevent the State from enforcing a majoritarian preference that all single mothers should be sterilized. Or all women with an I.Q. below 130. Or all mothers under eighteen.

Bork has repeatedly called Roe v. Wade, the 1973 decision recognizing the right to abortion, "an unconstitutional decision," a "judicial usurpation of state legislative authority." This has a different significance altogether from calling it a mere mistake, which arguments for the continuity and predictability of the Court's decisions could leave undisturbed. If it is "an unconstitutional decision" and a "judicial usurpation," then Justice Bork would be obliged by his constitutional oath not to reaffirm it. And overruling Roe v. Wade would permit the recriminalization of abortion by the states. On the other hand, since there is no right of privacy in the matter, one way or the other, there is nothing to prevent a state from *imposing* abortions, as long as that imposition is expressed in a "racially neutral" law.

Bork would doubtless reply that no such statutes could be passed anywhere in this country, and that we should have more faith in "majoritarian" "preferences" than that. But there have been totalitarian states in this century, as "majoritarian" as any in history, that have passed very extreme statutes of that order. For that matter, for decades in the South there were statutes of a related kind. In a simultaneously impassioned and derisive article published in *The New Republic* of August 31, 1963, Bork left no doubt of where he stood. (Years afterward, he said he had changed his mind at least on some dire predictions in the article.) What he opposed at the time was "legislation by which the morals of the majority are self-righteously imposed upon a minority." He also said, "The simple argument from morality to law can be a dangerous non-sequitur." He was not writing about Griswold, or Roe v. Wade. The dangerous "majority" in this instance included, among many other individuals and institutions, Congress, then about to pass the Interstate Public Accommodations Act, which became Title II of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Bork was so exercised at the prospect of this majoritarian "mob coercing and disturbing other private individuals"—the "mob" presumably composed of Rosa Parks, religious elderly people, schoolchildren, sedate college students at lunch counters, and perhaps even those brave, mostly Republican judges of the Fifth Circuit, Elbert Tuttle, John Minor Wisdom, Richard Rives, John Brown, who supported them—that he referred no fewer than four times to the impact of the proposed law on barbers, though barbers were explicitly excluded, in public hearings before Congress, from enterprises covered by the act. Although he warned of "the danger of violence," he gave no indication that he knew which side the violence was on, or was aware that the "private individuals" being "coerced" were really mobs armed with baseball bats and axe handles, and troopers with dogs, clubs, and water hoses, and that though there was "violence"—bombings, beatings, shootings—not one incident of that kind, in all the years of the desegregating transformation of the South, was perpetrated by the people whose conduct he so deplored.

(In as recent a case as Dronenburg v. Zech, 1984, Judge Bork repeated many of the views he had expressed in *The New Republic* in 1963 and the *Indiana Law Journal* in 1971. Dronenburg was a case that should have been—and, in a sense, was—decided in a single paragraph, to the effect that there was ample precedent for upholding a policy that permitted the military to discharge an officer for homosexuality. But Judge Bork, speaking for the court, used the occasion to write one of what have become known as his Ed Opinions, or Ed Notes, or Letters to Attorney General Meese—in effect, job applications, reiterations of commitments he had made concerning what he would do as a member of the Supreme Court.)

"THE principle of such legislation," Bork once wrote, "is that if I find your behavior ugly by my standards, moral or aesthetic, and if you prove stubborn about adopting my view of the situation, I am justified in having the state coerce you into more righteous paths. That is itself a principle of unsurpassed ugliness." These lines were not part of any opinion having to do with privacy, say, or abortion, or censorship, or freedom of speech. They were written to describe the desegregation provisions embodied in Title II.

For at least the past thirty years, no American institution has served us better than the federal courts. For almost twenty-five years, Bork has staked his career on repudiating and denouncing the decisions of those courts. He has expressed his views so forcefully, and for so long, that he has become the nominee because of them. A senator faithful to his own constitutional oath cannot lightly or blandly vote to confirm the nomination unless he is prepared to endorse those views.

POLL

Which of these descriptions do you feel describe Lieut. Colonel North?

	Describes	Does not describe	Not sure
Someone I would want to marry my daughter	26%	57%	17%

—*From a poll cited in Time.*

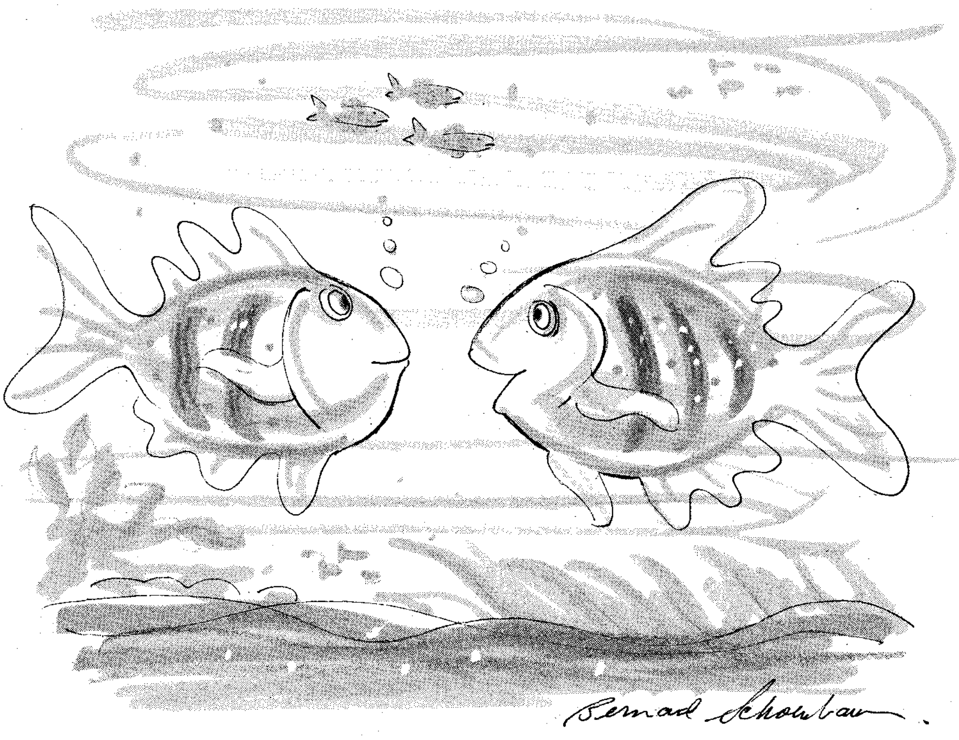
DAD doesn't know this, and he's going to be furious when he finds out, but I think Oliver North is the guy who married my sister. I can't be a hundred per cent sure, but I would describe him as such, and I'm almost positive it was the same guy. (If you already have a predisposition to accept this, or are willing to take my word for it, don't even bother to read on. Just call 1-900 555-TRUE to have your vote tabulated immediately. There is a fifty-cent charge for each call.) He was going under the name Bobby George North back then, but I recognize the personality structure. During the time all this happened, around 1984-85, my sister was living down in Cocoahole, Florida, and kept the marriage a secret from the family, but she was constantly calling me long-distance to tell me about this guy she was seeing, Bobby George North, and how he was driving her crazy with his manipulations, cheating on her and then sweet-talking her when she got mad. (If you find these facts, including names, dates, and places, to be plausible so far, please don't hesitate to organize a group of friends to send large numbers of supportive telegrams to me, c/o Western Union.) He was always telling her he had to go to Miami on business, and then he'd stay away for days or weeks, and when he came back he'd order her not to question him about his business and then he'd butter her up some more. I started trying to get her to break up with him and come stay with me in New York until she got over him (and if you think that gives me some personal motive, casting doubt on my credibility, simply call 1-900 555-HMMM to register your temporary suspension of judgment at this time until you have finished reading this and weighed all the evidence), but she said that Bobby George was in many ways a little boy and he needed her. (Do you have the feeling that I'm basically an honest person? I know you can't answer that for certain, but do you get a general sense of probity and forthrightness from the way I express myself?

YES_____ NO_____

Don't forget to put a check mark or, preferably, your initials in the appropriate space, then clip and send to CBS News Poll, New York, New York 10019.)

Now, the rest of what I know I only learned after it was all over and my sister told me the whole truth. In the fall of 1984, she finally gave Bobby George an ultimatum, because she was pregnant, so they went to the Community Gardens Church and got married. She says they never got any papers proving they were married, and she now suspects that it wasn't a real church but that Bobby George had just staged the whole thing by renting a building and hiring some drifters to decorate it like a church and pose as ministers. (If this sounds mind-boggling, is there some other explanation you could come up with that would account for her not having the papers? If so, why not take a few moments to jot it down and send it to the Washington *Post*, Op-Ed Page, Washington, D.C. 20071.) To make a long story short, the marriage changed nothing, and Bobby George persisted in his bad behavior even after my sister gave birth to her baby. (Do you believe me now? Even if you feel you've already answered the question, that was a few sentences ago, so keep in mind that you retain the option at any time to call 1-900 555-TRUE to register the complexity of your views as the shifting winds and erosions of public opinion alter your perception of reality.) Finally, sometime in February, 1985, Bobby George said he would drive my sister and the baby to the pediatrician. On the way, he pulled up at a Pick Kwik, said he was just going in to get a large container of coffee, snuck out the back door of the Pick Kwik, and went to a nearby Trailways bus station, where he'd checked his bags ahead of time. My sister never saw him again. Later it turned out that before he left the house he'd given the dog a dog sleeping-pill so it couldn't follow him, and it didn't wake up until the next day. (Note that this account reflects a four-per-cent margin of error.)

If you are convinced by now that this story is worth pursuing further, even though I can't prove anything, or if you feel that the revelations herein do not provide you with sufficient information to decide whether or not it suggests a continuing and widespread pattern of abuse, including the possibility that this North was the same duplicitous lover-boy who took advantage of *your* sister and then dumped her, please take the trouble to form your own independent polling organization so that the proliferation of opinion may continue to flourish as it must in an open society. Thank you for your patience. —Veronica Geng



"Oh, still managing to keep my head below water."

ECLOGUE V: SUMMER

I

I hear you again, mosquito hymn of summer!
In the dogwood tepee, ants sweat in slumber.
A botfly slides off the burdock's crumpled
epaulette, showing us that it always
ranked just a private. And caterpillars show us
the meaning of "lower than grass." The rosebays'

overgrown derricks—knee deep or ankle
deep in the couch-grass and bindweed jungle—
shine blue from their proximity and their angle
to the zenith. The praying mantis's little
rakes shutter the hemlock's brittle,
colorless fireworks. The scruffy, whittled

thistle's heart looks like a land mine which is
only half exploding its ruddy riches.
The cowbane resembles a hand that reaches
for a carafe. And, like a fisherman's wife, a spider
patches its trawl, strung out between the bitter
wormwood and the hedge mustard's golden mitre.

Life is the sum of trifling motions. The silver
twilight of sedge's sheathed blades, the quiver
of many a shepherd's purse, the ever-
shifting tableau of horse sorrel, gentle
alfalfa's ditherings—these engender
our grasp of the rules of a stage whose center

cannot be found. At noonday both wheat and shabby
darnel cast northward their common shadow
because they are sown and shuffled
by the same windy sower about whose humors
the place is still rife with all sorts of rumors.
Give ear to the swishing murmurs

of cock-and-hen brushes! To what a daisy's
odd or even whispers! To how a drowsy
coltsfoot dubs these findings crazy.
To how a soft, wild-mint Leda, flattened
by a powerful swanweed, goes raving mad and
sputters. Small grassplots of summer, flooded

with sunlight! Their homeless moths! Their nettle
pyramids! Their heat! Their total
stupor! Their fern pagoda's gentle
sway, or their ruined column
of anise, or the bent minaret of wild sage's solemn
bow—that's a copy, in grass and pollen,

of Babylon! Terzaromeville's verdant recent
version! The realm where, turning left, one's risking
ending up on the right side: everything's close, yet distant!
And a grasshopper in his pursuit of beauty—
of the cabbage butterfly in her pale tutu—
stalls, a knight at the crossroads, caught in dry blades' tutti.

II

Air, that's colorless in its core, seems, given
a landscape, blue—very often even
dark blue. The green perhaps gets enlivened
in a similar fashion. A passive grimace,
an eye's remoteness from the weed's the greenness
of the weed. In July, the seamless

flora's clear penchant to sunder
its ties with a botanist while darkening sanguine
leaves results in pale faces' suntan.
The sum of beautiful ones and ugly,
coming close or retreating, oddly
enough can waste one's eye as badly

as these green/blue expanses. The color's humble
mask hides infinity's constant hunger
for details. Mass, after all, is hardly
the result of energy split by the square
of the speed of light (nay, sight!) somewhere
but the feeling of friction, of wear and tear

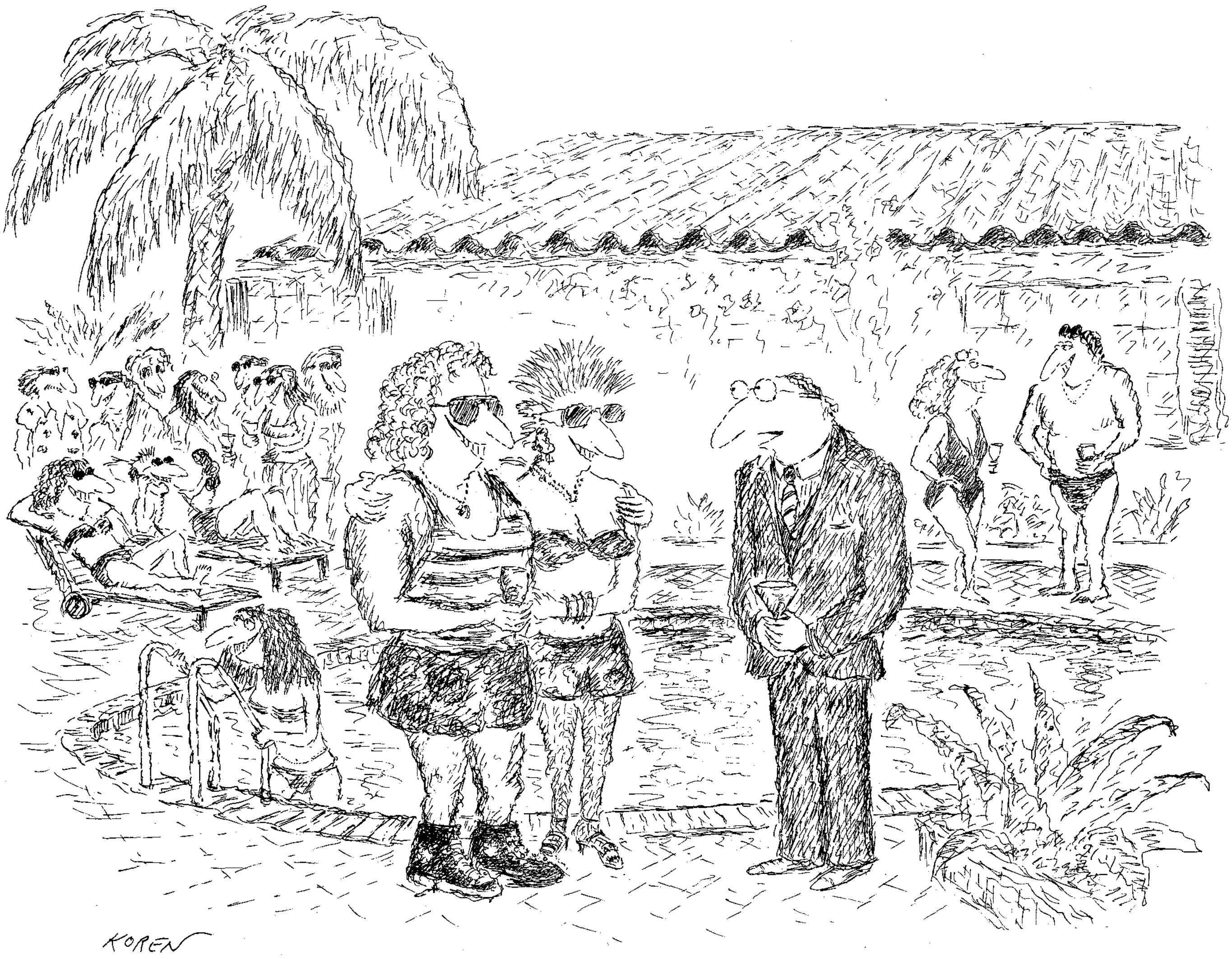
against one's own likes. Examine
space closely! Its selfsame garment
close by and far away! Its ardent
obstinacy with which green or bluish hollows—
their distance notwithstanding—always
sustain the pigment. Ah, this is almost

faith! A fanatic belief! The buzzing
of a fly stuck on flypaper doesn't
spell an agony but a dazzled
self-portrait in the Cyrillic "zh." A semblance
of alphabet, warmth takes species across the sentence
of the horizon. A landscape shows just the settlers

left behind when their betters escaped to graceful
Asian palm trees. A July morning, faithful
to bedrooms, to shutters, flutters fistfuls
of jasmine banknotes, skipping
the acacia change of its seed pods splitting;
and the air's more diaphanous than a sleeping

beauty's lingerie. Sultry July! The surplus
of the green and the blue—of that threadbare surface
of existence. And a kind of solstice
of the luminary, stopped and splatter-
ing, like Attila before the battered
shield, fills one's orbs. The aforementioned outer

blue flaxlike stuff after all can't spin it
indefinitely. Light simply learns its limit
by means of a body because, within it,
light gets refracted, as at the finish
of too long a road whose beginning few wish
to consider. The finish, though, tends to furnish



"I'm afraid California just isn't me."

• •

III

butterflies, mallow, hay-scented fever,
a Seym or Oredesz type of river,
its banks strewn with luxuriating figures
of city-folk families; rosy naiads,
their risqué outfits which ignite us—
splutters, splashes; shrill jeremiads

of blue jays thrill pussy willows' bashful
branches obscuring the white parts of bathers
mooning as they wring swimsuits in bushes
upstream; ochre precipices, the pine-needle-
thick aroma, the heat, the nimble
sudden clouds tinting waves with a nickel,

fishlike sheen. All summer reservoirs! Most often
glimmering through foliage, molten
ponds or lakes—those orphan
parts of water surrounded by land; the rustle
of sedge and bulrush, moss-shammied muscles
of snarled snags, tender duckweed and nascent

yellow nymphaeas, passionless water lilies;
algae, or Paradise with no limits
for lines; and a water bug darts the liquid
blue, rather Christlike. And at times a perch is
splashing in order to catch a nervous
glimpse of the world, the way one peers out

a window and reels back afraid of falling.
Summer! The time for the shirt gone flapping,
for the old, animated polemic fumbling
about nightshades, toadstools, or garish,
wart-dotted, poisonous fly agarics;
for the quiet of forest clearings carried

by the peacefulness of their noontime slumber,
when your eyelids get lowered down by languor,
when a bumblebee, if it stung you,
did so because it is too myopic
and simply mistook you for blooming poppies
or a desirable cow dropping

and soared upward, distressed, in an awkward spiral.
The woods look like combs with their teeth in peril.
And a boy's revelation that he is "taller
than the bush though shorter than trees" will scramble

his brain for the rest of it! And a humble
nay! invisible skylark appears to tumble

his trills from on high. Summer! The season
of exam-cramming,
of formulae, of tossed coins, of a manic
pimpled look in boys, and delays caused by panic
in girls; and the colonnade of a college
or bricks of some other seat of knowledge
haunt your dreams. Only fishing rods can abolish

with a swish those worries, the fears and burdens.
And we notice a singlet or else a bodice,
sandals, a bicycle in the grass; we notice
specifically its stainless pedals,
resembling a sergeant's bars or medals.
Indeed, their rubber pads and their metal

spell the future, the century, the whole deal,
Europe, a railroad whose branch, for real,
as though wind-shattered, produces rural
platforms—waterspouts, painted fences,
chickens, hedges, broad peasant faces
of women. In the meantime, each maggot forces

itself out of your tin can, soggy, sluggy,
homesick for its cowshed wall, for its muggy
shade. And then, later, a creaking buggy
lumped with burlap bushels, the clanging harness,
and the track that winds through the fields past harvest
time; and, at a distance, some church's harmless

bottle silhouette, haystacks, barns, stables—mainly
huts with their tarred sloping roofs and lonely
windows for whose sakes only
sunsets exist. And the spokes' shadow upon the shoulder,
stretching all the way to the Polish border,
runs along like some Fido, or a still bolder

Rover, catching foul mutterings of the driver;
and you stare at your toes or chomp on clover,
your thoughts drifting over to some freckled oval
in the town. And high up, in the very corner
of your eye, it's a crane, and not some infernal
thunderbird. Three cheers for normal

temperature: ten notches below the body's
standard. Three cheers for all things you notice.
For both the closest and the remotest
things. For everything that still matters,
for your shirt's drying tatters, for sunflowers' bent lanterns,
for the faint, distant waltz tune, "Manchurian Mountains."

IV

Summer twilight's fluttering window laces!
Cold cellars packed with milk jugs and lettuce,
a Stalin or a Khrushchev on the latest
news, jammed by cicadas' incessant rattle;
homemade bilberry jelly jars bat the rafters,
lime socks round apple orchards' ankles

look the whiter the darker it gets, like joggers
running beyond what the distance offers;
and farther still loom the real ogres
of full-size elms in the evening's bluing.
Kitchens, vast bottoms and head rugs, brewing
something, the hellish fires phewing

in cookstoves' mica peepholes. Suppers on verandas!
Potato in all its genres and genders,
onions and radishes in their grandest
fashion; tomatoes, dill, cucumbers—
all straight from the garden patch in great numbers,
and, finally, tired of their hide-and-seek, decanters

coated with dust! A soot-rich lantern,
a ballet of shadows dwarfing the wallpaper pattern,
geniuses of this high art, their ardent
admirers; samovar's armor; sugar
that you tell from salt by a fly, and shoo her
off. A nightjar's lonely pitch or super-

cilious frogs voicing every grievance
from their ditch. A silver pitcher glimmers
with your pink oval's distorted grimace,
rustling tabloids, burp-triggered tremors;
from the parlor wafts "Chopsticks," or else some tenor's
record. And Simonides' view on tendons

spares for a moment a keenly placid
stare at the wallpaper or hawthorn's flaccid
ramifications and twists: a glance at
a knee is never enough. The flesh is
dear indeed since the fabric (bless its
patterns), by hiding the body, lessens

the resistance of skin—free of any pattern—
to one's upward gliding. Meantime, a patina
fogs unfinished tea glasses; prattling
dies; the flame in the lamp, too, suffers
shivers. And later, beneath the covers,
your brand-new pocket compass's needle quivers,

gleaming dully yet pointing north not any
less categorically than many
a prosecutor. Dogs barking, a dropping penny,
creaking joints of old chairs—or is that some invader?—
a sudden cackle in the hen coop, a whistling freight or
cattle train. Yet even these sounds later

cease. And naggingly, softly—even
softer perhaps than your ears are given
to discern—leaves, as countless as souls of all
those who lived on
the earth before ourselves, blab something
in the burgeoning dialect; it's sounding
like dark tongues, though their tattered samplings—

smudges, cuneiforms, moon-spun vowels—
are unclear both to you and your wall for hours
as you toss and turn twixt the mounds and hollows
of the mattress, trying in vain to fathom
a sprouting hieroglyph, a phantom
comma, while outdoors the invisible, rustling quantum

airs its China-like, powerful yellow anthem.

—Joseph Brodsky

(Translated, from the Russian, by the author and George L. Kline.)

CHILDREN

Claude Philips was a half-Blackfeet Indian, and his father, Sherman, was a full-blood, and in 1961 our families rented out farmhouses from the bank in Great Falls—the homes of wheat farmers gone bust on the prairie east of Sunburst, Montana. People were going broke even then, and leaving. Claude Philips and I were seventeen, and in a year from the day I am going to tell about, in May, I would be long gone from there myself, and so would Claude.

Where all this took place was in that remote part of Montana near the Canada border and west of the Sweetgrass Hills. That is called the Hi-Line there, and it is an empty, lonely place if you are not a wheat farmer. I make this a point only because I have thought possibly the place itself—as much as the time in our lives or our characters—took part in the small things that happened and made them memorable.

Claude Philips was a small boy with long arms who boxed in the same amateurs' club I boxed in, up in Sweetgrass and across the border in Canada—wherever we could box. He was ten months younger than I was, but he was hard-nosed and had fight courage. His real mother was his father's first wife, and was Irish, and Claude did not look like an Indian—his cheeks wore more color in them and his eyes were gray. His father had later married another woman—an Indian, an Assiniboin, named Hazel Tevitts—who Claude didn't talk about. I didn't know much about their life then, only that it didn't seem much different from mine. You didn't learn much of other people in that locality, and though Claude and I were friends I would not say I knew him very well, because there was no chance for it.

Claude's father had stayed the night in the motel in town and called Claude in the morning and told him to come down there at noon. On the way Claude stopped at my house—just out of the blue—and said I should come along. We were due to be in school that day, but my father worked on the Great Northern as a brakeman in Shelby, and was usually gone two nights together, and my mother was gone for good by then, though we didn't know that. But I did not go to school so much as a result, and when Claude drove up in the yard I just got in with him and we rode to town.

"What're we going in for?" I said when we were out on the Nine Mile Road, riding across the tops of the wheat prairies.

"Sherman's brought a woman in," Claude said. He was smoking a cigarette clenched in his teeth. "That's typical. He likes to put something on display."

"What does your mother think about it?" I said. We referred to Hazel as Claude's mother even though she wasn't.

"She married a hound. She's a Catholic. Maybe she can see the future," Claude said. "Maybe she thinks it's superior." He shook his head and put his arms up around the steering wheel as if he were thinking about that. "There might not be actual words for what Hazel thinks yet. This ought to be funny." He grinned.

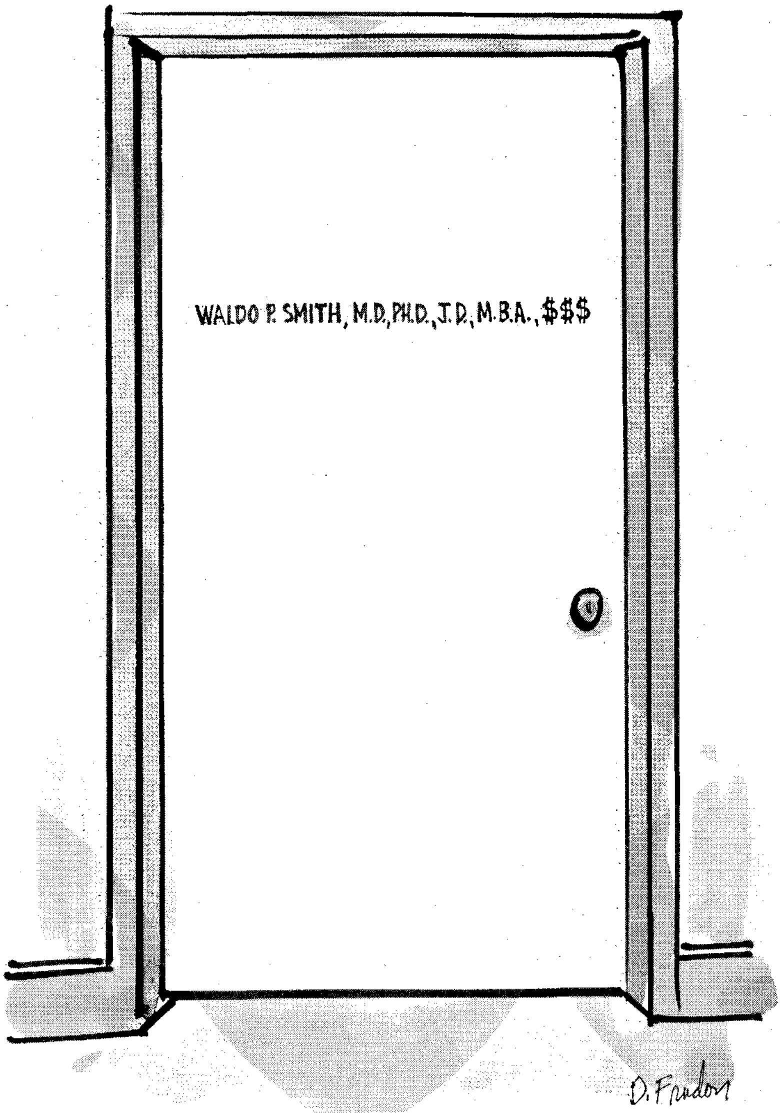
"I'll still have a look," I said. "I'll do it."

"Sure you will. Then you'll just have to give her a pumping, right?" Claude flexed up the muscle of his right arm.

"I might have to," I said.

"That's typical, too," he said. Claude was wearing the yellow silk jacket his father had brought back from the war—one with a red dragon coiled around a map of Korea on the back and "I died there" embroidered under it in red. He reached inside it and brought out a half-pint bottle of Canadian gin. "Rocket fuel," he said. "Sherman forgets where he hides it." He handed the bottle over to me. "Fire up your missile."

I took a big drink and swallowed it. I didn't like whiskey and had not drunk it much, and when it went down I had to look out the car window. The wheat fields running by were two inches up and green then as far as you could see. The only trees alive were the olive breaks planted in rows on the rises and out distant, alongside some house or a Quonset where a farm still ran. The little town of Sunburst was out ahead, lower than where we were driving. I could see the


WALDO P. SMITH, M.D., PH.D., J.D., M.B.A., $$$
D. Fradon

grain elevator and the narrow collection of houses down one side of the railroad spur.

Claude said suddenly, "Maybe Sherman's going to give her to us." He held the bottle up and took a drink. "He doesn't care what happens. He's been in Deer Lodge twice already. Twice *I* know of."

"For what?" I said.

"Stealing and fighting. Then fighting and stealing. He stole two cows once, and they caught him there. Then he stole two trucks and beat a guy up for fun. He went down for that."

"I don't need to beat anybody up," I said.

"There's Mr. Conscience talking now," Claude said. "Have another drink, Mr. Conscience." He had another drink of the gin, then I took another one, then he threw the bottle in the back, where the seat of his Buick had been torn out and the floor boarded in with plywood. Two fishing rods were rattling back in the dust.

"Who is this woman?" I asked, feeling the gin tightening my scalp.

"He brought her over in the caboose last night from Havre. He deadheaded her in. She's Canadian. I didn't actually catch her name." Claude laughed, and we both laughed about it, and then we were down among the first poor houses of Sunburst.

Sunburst had one paved street, which was the Canada highway, and the rest dirt streets. There was the elevator, a café, an implement company, a sawdust burner, one bar, and the motel. It was the showup for the Shelby crews that worked the G.N. going south. A switch engine hauled in a caboose and three cars two times a day, switched out the elevator spur, and took the crews back and forth to the main line. A green bullpen shack was across the tracks, and my father's brown truck sat parked beside it with other crew trucks.

The motel was a little cottage camp across the highway—six white cottages and a skinny gravel lot. The closest cabin had a sign on top that said "Rooms for Tourists," and there was only one car, with an Alberta plate, parked at the cabin nearest the street.

Claude drove in the lot and gunned his engine. I saw a woman look out through the blinds of the office cabin. I wondered if she would know me if she saw me. Claude and I did not go to school in this town but at the Consolidated in Sweetgrass.

Claude honked the horn, and his father stepped out of one of the cabins. "Here comes the great ladies' man," Claude said. "The big Indian." He grinned. We were both a little drunk now. He revved the engine again and kicked out gravel.

Sherman Philips was a large, dark man with a big belly. He walked bent forward and took very small steps. He had on a long-sleeved white shirt, and his black hair was slicked back and tied in a long ponytail. He wore glasses and a pair of bedroom slippers with no socks. I didn't see how any woman would like how he looked. He drank a lot is what my father said, and sometimes had been seen carrying a loaded gun.

"Clear conscience is no conscience," Claude said to his father out the car window. He was still smiling.

Sherman leaned on the car door and looked in at me. His big face had pockmarks, and a scar below his left ear. I had never been this close to him. He had narrow eyes and he was clean-shaven. A pack of cigarettes was in his pocket, and I could smell his after-shave.

"You two're drunk as monkeys," he said in a mean way.

"No, we're not drunk at all," Claude said.

I could hear Claude's father breathe in his chest. The lines in his face behind his glasses were deep lines. He looked back over his shoulder at the cabin. Behind the screen, in the shadows, there was a blond woman in a green dress watching us. She didn't want us to see her.

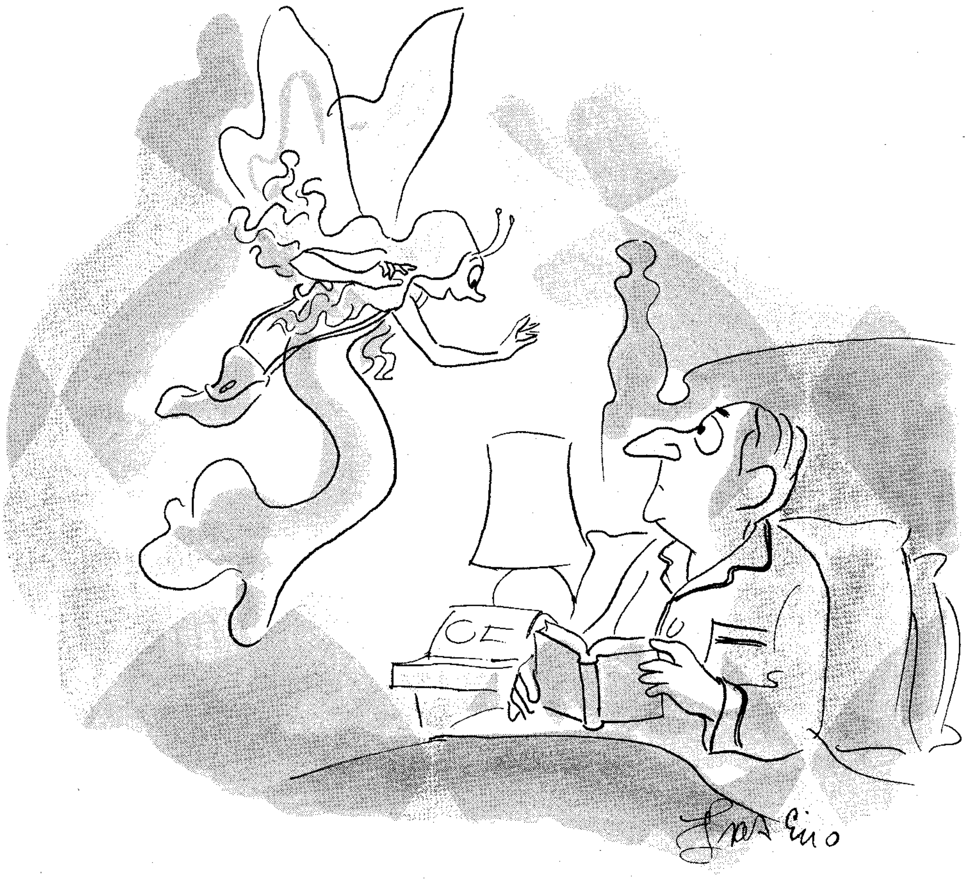
"I've got to get home right now," Claude's father said. "You understand? Hazel thinks I'm in Havre."

"Maybe you are," Claude said. "Maybe we're all in Havre. What's *her* name?" He was looking at the cabin door where the blond woman was.

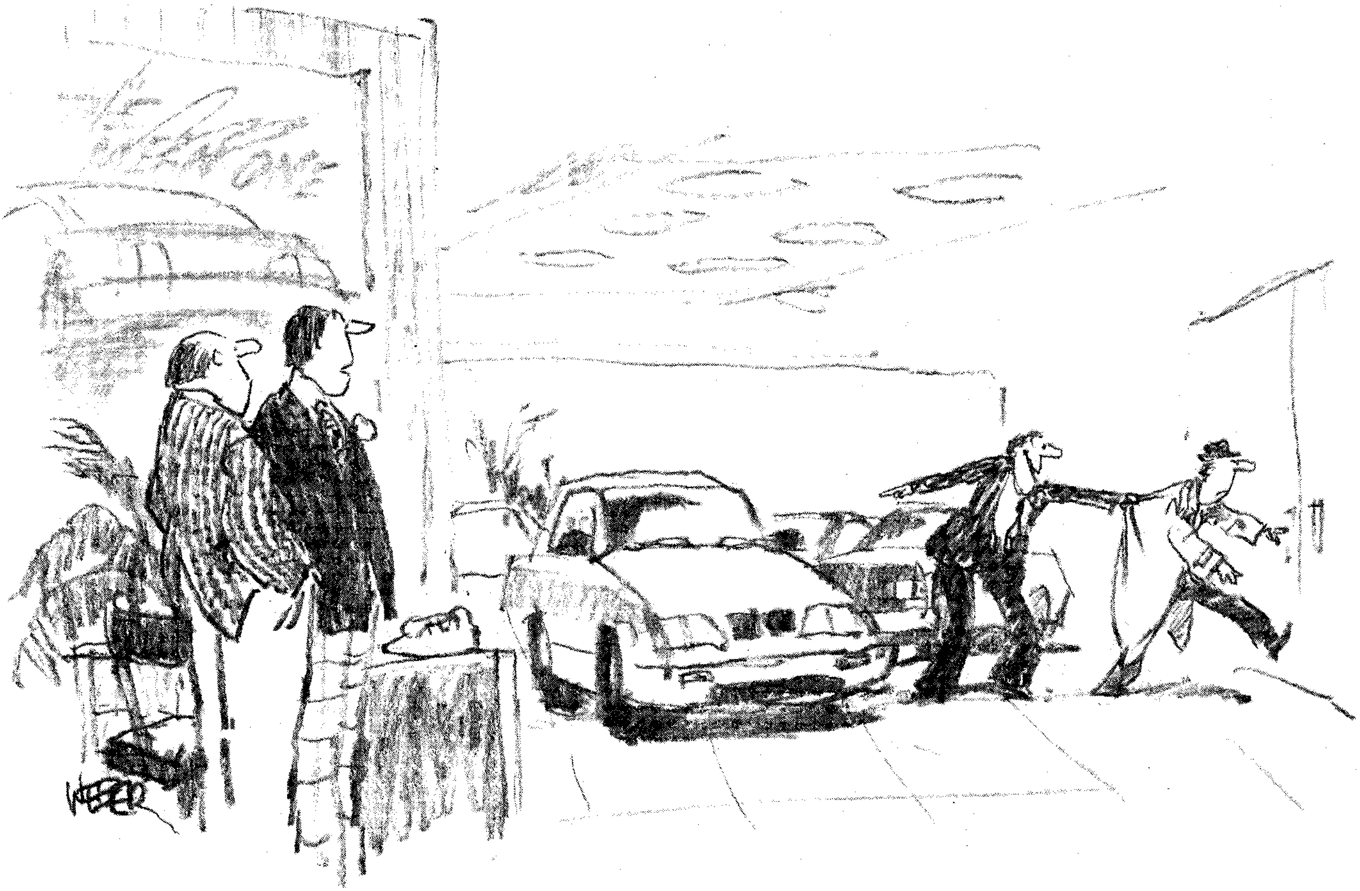
"Lucy," Sherman said, and breathed in deeply. "She's a nice girl."

"She likes you, though, I guess," Claude said. "Maybe she'll like us."

Sherman stood up straight and looked down the row of cabins to the office, where a phone booth was outside. The woman was gone from the office window, and I thought that she



"Hi, I'm the tooth fairy. Want to buy back some of your teeth?"



"Bernie's problem is his technique draws attention to itself."

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probably knew Claude's father because he had been here before, and that probably she knew all the railroad men—including my father.

"I'm going to bring her out here," Sherman said.

"You going to give her to us as a present?" Claude said. And Sherman suddenly reached his big hand through the window and caught Claude's hair in the back and twisted it. Claude's hair was as short as mine, for boxing, but Sherman had enough of it to hurt. He had a big silver-and-turquoise ring on his index finger that pushed into Claude's scalp.

"You're not funny. You're clucks. You're stupid clucks." Sherman forced Claude's head almost out the window. He seemed dangerous to me then—just suddenly. He was an Indian, and I wanted to get out of the car.

Sherman opened the door, pulled Claude out by his hair and away from the car, and put his big face down into Claude's face and said something I didn't hear. I looked the other way, at my father's Dodge truck parked over beside the bullpen. I didn't think he would be back until late tonight. He stayed in Shelby in the bars sometimes, and went home with women. I wondered where my mother was right at that moment. California? Hawaii? I wondered if she was having a good time.

"O.K. now, wise-ass?" I heard Sherman say. "How's that now?" He still had Claude's hair, but had raised his voice as if he wanted me to hear, too. Claude was much smaller than his father, and he hadn't said anything. "I'll just break your goddam arm now," Sherman said and grabbed Claude up closer, then pushed him away. Sherman glared over at me in the car, then turned and walked back toward the cabin he'd come out of.

Claude got back in the car and turned off the engine. "So fuck him," he said. His face was red, and he put both his hands in his lap. He didn't try to touch the back of his head—he just stared out at the Polar Bar, beside the motel. A little red polar-bear sign was shining dimly in the sunlight. A man came out the side door wearing a cowboy hat. He looked at us sitting in the car, then walked around the side of the building and disappeared. No one else was in town that I could see. I didn't say anything for a few moments.

Finally I said, "What're we doing?" The car engine was ticking.

Claude stared ahead still. "We're taking her off somewhere and bringing her back tonight. He doesn't want her out in the street where people'll see her. He's an asshole."

Behind the cabin screen I could see Claude's father in his white shirt. He was kissing the woman in the green dress, his big arms wrapped around her. One leg was hooked behind her so he could get all of her against him and hold her. I could hardly see the woman at all.

"I think we should kill her," Claude said, "just to piss him off."

"What *will* happen to her?"

"I don't know. What's going to happen to you? Maybe you two'll get married. Or maybe you'll kill each other. Who cares?"

The screen opened and Sherman came out again. He looked bigger. He walked in his short steps across the lot, the sun gleaming off his glasses. He had dollar bills in his hand.

"This is shut-up money," he said when he looked in the window again. He stuffed the bills down in Claude's shirt pocket. "So shut up." He looked across at me. "Go the hell home, George. Your old man's cooking dinner. He needs you home."

I didn't smile at him, but I did not talk back, either.

"I'll take him home," Claude said.

"He'll spew this."

"No, he won't," Claude said.

"I don't spew anything," I said.

Claude's father glared at me. "Don't talk toward me now, George. Just don't begin that."

I looked at him, and I wanted him to know what I was thinking: that I was sorry Claude had to be his son. I wanted the woman inside the cabin to come with us, though, and I wanted Sherman to leave. I knew Claude would not take me home.

Sherman motioned toward the cabin door, and for a few seconds nothing happened; then the screen opened and the woman came out. She closed the cabin door behind her and walked across the lot carrying a paper sack. She was wearing a man's sunglasses and green high heels, and was thin and flat-chested. I wasn't sure how old she was. Claude and I watched her while Sherman policed up and down the street to see who was watching us. The woman in the office was not at the window. A car drove by the motel going north. A switch engine had started shunting grain cars out to the elevator, and I could smell diesel. Nobody was paying attention to any of this.

"So, all right now," Sherman said when the woman arrived. I could see through the window that she wasn't a woman but a girl. She was older than we were, but not by very much. "This is Claude," Sherman said. "He's my son. This is his close friend George, who's not going. Claude's going to take you fishing." He looked across the street at the switch engine. "This is Lucy."

The girl just stood there, holding her folded paper sack. She was tall and pretty and pale-skinned, and she didn't seem happy.

"You don't want to go fishing with us," Claude said. He had not made a move to let her in.

"Let her get in," I said. "She wants to go."

The girl bent and looked in the back at where there was no seat. A crate was there with a jack, the two rods, and a jumper set.

"I'm not riding in that back," the girl said, and looked at me.

"Let her in front," I told Claude.

I don't think he wanted the girl in the car. And I didn't know why, because I wanted her in. Maybe he had thought his father had an Indian woman, and he wasn't sure what to do now.

Claude opened the door, and when he stood up I could see that the girl was taller than he was. I didn't think that kind of thing mattered, though, because Claude had already whipped boys who were bigger than he was.

When the girl got in she had to pull her knees up. She was wearing stockings, and her green shoes were the kind without toes.

"Hello, George," she said, and smiled. I could smell Sherman's aftershave.

"Hello," I said.

"Don't cause me any fucking trouble, or I'll break you up," Sherman said. And before Claude could get in, Sherman was starting back to the motel in his bedroom slippers, his ponytail swinging down his back.

"You're a real odd match," Lucy said when Claude had gotten in the driver's seat. "You don't look like each other."

"Who do I look like?" Claude said. He was angry.

"Some Greek," Lucy said. She looked around Claude as Sherman disappeared into the motel room and closed the door. "Maybe your mother, though," she said as an afterthought.

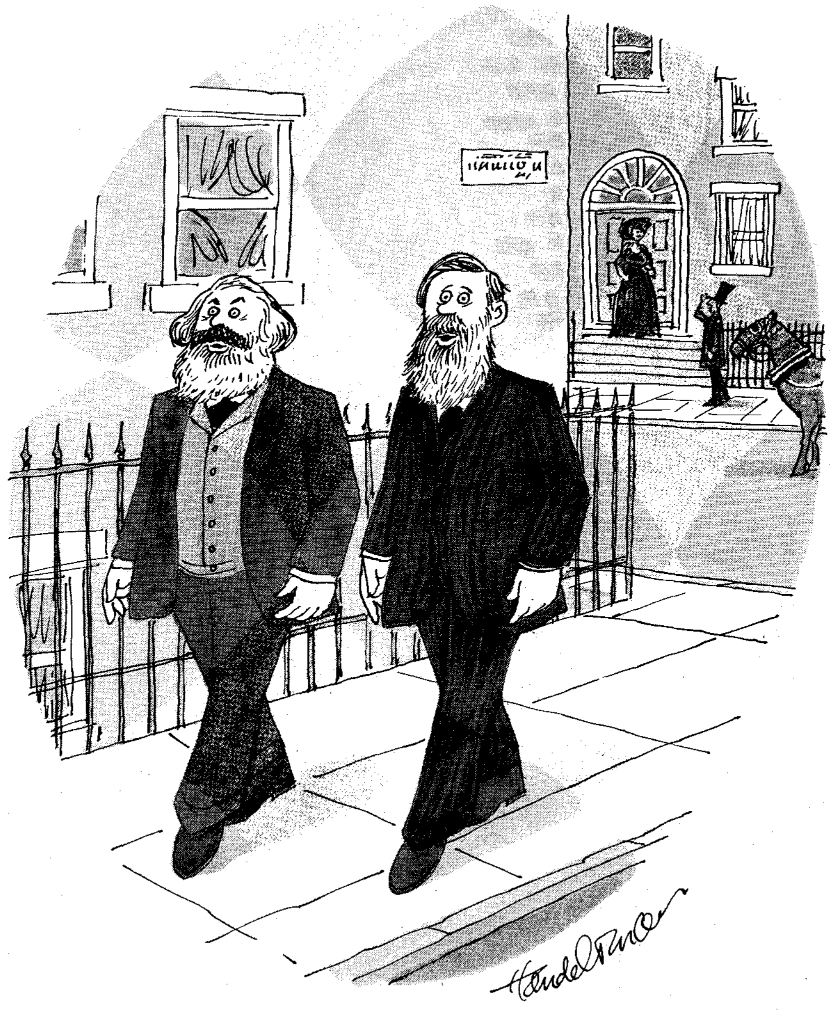
"Where's she now?" Claude said. "My mother." He started the car.

The girl looked at him from behind her glasses. "At home, I guess. Wherever you live."

"No. She's dead," Claude said. "Are those my father's glasses?"

"He gave them to me. Do you want them back?"

"Are you divorced?" Claude said.



"Religion is the opium of the people, Fred."

"Just say no, Karl."

"I'm not old enough," the girl said. "I'm not even married yet."

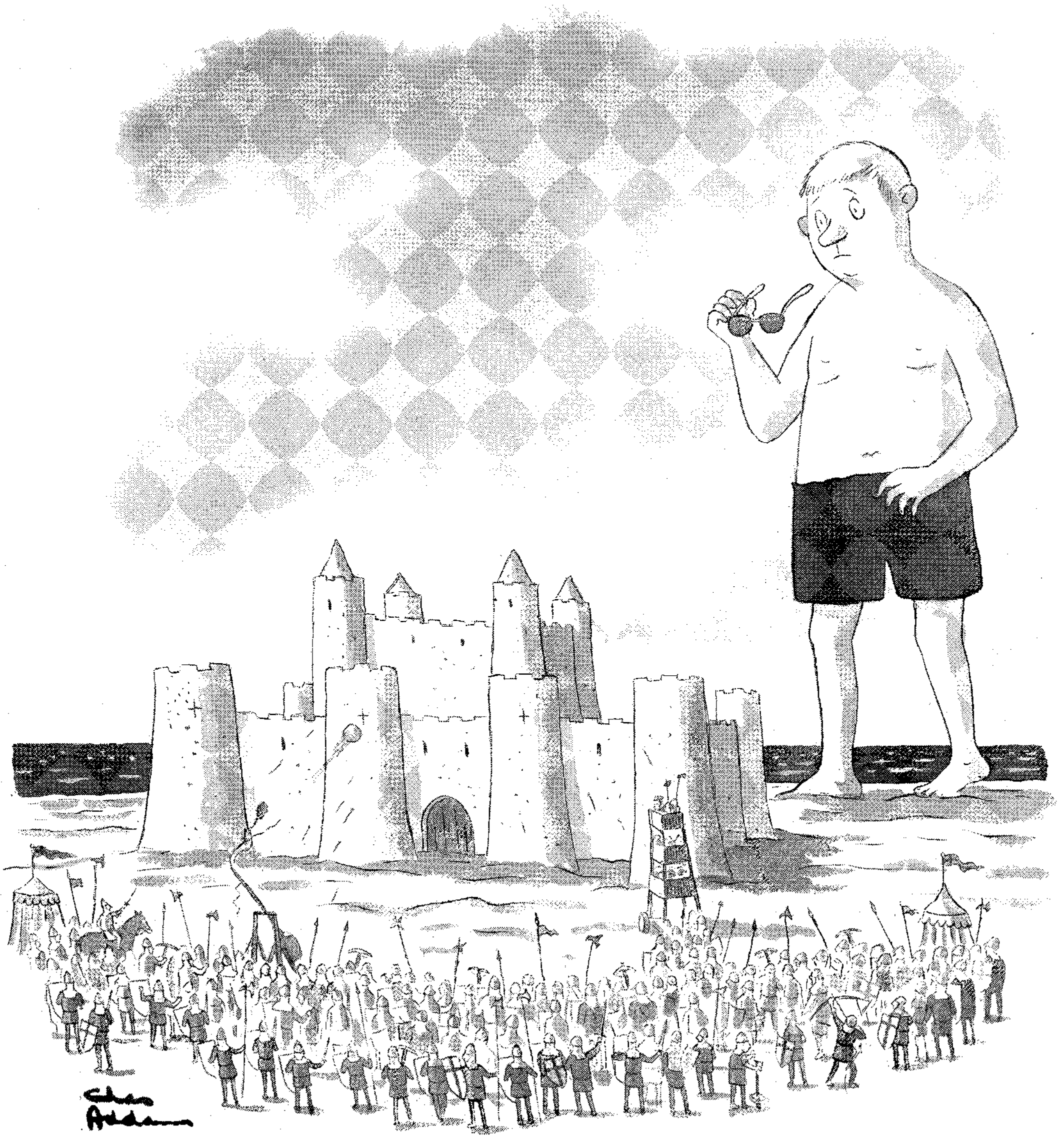
"How old *are* you?" Claude said.

"Twenty, nineteen. How does that sound?" She looked at me and smiled. She had small teeth and her breath had beer on it. "How old do I look?"

"Eight," Claude said. "Or maybe a hundred."

"Are we going fishing today?" she said.

"We talk about things we don't intend to do," Claude said. He hit the motor then, and snapped the clutch, and we went swerving out of the lot onto the hardtop, heading out of Sunburst and back onto the green wheat prairie.



Claude drove out the Canada highway eight miles, then off on the county road that went between the fields and past my house toward the west mountains a hundred miles away, where there was still snow and it was cold. My house flashed by in back of its belt of olive trees—just a square gray two-story house, unprotected toward the east. Claude was driving to Mormon Creek, I knew, though we were only doing what his father had told us to and not anything on our own. We were only boys, and nothing about us would interest a woman, or even a girl the age of this girl. And there was a strange feeling of suspense in me then—that once we were there I did not know what would happen and possibly nothing good would.

"That's a pretty green dress," Claude said as he drove. The girl had not been saying anything. None of us had, though she seemed to have her mind on something—getting back to the motel maybe, or getting back where she'd come from.

"It's not for this season," she said, staring out at the new fields where the air was tawny. "It's already too dry to farm."

"Where are you from?" I said.

"In Sceptre, Saskatchewan," she said, "where it looks just like this. A little town and a bunch of houses. The rest knifed up with these farms." She said "house" the way Canadians do, but otherwise she didn't talk that way.

"What did your family do?" Claude said. "Are they a bunch of cheddarhead Swedes?" He seemed to expect everything she said to make him mad.

"He farmed," she said. "Then he worked in a tractor shop in Leader. In the fall he cleans geese."

"What do you mean, he cleans geese?" Claude said. He smiled a mean smile at her, then at me.

"Hunters bring geese they shoot. It's just out on the open prairie there. And they leave them at our garage. My father dips 'em to get the feathers off, then guts 'em and wraps 'em. It's easy. He's an American. He's from Wyoming. He was against the draft."

"He plucks 'em, you mean—right?" Claude said, driving. "Is that what you mean he does?"

"They smell better than this car does. I wouldn't have known you two were Indians if it wasn't for this car. This is a reservation beater is what we call these."

"That's what *we* call them," Claude said. "And we call those motels where you were at whorehouses."

"What do you call that guy I was with?" Lucy said.

"Do you think George looks like an Indian?" Claude said. "I think George is a Sioux, don't you?" He smiled at me. "George isn't a goddam Indian. I am."

"An Indian's a bump in the road to me," she said.

"That's true," Claude said. And something about her made him feel better. I didn't believe that this girl was a whore, though, and I didn't believe she thought she was, or that he did. Claude's father did, but he was wrong. I just didn't know why she would come over from Havre in the middle of the night and end up out here with us. It was a mystery.

We started down the steep car path to Mormon Creek bottom, where the water was high but not too muddy to shine. Across the bridge and a hundred yards downstream was a sawmill that had made fence posts but been wrecked. Behind it was a pitch-clay bluff the creek had cut, and beyond that were shallows and a cottonwood swale. On the near side was a green willow bank and a rusted car body that had been caught in the willow roots. It was a place Claude and I had fished for whitefish.

"Not much of a lumber place," Lucy said.

"That's why the sawyers did so great," Claude said.

"Which way's west?"

"That is," I said, pointing to where the white peaks of mountains could just be seen above the coulee rim.

She looked back the other way. "And what're those mountains back there?"

"Those're hills," Claude said. "We keep them separate in this country."

"It is a nice atmosphere, though," she said. "I like to be oriented to the light."

"You can't see light with those glasses," Claude said.

She turned to face me. "I see George here. I see well enough. He's nicer than you are so far. He's not an asshole."

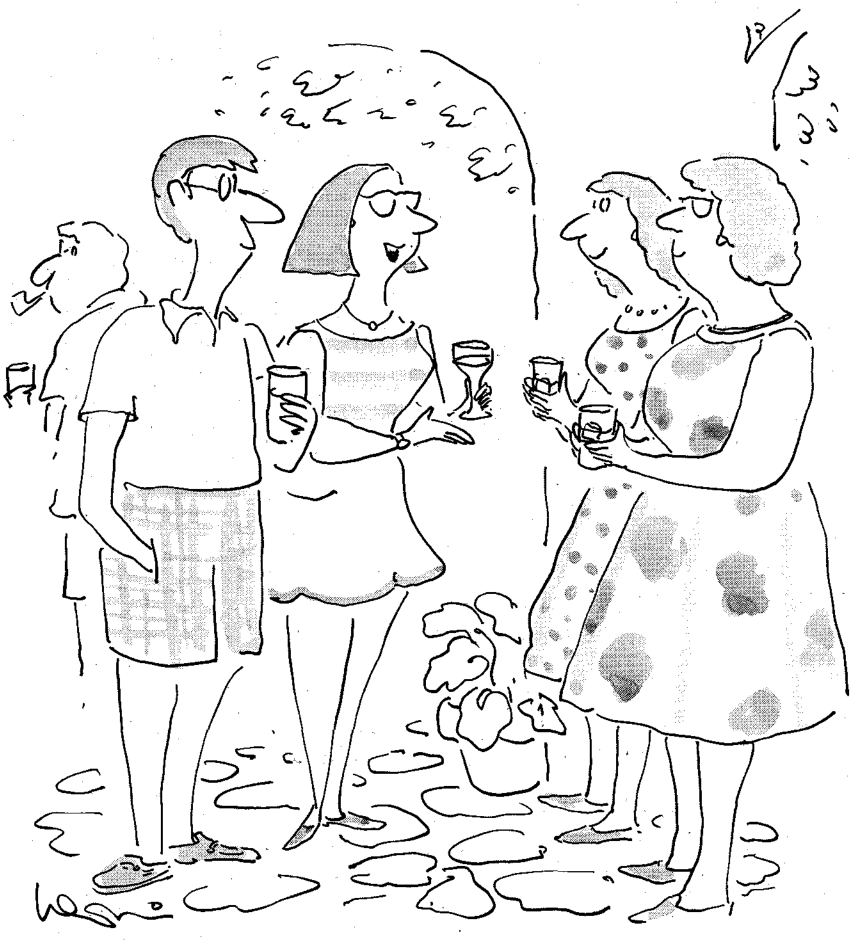
"Why don't you take those glasses off?" Claude said. We were crossing the low bridge over Mormon Creek. The Buick clattered and shimmied on the boards. I looked down. I could see through the clear surface to gravel.

"Where does *this* water go?" Lucy was looking around me.

"Up," I said. "To the Milk River. It goes north."

"Did Sherman bust you, is that the trouble?" Claude said. He stopped us right on the bridge, and grabbed at the glasses—tried taking them off Lucy's face. "You got a big busted eye?"

"No," Lucy said. And she took off the glasses and looked at me first, then Claude. She had blue eyes and blond eyebrows the color of her hair. And what she was hiding was not a black eye but that she had been crying. Not when she'd been with us but when she woke up, maybe, and saw where she was, or who she was with, or what the day looked like ahead of her.



"This is Harriet Felton and her sister ship, Dawn."

"I don't see why you have to have them on," Claude said. Then he drove off the bridge and turned onto the post-mill road downstream, the Buick bucking and rocking over the bumps.

"It's too bright," she said and pulled the hem of her dress over her knees. It was a wool dress, as green as grass, and it felt hot against me. "What's the fun out here?" she said. "That's a well-kept secret."

"You are," Claude said. "The blond bombshell. You're our reward for being able to put up with you."

"Good luck for that party." She clutched her paper bag. Her fingers were short and pink, and her fingernails were clean and not bitten, just a regular girl's hands. "Where's *your* mother and father?" she said to me.

"His old man runs the rails. He's a hound, too," Claude said as we drove in under the cottonwoods that grew to the creek bank. "His mother already hit the road. This is wild country up here. Nobody's safe." Claude looked at me in a disgusted way, but he knew I didn't like that talk. I didn't think that was true of my father, and he did not know my mother—though what he said about her was what I thought. It was not unusual that people left that part of Montana. She had never liked it, and neither my father nor I ever blamed her.

"Are you boys men now?" Lucy said and put her glasses back on. "Am I supposed to think that, now that we're out here?"

"It doesn't matter what you think," I said. I opened the door and got out.

"At least somebody accepts truth," Lucy said.

"George'll say anything to get on your pretty side," Claude said. "Him and me are different. Aren't we, George?"

But I had already started toward the creek and couldn't hear what the girl said back, though she and Claude were in the car together for a little while. I heard him say, "Hope means wait to me," and laugh, and I heard his door slam, with her left inside.

Claude took his casting rod to the creek bank with his jelly jar of white maggots and tied up a cork-and-hook rig, then went to the shallows where sawdust from the mill had laid a warm-water bottom and a sluice down the center of the creek. Sometimes we'd caught fifteen whitefish in a school there, when they fed. One after another. You could put your bait where they were and bring one back. They were big fish and steady fighters, and Claude liked them because they were easy to catch.

It was three o'clock then, and warm, but I did not want to fish. I didn't like the waiting of fishing. I'd hunted for birds with my father, walked them up out of the rosebush thickets. But I didn't care so much for fishing, and not for whitefish at all.

Claude had taken off his yellow jacket, and the girl had brought it back up—walking on the toes of her shoes—and spread it in the sun, then sat on it facing the creek. She raised her dress to her knees and took off her shoes and stockings and pushed up her sleeves. She'd unbuttoned her front enough to let sun on her neck and leaned on one elbow smoking a cigarette, blowing the smoke in the warm air.

"I wish I could play the piano," she said when I walked up from the bank. "Do you play one?"

"No," I said. My mother had played a piano when we'd lived in Great Falls. She played Dixieland in the house we'd rented there.

"Out here makes me think about that," she said. "I'd like to go in somebody's house and sit down and play some song." She blew smoke out the side of her mouth. She still had on Sherman's sunglasses. Her long legs were so white they looked gray, and thin enough that her calf bones stood out. She had shaved them above her knees, and I could see where the blond hair began. She looked at me as if she wanted me to say something else, but I had nothing else to say. "Do you ever have the dream that somebody you know is leading you into a river and just when you're knee-deep you step in a hole and you fall under? Then you jump in your sleep, it scares you so much?"

"I have that," I said. "Sometimes."

"Everybody probably does," she said.

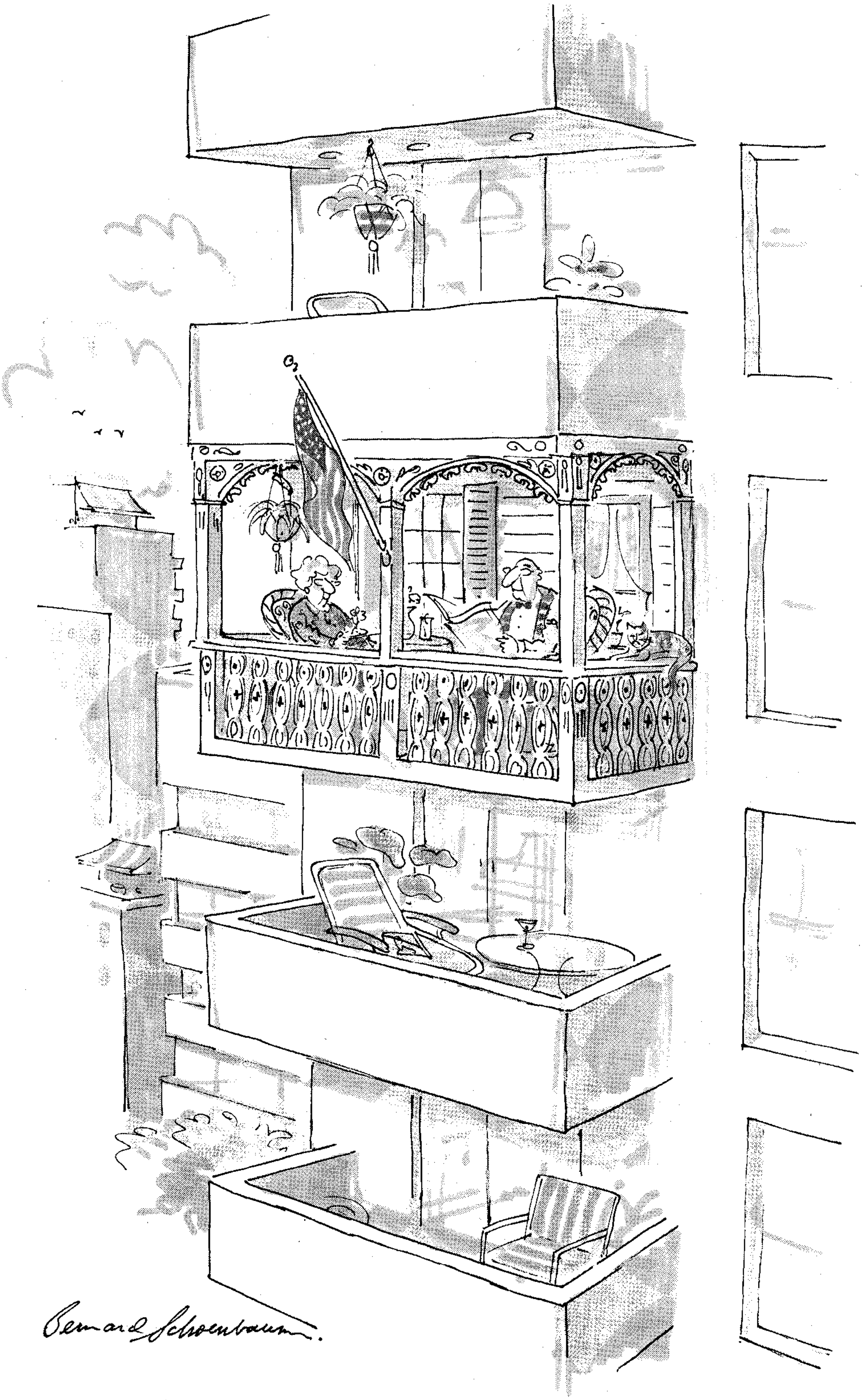
I sat beside her on the grass, and we watched Claude. He was casting out toward the car body and walking his bobber down through the sluice. Now and then he'd look back at us and make a phony gesture of having a fish on his line, and then he would ignore us. I could smell the cottonwoods and the sawdust air from the mill.

"Do you have a suitcase full of your clothes?" I said.

"Where?" she said. She was smoking another cigarette.

"I don't know. Someplace else."

"I just left," the girl said. "I wanted to take a trip suddenly—to someplace warmer. I'm not sure I had this in mind, though." She looked at Claude, who had looked up at us again, then turned around. Whitefish made little dimples on the flat water, seizing insects I could not even see. It was not a good sign for the rig Claude was using, though at any time fish can do another thing and you'll begin to catch them. "His father's not so terri-



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ble," she said and touched her nylon stockings, which were in a pile on the grass. She lifted one up with her little finger. "You certainly wouldn't think he'd sit in the dark in the middle of the night and pray in a motel. But he does. He's nice, really. He's pretty big, too. His son's scrawny."

I tried to think about Sherman praying but couldn't think of what he'd want to pray for or hope to have come to him. "Where'd you meet him?"

"At the Trails End Bar in Havre, where I was too young to get in, or should've been. You get in odd situations sometimes."

"How old *are* you?"

She widened her eyes at me. "You're now a criminal. I'm just sixteen, though I look older than that, I know it. Someday I'll regret it." She reached for her paper sack and brought out a can of beer, a cold hot dog, and a red transistor radio. "I've accumulated this much so far."

"When did you leave home?"

"Exactly one night before last," she said. "I didn't think I could trust anybody up there—maybe I was wrong. Who knows?" When she opened the beer it spewed up her arm. She took a drink and handed it to me, and I drank some. "Drinking distances you," she said. "I *would* like to see the Space Needle still." She picked up the little radio, leaning on her elbow, and stared at it. "Batteries are my next assignment. For this thing." She thumped it with her finger as if she wanted that to turn it on. "I'm not going to eat *this*, either." She picked up the hot dog and tossed it in the grass.

"You didn't want to come out here, did you?" I said.

"I didn't want to stay back in that room. Sunburst? Is that what that place is called? You accept help where you get it, I guess."

"Uh-oh, now. Uh-oh," Claude shouted. His rod was curved over, and his line was cutting around the water this way and that. "Here, now. Here he is," Claude said, and looked over his shoulder and wound in on the reel. "This is the big whitefish," he yelled.

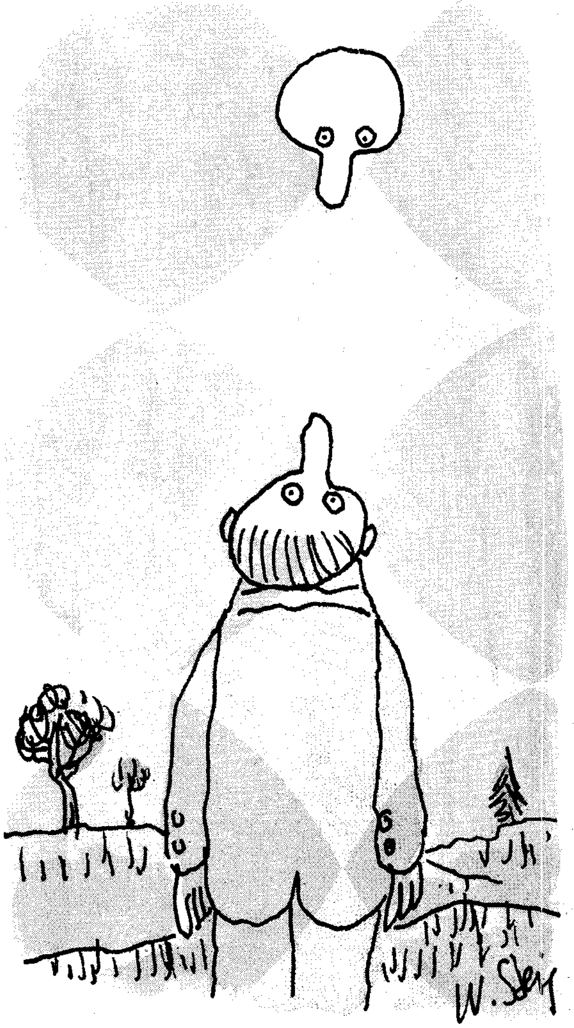
Lucy sat up and watched. Claude had walked into the shallows in his shoes, holding his rod up as the fish toured around him. "Look how excited he gets," she said and took a drink of her warm beer. "A monkey could catch a whitefish. They're trash fish. He's stupid."

I saw the fish shine through the surface, then turn down in the cold water. It was a big fish, you could tell by how deep it took the line. I knew Claude wanted to get it in to show.

"He's going to break that one off," Lucy said, "and I bet he doesn't have another hook." And I thought he would break it off myself. I'd seen him break off big fish before.

Claude brought his rod butt down then and struck it with the edge of his hand, struck it hard enough that the rod tip snapped. "They hate this," he shouted, and he smacked his rod butt again. "A fish feels pain."

The rod dipped, then rose. The line ran out toward the willow bank twenty yards away, then the fish turned on the surface, its white belly visible as Claude began backing it out, and I saw that the fish was falling in the current, losing distance.



"That trick works," Claude shouted at us. "Pain works. Come see this thing."

I walked down to where he'd waded back onto the mud bank. The fish was already on its side, finning sideways in the shallows. "It's huge," Claude said, hoisting the fish up with his rod. And it was a huge fish, long and deep-chested and silvery as it touched up out of the silt. "You can't catch this fish every day, can you?" He was sweating and jittery. He wanted Lucy to see the fish. He looked around, but she'd stayed sitting, smoking her cigarette.

"Great," she said and waved a hand at him. "Catch two more and we can all throw one away."

Claude smiled a mean smile. "Get it off," he said, and dragged the big fish back onto the grass, where it lay with its gills cupping air. It was not a pretty fish. It was two feet long, and scaly and silver-white. "Use this," Claude said. He pulled his black spring knife out of his pocket and clicked down the blade. "Just cut the hook out."

And I got on my knees in the grass, held the fish across its cold body, and cut up right through the bottom of its gill, using the point of the blade. I opened the cut out, pushed under the hook, and dug it loose. The fish made a strangled sound when I put my weight on it, but it didn't move.

"Hooked in the gills," Claude said, watching the fish begin to bleed where I'd cut it. "It'll eat good."

I stood up and gave Claude his knife. The fish still breathed, but it was cut too badly to live in the water again. It was too worn out and too big. It wouldn't have lived, I didn't think, even if I hadn't cut it.

Claude pinched the hook between his fingers and the knife blade, straightening the point. "I'm going to catch a bigger one," he said. "They're out there in rows. I'll catch every one of them." Claude looked over his shoulder at Lucy, who was still watching us. He bit his bottom lip. "You're into something, aren't you?" He said this to me in a whisper.

"I hope so," I said.

“We're just like one big happy family here.”

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“She's a sweetheart.” He closed the knife on his pants leg. “Things can happen when you're by yourself, can't they?” He smiled.

“Tell secrets, now,” Lucy said and looked up at the sky and shook her head.

“It's not a secret,” Claude yelled. “We don't have any secrets. We're friends.”

“Great,” she said. “Then you and Sherman are all alike. You got nothing worth hiding.”

I WENT back up and sat beside Lucy. Swallows were appearing now, hitting the creek surface and catching the insects that had hatched in the afternoon air.

Lucy was at her red radio, thumbing its little plastic dial back and forth. “I wish this worked,” she said. “We could get some entertainment in the wilderness. We could dance. Do you like dancing?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Do you have a girlfriend, too?”

“No,” I said, though I did have a girlfriend in Sweetgrass—a half-Blackfeet girl I had not known very long.

Lucy lay in the grass and stared at where a jet was leaving a trail of white cloud, like a silvery speck inching eastward. She had her green dress a little farther up her legs so the sun could be on them. “Do you understand radar yet?”

“I've read about it.”

“Don't you see things that aren't there? Is that right?”

“They're still there,” I said, “but they're out of sight.”

“That's the thing I liked about fishing when my father used to go with me,” she said, gazing up. “You only saw half what was there. It was a mystery. I liked that.” She pursed up her lips and watched the jet going east. To Germany, I decided. “I don't mind feeling lonely out here.” She put her hands behind her head and looked at me through Sherman's dark glasses. “Tell me something shameful you've done. That's an act of faith. You already know something about me, right? Though that wasn't so bad. I've probably done worse.”

Claude yelled from down in the creek. His rod was bent and he had it raised high in both hands, the line shooting upstream. Then, suddenly, the rod snapped straight and the line fell back on the surface. “There's his long-line release,” Claude said, then laughed. He was in better spirits just from fishing. “If I didn't horse 'em, I'd catch 'em,” he said, and didn't look where we were.

“He's a fool,” Lucy said. “Indians are fools. I'd hate to have their kids.”

“He's not,” I said. “He's not a fool.”

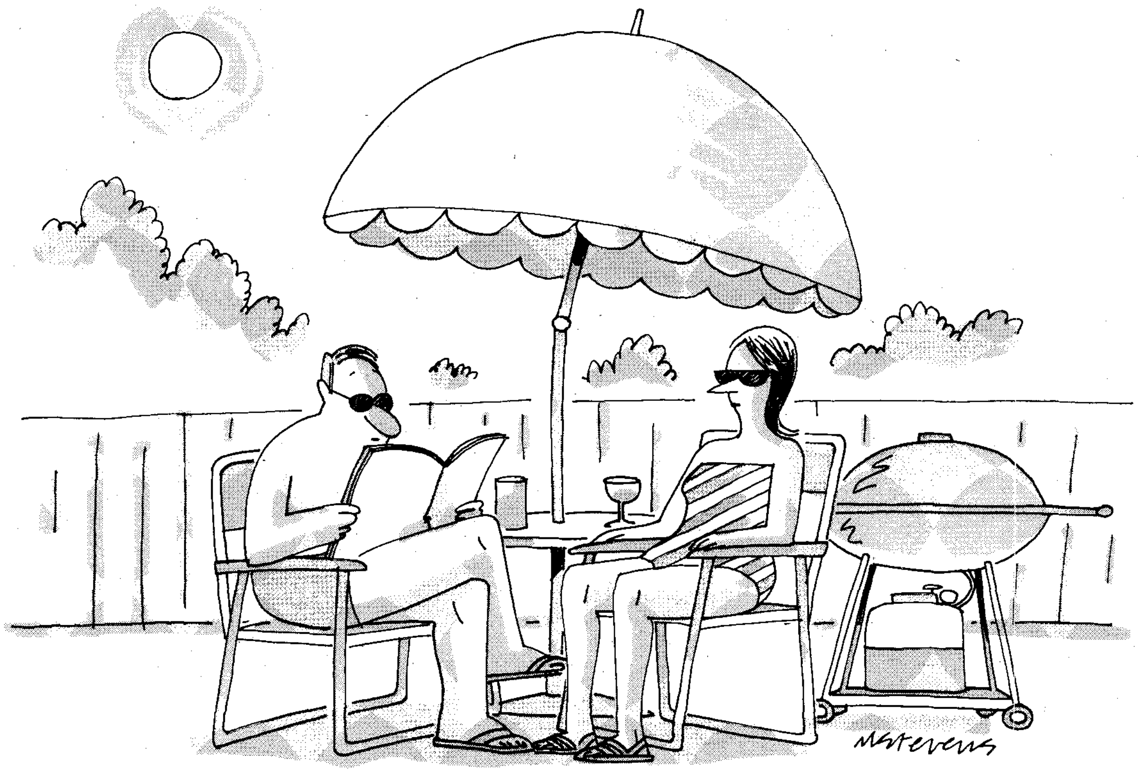
“O.K. I guess I'm too hard on him.”

“He doesn't care.”

She looked at Claude, who was beginning to rebait his hook, standing to his knees in the creek. “Well,” she said, “you'll never see me after today, either. What have you done that's shameful?”

“Nothing,” I said. “I haven't done anything shameful.”

“Lying is it, then,” she said. “That's shameful. You lied because you're ashamed. There isn't any out



"Here's a picture of some people doing the exact same thing we're doing, but they seem to be having a lot more fun."

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to this. It's a game, and you lost it."

"You're not ashamed of anything, are you?"

"Yes I am," she said. "I'm ashamed of leaving home without saying anything to anybody. And of spending the night with Sherman in that motel. That's just two days of things. I'll give you a second chance. Are you ashamed of being out here with me—whatever kind of person I am? That's easy, isn't it?"

"I haven't done anything to you I'm ashamed of," I said, though I wanted to think of something I might be ashamed of—that I'd hurt someone or hated them or been glad a terrible thing had happened. It seemed wrong to know nothing about that. I looked at Claude, who was throwing his line onto the current, his bobber catching the sluice and riding it. In forty-five minutes we would lose daylight, and it would be colder. After that we'd take Lucy back to the motel for Claude's father, if he remembered. My own father would never even know I had been here, wouldn't know about this day. I felt on my own, which was not so unusual. "I was glad when my mother left," I said.

"Why?" Lucy said.

"We didn't need her. She didn't need us, either." Neither of those things was true, but I could say them, and it didn't bother me to hear them.

"Where is she now?" Lucy said.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't care."

Though just from her voice then I could tell this didn't matter to her. Shame didn't mean any more to her than some other way you could feel on a day—like feeling tired or cold or crying. It went away, finally. And I thought that I would like to feel that way about shame if I could.

Lucy took her sunglasses off. She reached over and put her hands on my arm and kissed my arm above the wrist. It was a strange thing for her to do. "What he said about your parents was a lie," she said. "It was too harsh. If they're happy, you'll be the same way. I bet my parents are happy I'm gone. I don't even blame them." I didn't say anything, because I didn't know what kind of people they could've been—some man who'd gone across the border to stay out of the war. "Why don't you kiss me?" Lucy said. "Just for a minute?"

I looked at Claude. I saw he had another fish on but wasn't yelling about it. He was just pulling it in.

"He can see us," she said. "I don't care. Let him." She pushed her face up into my face and kissed me. She kissed me hard and opened her mouth too wide and put her tongue in mine, then pushed me onto the grass and onto her stockings and her shoes. "Just do this," she said. "Kiss me back. Kiss me all you want to. I like that."

And I kissed her, put both my arms around her and felt her skinny back and her sides and up to her breasts and her face and her hair, and held her on top of me, pushing against me until my heart beat hard and I thought my breath would stop. "You boys," she whispered to me. "I love you boys. I wish I was staying with you tonight. You're so wonderful."

But I knew that wasn't what she meant. It was just a thing to say, and nothing was wrong with it at all. "You're wonderful," I said. "I love you."

"You're drunk," I heard Claude call out. "You're both fuck drunk."

I was on my back and my mouth was dry. Lucy pulled away from me and looked at him. "Don't act jealously," she said, then reached for her can of beer and took a drink.

"I'm down here fishing," Claude said. "Come look at this. It's a great fish."

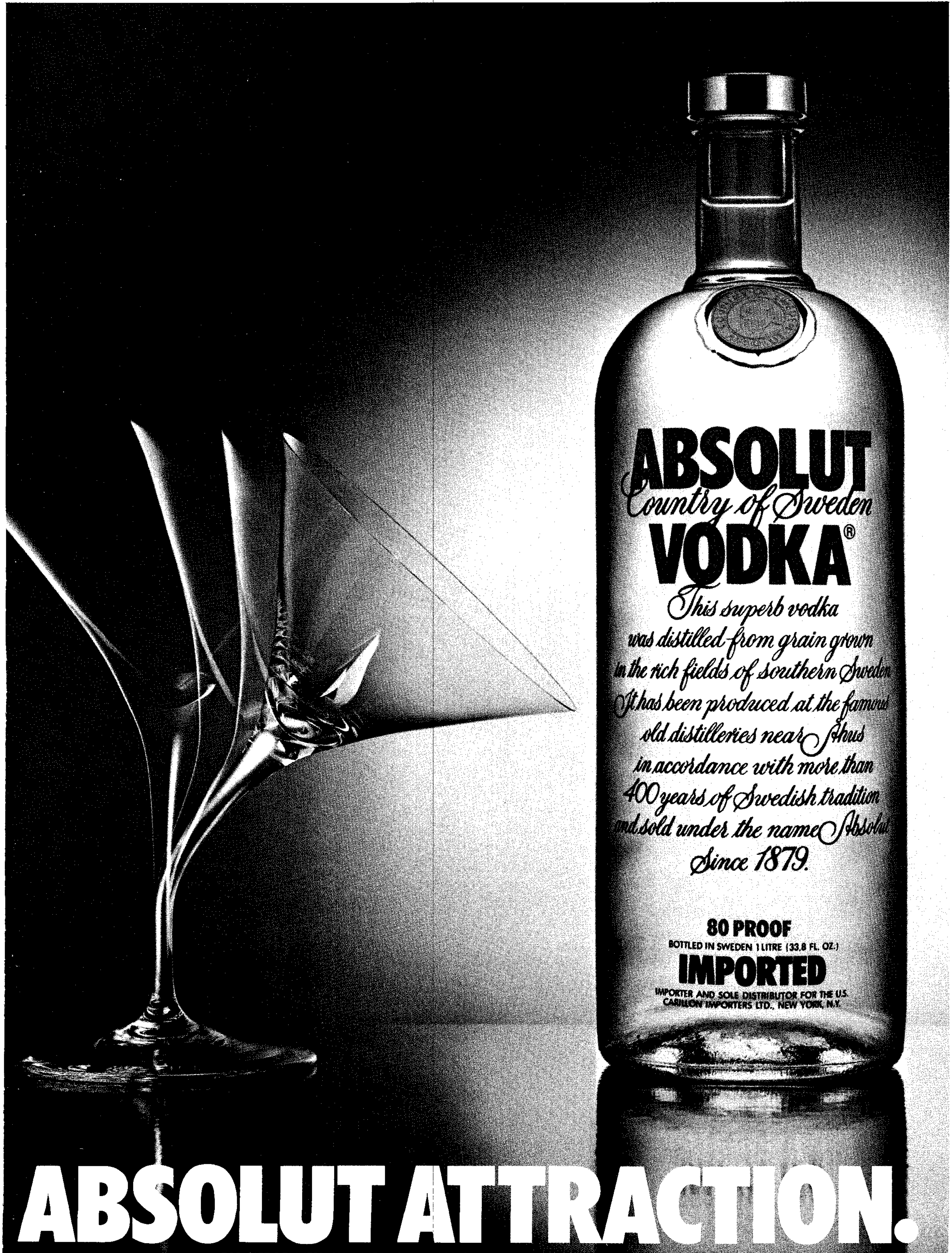
"Let's let him have something," Lucy said and stood up, though I didn't want her to leave but to kiss me again, to stay. But she got up and started down barefoot to where Claude was kneeling in the grass. "Let's see your poor fish," she said.

Claude had another whitefish in the grass. The one I'd killed was dry and lying beside it, and the second one was smaller, but it was bright and bending in the grass. Claude had his hand on it and his spring knife ready to pry out the hook himself.

"It's smaller," he said, "but it's prettier. It's livelier."

Lucy looked down at the fish. She said, "That's a picture of helplessness, I guess, isn't it?"

"It's a whitefish," Claude said as the fish tried to twist free under his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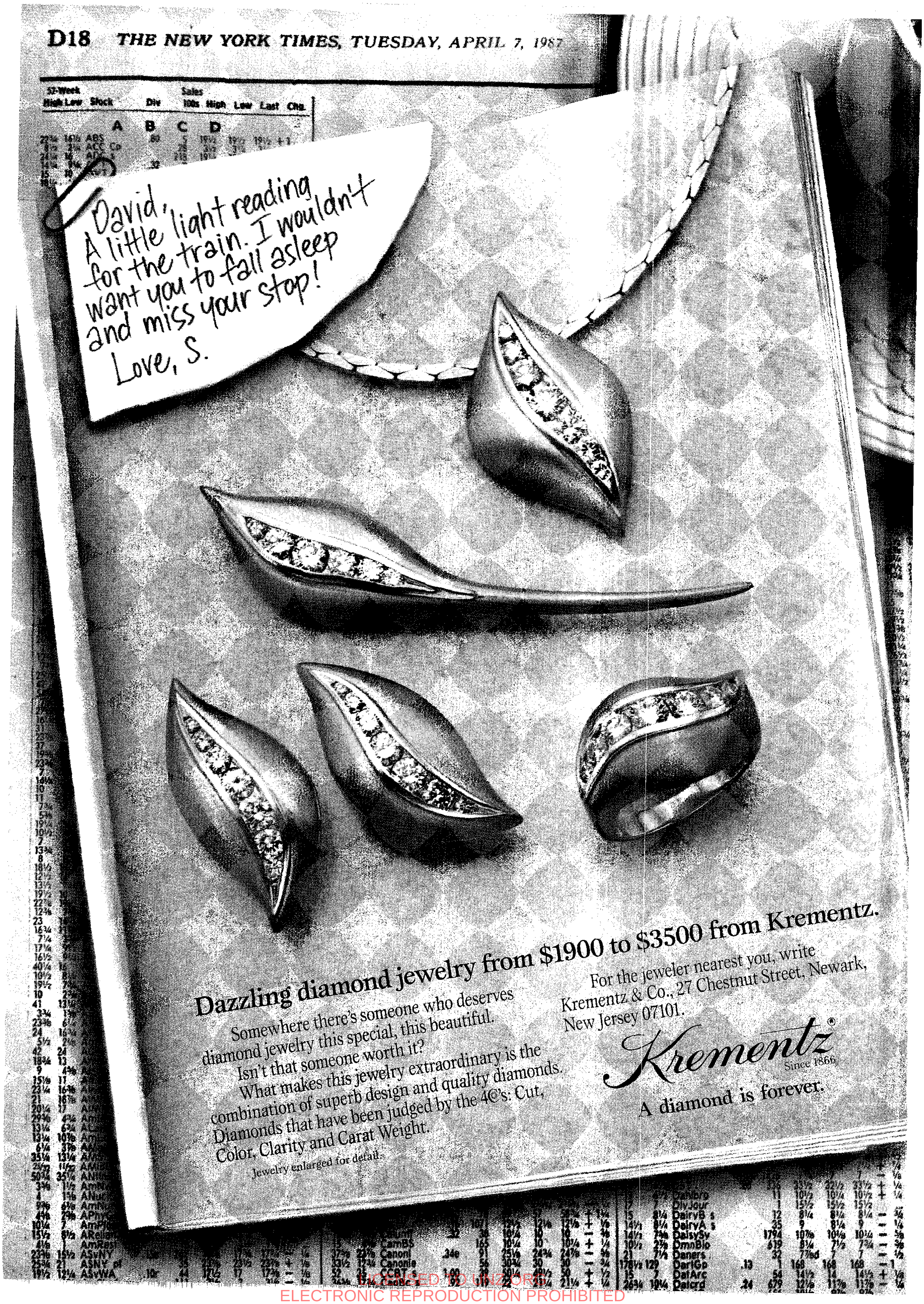
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hand. "They're the best. And it's helpless. Right. You bet it is."

"What a surprise that must be," Lucy said, watching the fish struggle. "For the fish. Everything just goes crazy at once. I wonder what it thinks."

"They don't. Fish don't think," Claude said.

"Don't they have little perfect spirits?" Lucy looked at me and smiled. She didn't care about any of this. I could tell.

"Not this one," Claude said.

He moved his hand around to the top of the fish to take a better grip so he could use his knife, but the fish twisted again, and with its top fin it jabbed Claude's hand.

"Look at that!" Lucy said.

Claude let the fish go and wrung his hand and flung blood on the fish and on his face and on Lucy. He dropped his knife and squeezed his hand where the fish had cut him, his jaws set tight. "Son-of-a-bitch thing," he said. He put his hand in his mouth and sucked it, then looked at it. The wound was small and narrow, and it had begun to seep blood on his wet skin. "Fucking thing," Claude said. "This fish is dangerous." He put his hand back in his mouth and sucked the cut again. He looked at Lucy, who was watching him. And for an instant I thought Claude would do something terrible—say something to her or do something to the fish that would make her turn her head away, something he would later be sorry for. I had seen that in him. He was able to do bad things easily.

But what he did was take his hand out of his mouth and stick it in the grass and lean hard on it to stop the blood. It might've been an Indian way. "Who cares," he said, and he seemed calm. He pushed his hand harder in the grass. The blood had dried already on his face. The fish was still twisting in the grass, its stiff gills trapping air, its scales growing dry and dull. "This is your fish," Claude said to Lucy. "Do something with it. I don't want it." I knew his hand hurt him by the way he talked so quietly.

Lucy looked at the fish, and I thought her body, which I was close to, became relaxed somehow, as if something that had been bothering her or that was hard for her suddenly wasn't.

"O.K.," Lucy said. "My fish. Let me have that knife."

Claude picked the knife up and handed it to her, the blade forward in the dangerous way. "This is sharp," he said, and as she reached for it he jabbed it at her, though she only moved her hand out of the way and didn't take a step back. "You think we're handsome?" Claude said. "Us two?"

"You're the most handsome boys I ever saw," Lucy said, "in this particular light." She put her hand back out for Claude's knife. "Let me have that."

"We could kill you, right now," Claude said. "Who'd know about it?"

Lucy looked at me and back at Claude. "That woman in the motel would probably be the first one. I had a talk with her this morning before what's-his-name came back to life. Not that it matters."

Claude smiled at her. "You plan to kill me when I give you this knife?"

I could see Lucy's toes twitching in the grass. "No. I'm going to kill my fish," she said.

"O.K.," Claude said, and handed her the knife by the blade. Lucy stepped by him and, without getting down on her knees, leaned over and pushed the knife down straight into the fish Claude had caught—pushed it through in the middle behind the gills, which were still working, and on into the ground. Then she pulled the knife back far enough to get it out of the ground, picked the fish up by the handle, and flung it off the blade into Mormon Creek. She looked at Claude in a casual way, then threw his knife out into the deep water, where it hit with hardly a splash and disappeared down among the fish.

She looked around at me. "There you go," she said.

And Claude was smiling at her, because I think he didn't know what else to do. He was sitting on the ground in his wet shoes, and he wasn't squeezing his hand anymore. "You'll do anything, won't you?" he said.

"I always commit the wrong sins," she said. "I thought we'd have fun out here. That must prove something."

"I bet you'd poke a pig in knickers,"

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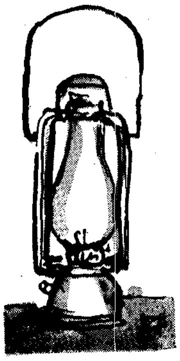
Claude said, "you Canada girls."

"You want me to take my dress off?" she said. "Is that what you mean? I'll do that. Who cares. That's what *you* said."

"Do that, then. I'll watch it," Claude said. "George can watch. That'll be O.K." I thought about kissing her then, sitting on Claude's jacket in the grass, and I was ready to watch her take her dress off.

And that's what she did, with Claude on the ground and me standing close to the side of Mormon Creek. She unbuttoned her green dress front, reached down, crossed her arms, and pulled her dress over her head so that she was only in her loose petticoat. And you could tell from her face that she was occupied by something—I don't know what. She pulled the loose straps down off her shoulders and let her petticoat drop off of her so that she had on only a pink brassiere and pants that looked like the cotton pants I wore. Her legs and her stomach were white and soft and a little fat, and I didn't think she looked as good as when she'd had her dress on. Not as good as I thought would be the case. There were red marks and scratches on her back and down the backs of her legs, which I thought were the marks Sherman had made on her. I thought of them in the motel in Sunburst, under some blanket together, making noise and rolling and grabbing at each other in the dark.



And then she took off the rest. The brassiere first and then the cotton pants. Her breasts were small and uppointed, and her ass was hardly even there. I didn't look much at the rest of her. Though I could see then—or so I thought at the time—how *young* she was by how she stood on her pale, thin legs, with her thin arms, and how she turned only at the waist and looked at me, so she could be sure I saw her, too. Like a girl. Younger than I was, younger even than Claude.

But it did not matter how old she was, because she was already someone who could be by herself in the world, and neither Claude nor I was anything like that. Maybe she was born that way, or raised to it, or had simply become that in the last two days. But it embarrassed me at that moment—for myself—and I know I looked away from her.

"What's next?" she said.

"What do you think you're good for now?" Claude said, sitting in the grass, looking up to her. "Everybody thinks they're good for something. You must think you are. Or are you just good for nothing?" And he surprised me, because I didn't think he was taunting her. I think he wanted to know the answer—that something about her seemed odd to him, maybe in the way it seemed to me.

"A lot of this seems a lot alike to me," she said, and sighed. "You can take me back to the motel. I've had all the fun I'm going to." She looked around at her clothes on the ground, as if she was trying to decide what to pick up first.

"You don't have to act that way," Claude said. "I'm not mad at you." And his voice seemed strange to me, some soft voice I hadn't heard him speak in—almost as if he was worried. "No, no," he said. "You don't." I watched him extend his hand and touch her bare ankle, saw her look at him on the ground. I knew what was going to happen after that, and it did not involve me, and I didn't feel the need to be there for it. Claude had a serious look on his face, a look that said this was for him now. And I just turned and walked back toward the Buick at the edge of the cottonwoods.

I heard Lucy say, "You can't ever read other people's minds, can you? That's the trouble." Then I quit listening to them altogether.

I WILL say how all of this turned out, because in a way it is surprising, and because it did not turn out badly.

In the car I didn't wait a long while for them. They were not there long. I thought I wouldn't watch them, but I did, from the distance of the car. I happen to think it is what she wanted, though it might seem she wouldn't have. In any case, I don't think she knew what she wanted from me. What we did, I thought, didn't matter so much. Not to us, or to anyone. She might've been with me instead of Claude, or with Claude's father, or another man none of us knew. She was pushing everything to extremes. She was just an average girl.

I turned on the car radio and listened to the news from the Canadian station. Snow and bad weather were on their way again, it said, and I could feel the evening grow colder as it went

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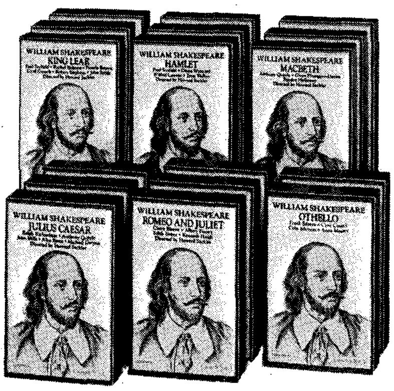

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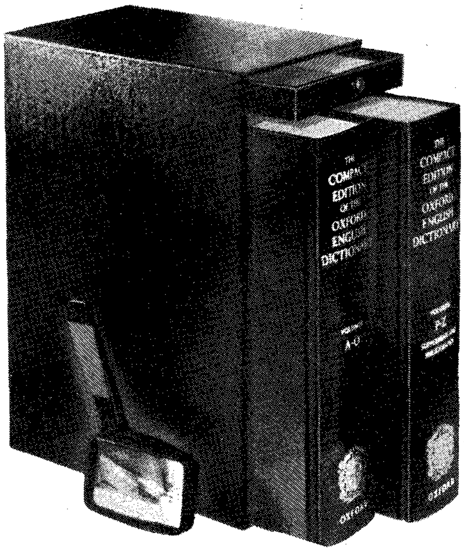

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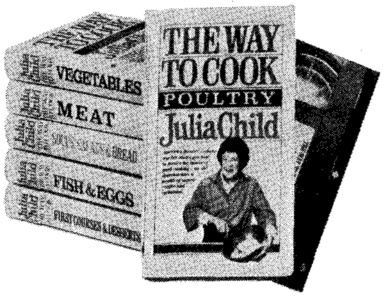

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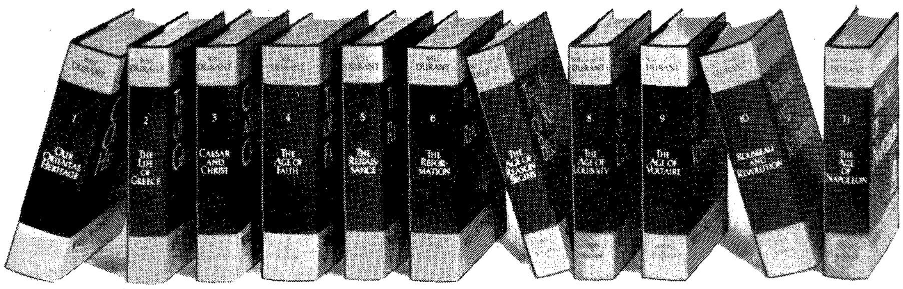

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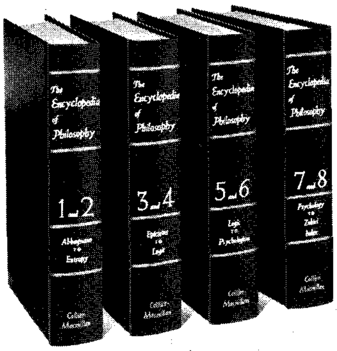

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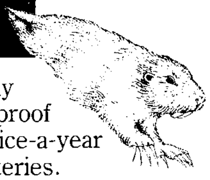

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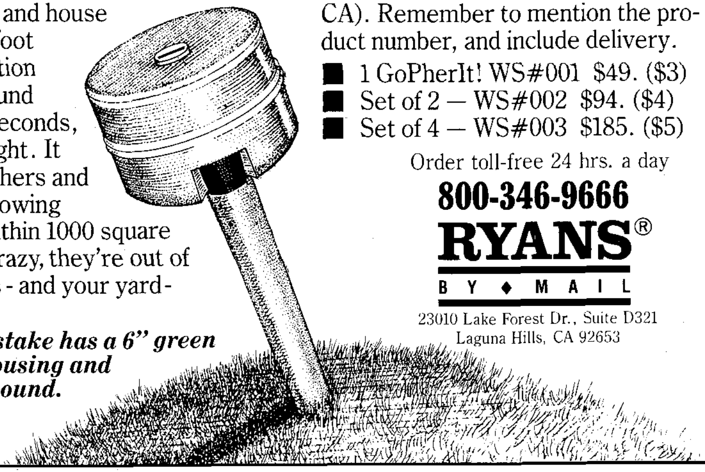

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to dark and the air turned blue. Trout moved against the far willow bank—swirling, deep rises that weren't like those of other fish, and created in me a feeling of anticipation high up in my chest. It was that way I had felt early in the day, when we'd driven down to this very place to fish. Though the place now seemed different—the creek, the tree line, the mill shed—all in new arrangements, in different light.

But I did not, as I waited, want to think about only myself. I realized that was all I had ever really done, and that possibly it was all you could ever do, and that would make you bitter and lonesome and useless. So I tried to think instead about Lucy. But I had no idea where to begin. I thought about my mother, someplace far off—on a *flyer* is how my father had described it. He thought she would walk back into our house one day, and that life would start all over. But I was accustomed to the idea that things ended and didn't start up again—it is not a hard lesson to learn when that is all around you. And I only at that moment wondered if she'd ever lied to me, and, if so, what about—wondered if she was someplace with a boy like me or Claude Philips. I put a picture in my mind that she was, though I thought it was wrong.

After a while the two of them walked back up to the car. It was dark, and Lucy had her shoes and her stockings and her sack, and Claude had his fishing rod, and his one fish he put behind the seat. They were drinking another beer, and for a minute or so they were quiet. But then Lucy said, just in a passing way, straightening her green dress, "I hope you aren't what you wear."

"You *are* judged by it, though," I said. Then that tension was over, and we all seemed to know what was happening to us.

We got in the car and drove around over the wheat-prairie roads at night, drove by my house, where it was still dark, then by Claude's, where there were yellow lights and smoke out the chimney, and we could see figures through the windows. His father's truck was parked against the house side. Claude honked as we passed, but didn't stop.

We drove down into Sunburst, stopped at the Polar Bar, and bought a package of beer. When Claude was inside, Lucy said to me that she hoped to rise in the world someday. She asked me in what situations I would tell her a lie, and I said not any, then she kissed me again while we sat waiting in sight of the dark train yard and the grain elevator, ribboned in its lights, and the empty motel, where I had seen her first that day. The sky was growing marbly against the moon, and she said she hated a marble sky. The air in the car was cold, and I wondered if Sherman was already on his way to town.

When Claude came back with the beers, we all sat and drank one, and then he said we should drive Lucy to Great Falls, a hundred miles away, and forget all about Sherman. And that is what we did. We drove her there that night, took her to the bus station in the middle of town, where Claude and I gave her all the money we had and what Sherman had given him as the shut-up money. And we left her there, just at midnight, going toward what and where neither of us knew or even talked about.

On the drive back up along the Great Northern tracks we passed a long train coming north, sparks popping off its brake shoes and out its journal boxes, the lighted caboose seeming to move alone and unaided through the dark. Snow was beginning to mist in the black air.

"Sherman wouldn't have come back." Claude was watching the train as it raced along beside us. "She wanted to stay with me. She admitted that. I wish I could marry her. I wish I was old."

"You could be old," I said, "and it could still be the same way."

"Don't belittle me now," Claude said. "Don't do that."

"No," I said. "I'm not."

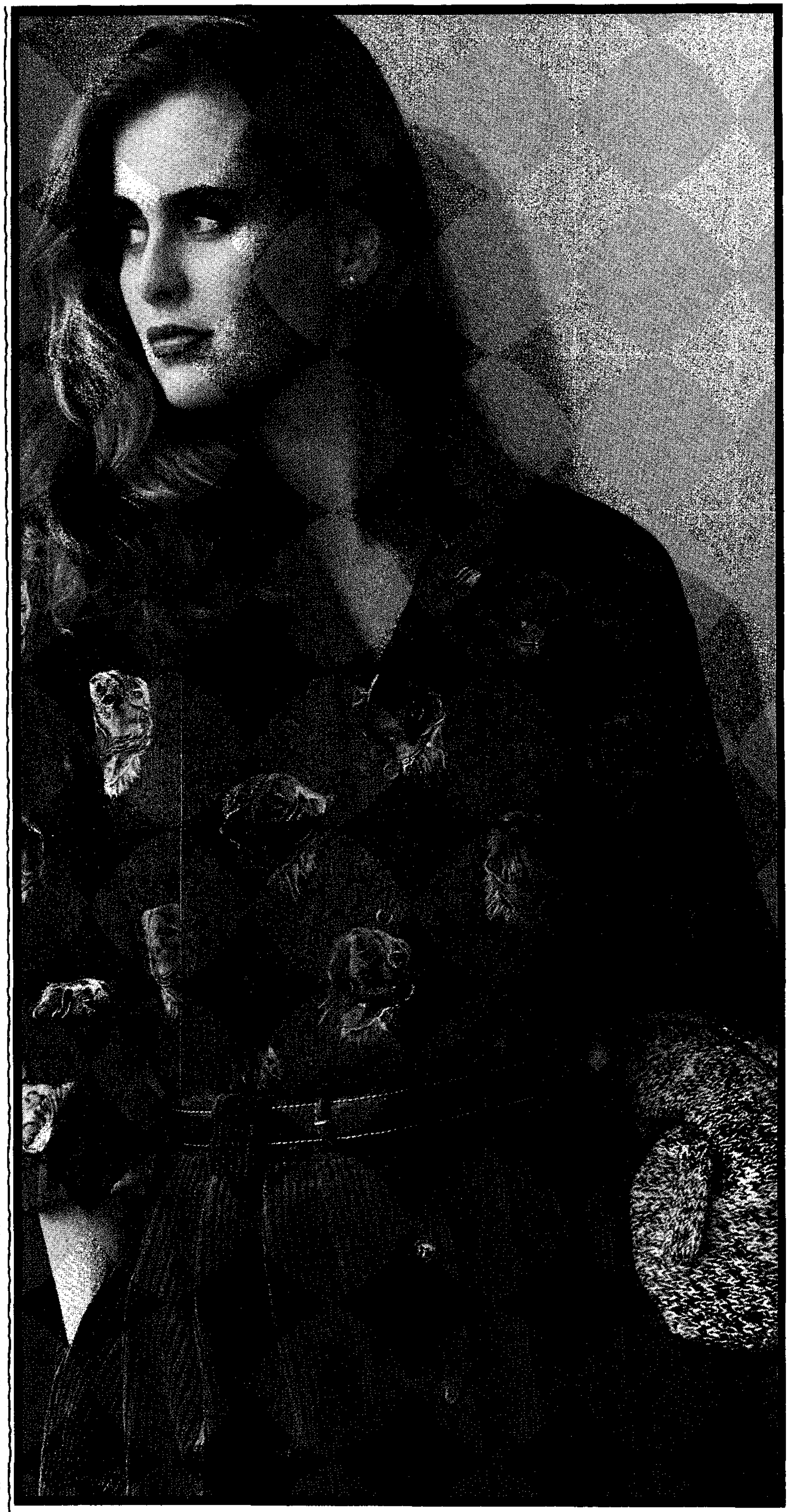
"And don't belittle her." And I thought Claude was a fool then, and this was how you knew what a fool was—someone who didn't know what mattered to him in the long run. "I wonder what she's thinking about," Claude said.

"She's thinking about you," I said. "Or about your old man."

"He could never love a woman like I can," Claude said and smiled at me. "Never in his life. It's a shame."

"That's right. He couldn't," I said, even though I thought that shame was something else. And I felt my own life, exactly at that instant, begin to go by me—fast and plummeting—almost without my notice.

Claude raised his fist and held it out like a boxer in the dark of the car. "I'm strong and I'm invincible," he said. "Nothing's on my conscience." I



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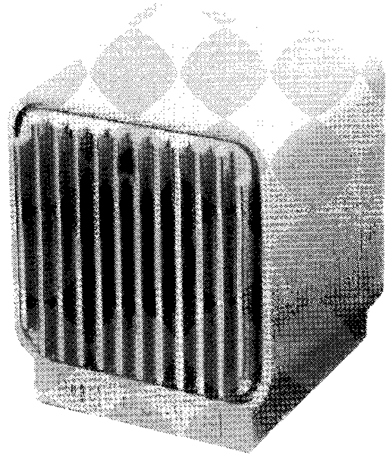

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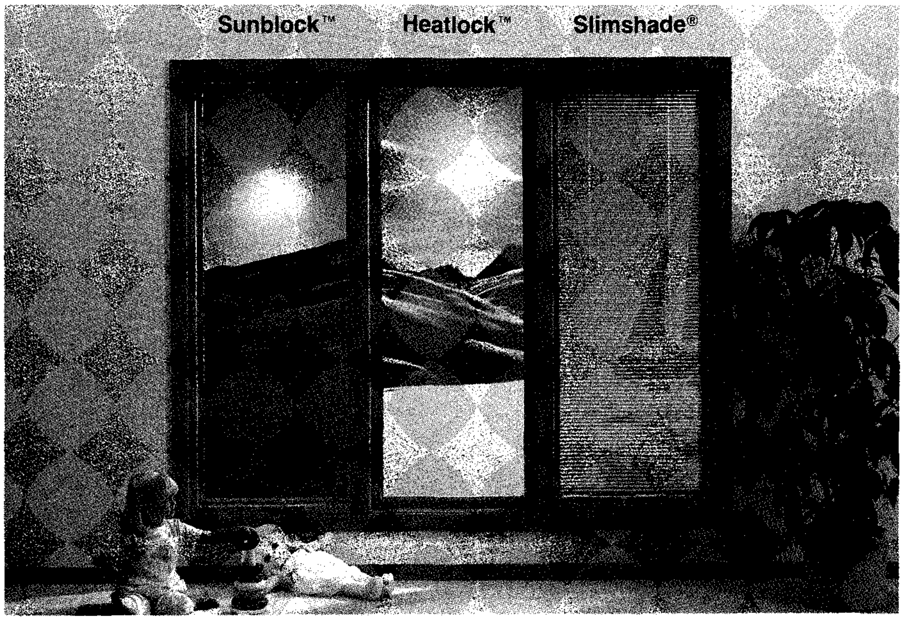

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don't know why he said that. He was just lost in his thinking. He held his fist up in the dark for a long time as we drove on toward north. And I wondered then: What was *I* good for? What was terrible about me? What was best? Claude and I couldn't see the world and what would happen to us in it—what we would do, where we would go. How could we? Outside was a place that seemed not even to exist, an empty place you could stay in for a long time and never find a thing you admired or loved or hoped to keep. And we were unnoticeable in it—both of us. Though I did not want to say that to him. We were friends. But when you are older nothing you did when you were young matters at all. I know that now, though I didn't know it then. We were simply young.

—Richard Ford

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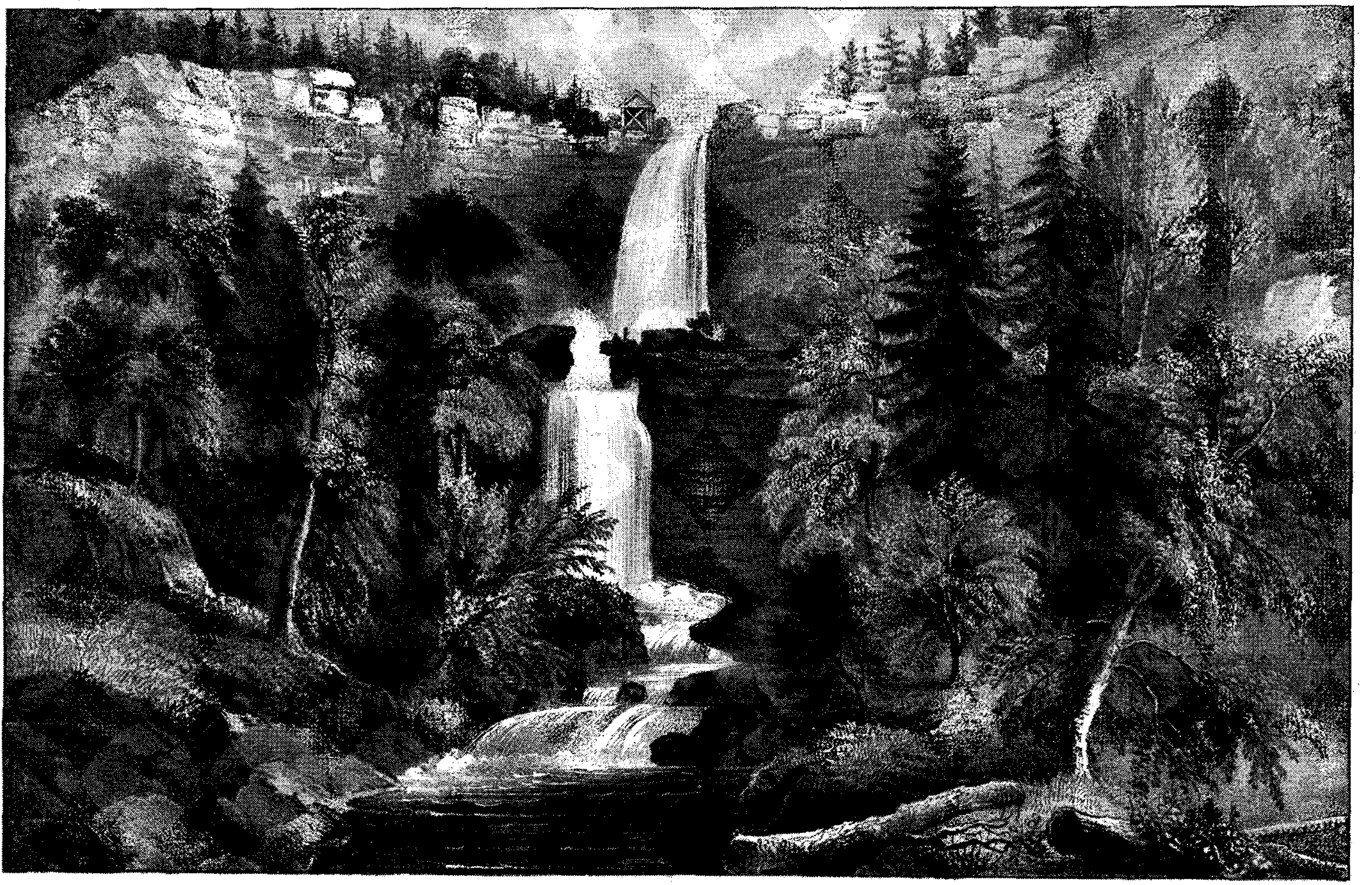
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SEARCHING FOR KAATERSKILL FALLS



Currier & Ives

KAATERSKILL FALLS is the highest waterfall in New York State—two hundred and sixty feet, to Niagara's hundred and sixty-seven. The botanists John Bartram (1699-1777) and his son, William (1739-1823), visited Kaaterskill Falls in 1753 and wrote the first descriptions of them on record. In 1823, James Fenimore Cooper increased the falls' celebrity by inserting a rhapsodic verbal portrait of them into his novel "The Pioneers." But their international renown really began with the painter Thomas Cole's first trip up the Hudson to the Catskill Mountains, in 1825, which inspired three famous pictures: "View of Fort Putnam," "Lake with Dead Trees," and "View of Kaaterskill Falls." Cole returned repeatedly to paint the mountains, and in 1836 he settled just beneath them, in the Hudson River Valley town of Catskill. His work and that of his disciples and successors—the Hudson River School—transformed Kaaterskill Falls into an American icon. The falls were portrayed in woodcuts, lithographs (by Currier & Ives), and innumerable oil paintings. Everybody knows what Kaaterskill Falls looks like: a narrow stream of water falling through a rock-lined ravine into a stony basin before spilling into a second slender cascade. There is also a famous view from the side, of water pouring in front of a grotto behind the basin. Even to viewers who cannot identify them by name, the falls are an ineradicable image of the American wilderness. The image remains accessible in museums and art books, but in the nineteen-eighties, when I first set out to look for the original from a house my husband and I had rented in the village of Tannersville, which (though I did not know it) was only two and a half miles away from the falls, nobody could tell me how to find them.

I had gone to Tannersville not to hunt a waterfall but by a series of chances. One evening in late spring or early summer of 1983, my husband and I, who live in New York City, drifted into reminiscing about childhood summers each of us had spent at mountain lakes and summer camps in several Northeastern states. A few days later, turning through the real-estate pages in the *Times*, I noticed an ad for a summer rental "in the mountains" and made an impulsive telephone call and an appointment. Early the next morning, following directions from our prospective landlady, we took the New York State Thruway to Exit 20 (Saugerties) and then drove north on Routes 32 and 32A to Palenville, where we switched to 23A, the Rip Van Winkle Trail, a narrow road that rises in snaky blind curves nearly fifteen hundred feet in four miles, with heart-stopping glimpses—sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left—of a rocky stream far below. Its unannounced perils astonished us. So did the irregular, forested walls of the magnificent gorge through which we were ascending. Neither my husband nor I realized then how many of our visual notions of the American wilderness had derived from Catskill scenery, but we both recognized that we were driving up Kaaterskill Clove, which we knew from two paintings by Asher Durand. ("Kindred Spirits," the better known, belongs to the New York Public Library and shows Cole and William Cullen Bryant chatting on a ledge overhanging the Clove.) When we reached the top of the road, at the village of Haines Falls, we agreed that

"Isn't it sort of great when it turns out a couple like that really was too good to be true?"

• •

the sensation of familiarity had been eerie.

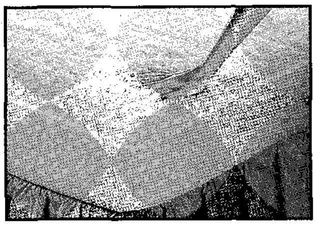
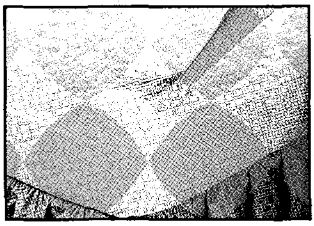
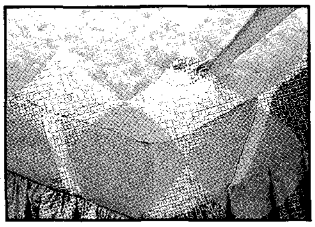
We continued west for two miles, through more mountain landscapes that we knew by heart, to Tannersville, a nondescript village strung out along 23A. There we learned that the house for rent was a cottage crammed with junk the landlady considered valuable antiques, and that she was appraising us as short-term curators of the stuff. After we extricated ourselves, my husband and I were ready to have some lunch and go back to the city. But as we stood beside our car and looked at the landscape we felt that all the mountains, near and far, were old friends we had already seen in carved and gilded frames. The surroundings were irresistible: life-size, out-of-doors art, posing as it had posed since 1825. We picked at random one of several real-estate agencies along the road through the village. Inside, an elderly, courtly gentleman told us we were late for summer rentals, but consented to show us the leftovers. His enthusiasm grew as he showed us one incomprehensible house after another. I remember a sort of remodelled shanty beside a large house on a morsel of grass cut out of the forest on a mountainside—a chicken coop or a small barn, perhaps, crowded with bunk beds, rather like a barracks—and a weather-beaten farmhouse with an infinity of bedrooms that opened directly into each other. As we rolled up and down the mountains, our guide delicately let us know that, as summer tenants, we were small change, for the local landlords made their money on winter rentals to skiers, who had their choice of Cortina Valley, near Haines Falls; Hunter Mountain, four miles to the west; or Windham, ten miles to the northwest. He drove us at last to a small brick ranch house on a hilly road about a mile north of Tannersville. It offered no charm but demanded no adjustments, and had a glassed-in sun porch where I could put my typewriter table. We went back to the office and signed a two-month lease. At the end of the afternoon, my husband and I drove down Kaaterskill Clove awed by its grandeur and elated by our luck. We felt we had been treading sacred ground, for our adult lives have been spent among Americans who work in the arts, and now we had seen the land of their spiritual ancestors. We had stumbled into Eden: not the birthplace of mankind but the birthplace of American art.

PERHAPS readers as unfamiliar with the Catskills as we were that day could use some facts. The Catskill Mountains are a section of the Allegheny Plateau, and lie in parts of New York State's Greene, Ulster, Delaware, and Sullivan counties, west of the Hudson. The name is Dutch: *kill* means "stream," but there is no consensus about what *cats* means, and the spelling has varied. In Greene County, for example, besides Kaaterskill Clove, Creek, and Falls, there is a Catskill Creek and a Cauterskill Creek. Until after the Civil War, "Catskills" referred only to the northeasternmost mountain area, some hundred and ten miles north of New York City, and west of what are now Exits 20 and 21 on the New York State Thruway. In Cole's lifetime, that area, which was locally called the Mountain Top, became a mandatory place of pilgrimage for American painters, writers, and intellectuals, and their presence attracted the well-to-do. (The same sequence was repeated elsewhere: in Newport, for example, and the Hamptons.) The Catskill Mountain House, which opened in 1824, eventually became the most famous and elegant summer resort in the United States. It appealed to the high-minded, the nature-loving, the art-loving, and the rich; its costliness was part of its fame. By the eighteen-thirties, painters could no longer afford to stay on the Mountain Top, and lived in boarding houses in the town of Palenville, at its foot, climbing to sketch. In time, the cachet of the name Catskills persuaded hotel proprietors in Ulster County, to the south, that they, too, belonged to the area—justifiably so, since in 1872 a Princeton geographer, Arnold Guyot, established that Slide Mountain, in Ulster, is the highest Catskill, rising 4,204 feet. (For the sake of comparison, Ben Nevis, the highest peak in Great Britain, rises 4,406 feet.) More land was annexed in the twentieth century, when the resorts of Sullivan County, off to the southwest, which had previously been dedicated to trout fishermen, began turning into the Borscht Belt and slightly stretched geology to describe themselves as part of the Catskills. The extension of the name thus takes in a century of American culture, from the Mountain Top artists to vaudeville.

The Kaaterskill Falls, or Mountain

Top, part of the Catskills, where my husband and I found ourselves, was and is the most spectacular. Nineteenth-century writers ransacked the language to describe the landscape, trying to explicate its universally agreed-upon "sublimity." "The sublime" was a higher value than "the picturesque," being more spiritual; it led the viewer to God, who had created the wilderness and its scenery on a scale so grand and so frightening that it reminded man of his insignificance and his dependence on God's great goodness. Americans writing about the Mountain Top celebrated its lofty views, and some emphasized the fact that Edmund Burke had deemed looking down more sublime (because more terrifying) than looking up. Mountain Top scenery offers innumerable opportunities to look down, because it abounds in precipices, created by streams that have dissected or eroded the plateau. The plateau itself is too large to be seen except from the east bank of the Hudson. A few years later, after we had read up on this geology, my husband and I took the Rip Van Winkle Bridge over to Olana, the house of the painter Frederick Church, which is now a museum. From the west-facing lawn we could see the eastern rim of the Catskills rising like a wall from the Hudson River Valley. Church studied with Cole, but the view unmistakably resembles a Church painting—one of his vast panoramas ("The Heart of the Andes," for instance) that offer more than the eye can grasp. This wall of mountains, the edge of the plateau, is called an escarpment in geology and the "Wall of Manitou" in promotional literature.

The stream-cut gorges are called "cloves," a word of Dutch origin. Former President Ulysses Grant viewed Kaaterskill Clove in 1883 and called it "the canyon," but that sounds wrong—to me, anyhow—because "canyon" suggests semi-arid land, and the steep, rocky sides of the cloves are covered with forests. A few of the cloves have roads through them, and each of these roads has its own beauties and terrors. Route 23A, the first one we encountered, was built between 1913 and 1918, and is constantly under revision. The road through Plattekill Clove, which was built in 1880 and, according to one guidebook, is "slowly slipping down," evoked a furious letter from a tourist to a local paper in 1984. She said she and her husband had been lured into driving on the road in their motor home by a brochure praising "the most spectacular clove in all the Wall of Manitou," but had found it a "death trap," with "that steep grade with a deep cliff on our right and not even guardrails on the road." There *is* a bit of guardrail about halfway up the road, but it was broken and bent when I saw it. In this road's favor, I might mention, is that the drop is always on the same side. Plattekill Clove itself, however, is such difficult and dangerous terrain that a guidebook cautions that it once took three days to recover the body of an unlucky climber. What is most misleading about the cloves—and all the gigantically rumpled Mountain Top scenery, for that matter—is their wholesale summer greenness. The forest growth, only occasionally broken by great bands of rock, softens the mountains' outlines and, against the blueness of the sky, beguiles the eye, so that one is forever dropping one's guard, ready to trust the deceitful landscape. In a monograph on Cole, the art historian Matthew Baigell suggests that Cole omitted the foregrounds in his early paintings as a

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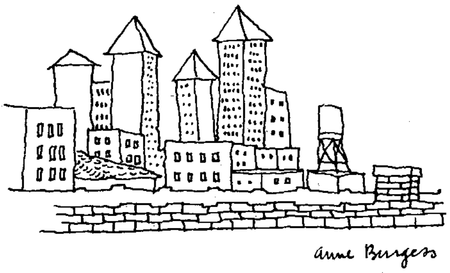
device to frighten the viewer, by placing him on the brink of a precipice in scenery where "abrupt drops into endless space lurk in the uneven terrain." Cole may have been playing an artistic trick or he may simply have been reporting: when one walks or drives around the Mountain Top, one often finds oneself, unexpectedly, at a place where there *is* no foreground.

SIX weeks after we signed the lease, my husband and I returned to the Mountain Top in a car bulging with baggage and books. In the intervening time, we had repeatedly congratulated each other on having found not just any mountains but *these* mountains. We crowed to our friends about our find. All of them knew about the Hudson River School, but except for one woman, whose son had been arrested for going through the traffic light at Tannersville (the only traffic light on the Mountain Top), none had heard of any of the little villages whose names we dropped. Then we began to caution each other against disappointment; perhaps the Mountain Top scenery would lose its glamour on second viewing. It did not. This time, we were more aware of the shabby, slapdash appearance of the villages, I think, but they were no more than minute interruptions in the awe-inspiring wilderness around them. The patch of land around our rented house welcomed us with a small surprise: in our absence, it had produced a brand-new crop of wildflowers.

On Monday, my husband returned to the city and I tried to establish a routine, but the mountains kept disestablishing it. Early in the morning, deer grazed on the back lawn, and after they had breakfasted I would take my coffee and go out and stare at a southerly view of a notch between peaks that carved up the sky—except on foggy days, when mists and clouds rearranged the mountains, subtracting some as thoroughly as if they had never been. Hours I should have devoted to reading or writing I spent staring at that changing and changeless view with a fascination akin to lovesickness. The mists and clouds, like the rain squalls and thunderstorms that blew in and out, were unpredicted and unexpected, for the Mountain Top improvises its weather. Only a drive down to Catskill one day to buy a typewriter ribbon reminded me of the familiar fiery-furnace summers of the Hudson River Valley from New York to Albany. On that trip, and on all my errands around the Mountain Top, I travelled through a gallery—Cole, Durand, Henry Inman, Jervis McEntee, Jaspar Cropsey, Worthington Whittredge. I saw both what the painters saw and what they were trying to express—the aesthetic of the sublime—for the landscape dominates everywhere. Almost every road perforce follows a stream, and how the stream has carved its way decides whether there is room beside it for a house or a meadow, or even, in some places, a small farm. Where those openings occurred—where the road was not a mere pass, or its shoulder was not a precipice or a forest—the vista beyond ended in another mountain range. In a matter of days, though, I grew increasingly perplexed, because I didn't see the Kaaterskill Falls, and I didn't understand how I could miss them. I was counting on showing the falls to my husband when he came up the following weekend.

He came on Friday, and, late Saturday morning, sitting on the lawn and staring down at the notch, we discussed the falls' absence. Agreeing that we had not sufficiently considered a waterfall on the northern side of the Kaaterskill Clove road, where Route 23A makes a horseshoe curve, we decided to settle our doubts and, that afternoon, drove over to examine those falls. We parked the car in a turnout that overlooks the clove, crossed the road, and walked down the clove beneath a rock wall. We stepped over the guardrail in front of the falls onto stony soil that sloped toward the stream, and, safely out of the way of cars coming around the curve, took our time and studied the waterfall. We thought it was exactly where Kaaterskill Falls ought to have been—in Kaaterskill Clove—and its water was finding its way to Kaaterskill Creek, but it was not Kaaterskill Falls. It was not high enough—no more, we estimated, than eighty feet. It was also much wider than Kaaterskill Falls. Besides, this waterfall was divided into two main streams, while Kaaterskill Falls is single. That summer was very dry, so the water did not stream but fell in slivers, like icicles, leaving bare varieties of stone—rocks of every size, from pea to grand piano, and rock layers of so many textures and colors that they suggested a pastry chef gone mad. Plants had found desperate footings in the crevices between the rock strata; the trees on the steep grade beside the falls seemed to be not so much growing as hanging on. We stood, stared, and then matched adjectives: these falls were sturdy, while the Kaaterskill Falls were refined. We shook our heads. It did not seem likely that painters would fib about the shape of a waterfall. Was there more than one waterfall in Kaaterskill Clove? If so, where was the real one? And why had we never seen a sign, like the one on Route 66 that, years earlier, had directed us to the Grand Canyon?



My husband went back to the city, and I began to ask the people I dealt with where the falls were. The reason I hadn't done so sooner was that I had assumed I wouldn't have to, any more than I would have had to ask people on the boardwalk at Coney Island or Atlantic City the way to the Atlantic Ocean. But I must have asked all the wrong people, for I found no one who could help me. Nobody in the drugstore, in either of the liquor stores, in the post office, or in the A. & P. had heard of Kaaterskill Falls. The falls do not appear on an ordinary New York road map, but I tried the gas station, hoping that it might have a local sightseers' map; it did not, nor did the attendant recognize the name Kaaterskill Falls. A young man who came to connect my television set to the community aerial told me that he didn't know of the falls. I talked to a telephone repairman whose truck had stopped on the road just past my house. He lived in Palenville, right beside Kaaterskill Creek, but didn't know of Kaaterskill Falls.

I decided to hunt systematically for a roadside sign, but the next day I was distracted by a rash of very small notices that broke out in the windows of the A. & P. and the Rip Van Winkle Bazaar and among the "Wanted" posters on the post-office wall. These announced that Tannersville water was unsafe to drink and should be boiled. As it turned out, my quest for pure drinking water led, by meandering coincidence, to my locating the falls, but on that morning my only feeling was panic—not just for myself but for New York City, because many of the Mountain Top streams feed the city's reservoirs. The news from the city that summer told of declining levels of water in those reservoirs and listed progressively severer restrictions on water use, but there was not a word about pollution. Nobody in Tannersville could tell me anything about the water. The Mountain Top's newspaper, the weekly Windham *Journal*, printed the unsafe-water notice in small type, like a legal advertisement, without comment. I telephoned my landlord, a physician who lived in another state. He had bought the house as an investment, had never lived in it, and was as surprised to hear about the drinking water as I had been. He then consulted New York State Health Department officials on the telephone, and called back to assure me that the state monitored water quality weekly; all he could advise was that we obey the signs. I soon tired of boiling water and began to buy it bottled at the A. & P., where the girls at the checkout counter knew no more about the local water than they had known about Kaaterskill Falls.

"I used to think it was cruel to keep a dog in the city, but Homer's made a remarkable adjustment."

My first useful tip came from the liquor dealer next door to the A. & P.: he told me I could get drinkable water free from a spring that he said was "near the lake." Tannersville's Lake Rip Van Winkle lies in a bowl of mountains just south of 23A, and I used to swim there on the rare afternoons that were warm enough, but I had never noticed anything like my mental image of a spring—pellucid water seeping silently through violet-strewn moss. I believed the liquor dealer, though, and drove down. Between the road and the lake was a field—a flat grassy area with a long shed on it, where I had sometimes seen children playing ball. This time, a station wagon and two cars were parked on the grass. Two middle-aged women were waiting while a third filled a plastic jug from a plain metal pipe rising about three and a half feet out of the ground. The pipe was the spring. The wait was long that day, because the woman at the spring was filling something like two dozen jugs and stowing them in the back of the station wagon. The woman next in line remarked sympathetically, "You must have a hotel," and the first woman replied, "A small one, thank God."

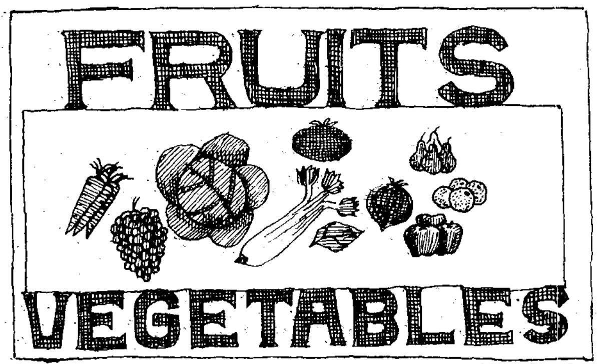
I couldn't understand why everybody I met at or around the spring accepted unpotable water so calmly. The lifeguard at the lake, a community-college student, remarked, as if it were a matter of course, "Nobody up here drinks the water." I did at last extract a partial explanation from the librarian in the town of Hunter (Tannersville has no library), who told me that around the turn of the century several Mountain Top villages had installed municipal water systems that had nothing to do with New York City's. Those elderly waterworks were now proving inadequate, especially in summers when the water was low. I was amazed that these tiny hamlets had ever planned so ambitiously, for I saw no other signs of civic assertion, such as large buildings or monuments. (The library is in a building that used to be a small store.) The librarian, a poised, bespectacled woman, commiserated with my distress, but not effusively; she had her own well. She also told me that there were two other springs on the Mountain Top—she called them the Elka Park and the Hensonville springs, referring not to where they were but to the direction one would take driving to them from the Hunter library. One day, I found the Tannersville pipe knocked over on its side and the water flowing into mud, so I went over to the Elka Park spring, which was modestly enclosed in a wooden housing by the side of a road leading toward Plattekill Clove. After I filled my jugs, I paused for a while to admire Schoharie Creek flowing northward in the sunlight. There was a fallen log in the foreground and, on the far shore, a rocky inlet where trees overhung the water. The mountainside against the stream was a wall of trees marked only by cloud shadow. Nothing had changed in a hundred and fifty years, I thought, except the village water.

When I went to swim at the lake

the next day, I saw a lanky, grizzled man in work clothes repairing the spring. He told me he took care of it, and began to hammer at the pipe over my questions. When I persisted, he said, "I just take care of it. I don't know whose land it's on, but I keep it running."

He did, and it ran all summer, but I shared my custom among the three springs, zigzagging through the scenery to wait in line and overhear the local information and misinformation. One day, I heard two men deploring the state's acquisition of Mountain Top land and reassuring each other that the state had been unable to buy property that, as I later learned, it had in fact bought the previous year. But at last, in line at the Hensonville spring, I got my first information about the falls, when a gray-haired woman replied to my now habitual question by saying that Kaaterskill Falls was "in the park—the state park."

My husband brought our adolescent son up the next weekend, and he was not interested in pursuing the falls, inspecting sublime scenery, or attending the quilt show at the East Jewett firehouse—the choice of diversions I had to offer on an August weekend that was too chilly for swimming. We all went down to the spring at the lake to fill the water bottles. While we were waiting our turn, my husband glanced up at the mountainside on the southern edge of the lake, and called my attention to a slight horizontal crease in the trees. He looked curiously at the shed in the field, and suggested that it might have been a station and the crease on the mountainside might be the traces of a railroad. We had never heard of a railroad on the Mountain Top—like municipal water systems, a railroad seemed incongruous in pathless wilderness—but after filling our water bottles the three of us walked south, parted bushes, jumped over a streamlet, and scrambled through woods to an overgrown embankment. We were in a tunnel formed by trees that blocked the view on both sides. There was no track or ties, but beneath our feet was a level, cindery path—an old railroad bed. We strolled on until we came to a rockslide covered with scrub. Then we started back, wondering where the railroad had come from and where it went; I realized that that short stretch of right-of-way was the longest piece of level ground I had found on the Mountain Top.



STUART LEEDS

The last week of my stay was very cold, and the windows on the sun porch were stuck open. The postmaster told me that summer people were going home, and real-estate agents began to come by with prospective winter tenants. Oblivious of scenery, the youthful duets or quartets who swaggered through the small house were obsessed by beds; they were the advance guards of quintets and octets who would share a pricey winter rental. Their obsession explained some of the oddities of the houses we had first been shown—the barracks, for example.

For our last weekend, and what was to be that summer's last chance at Kaaterskill Falls, my husband brought up a United States Geological Survey map. It placed the falls in Catskill State Park and also revealed two surprising facts. One was the falls' site, which we had very nearly guessed: Kaaterskill Falls is above and behind the waterfall that we had examined at the horseshoe curve (we later found out that that waterfall has its own name—Bastion Falls). Kaaterskill Falls, invisible from the road, is built on the air rights of Bastion Falls. The other surprise was that an abandoned railroad line, the very one we had discovered near the lake, passed only a few yards north of the top of the falls. Apparently, at one time in the past it had been possible to buy a ticket somewhere, get on a train, and ride to Kaaterskill Falls. If the falls' position confused our ideas of possible scenery, the railroad's existence addled our sense of wilderness history. Still, we hoped the railroad offered an easy way to the falls. We thought that somewhere fairly close to them, and far beyond the rockslide that had halted our stroll, we might park the car by the road, make our way through the woods, and walk to the falls on the pathlike railroad bed.

We started off with the prospect of ease enhancing our eagerness. The prospect failed. We turned north at Haines Falls. There the map showed the railroad bed and the automobile road running parallel to each other, but there was private property between them. We were disappointed but not crushed, for we were approaching the park, and we were confident that New York State, a sober and art-loving jurisdiction, having taken custody of the most famous sight in the Catskills, would display it with pride.

The entrance to the North-South Lake Public Campground was guarded by a sturdy toll booth, which reminded me of Jones Beach. So did the excellent road, which was better maintained than any on the Mountain Top. The quality of the road reinforced our conviction that the falls' game of hide-and-seek was over, and that we were at last out of the woods, or wilderness, in which fact, information, guidance, explanation, and instruction had been so hard to acquire. We paid a toll, and drove through. I soon glimpsed campers and vans parked in the woods to our right. People were eating at tables among half-tents and open tents and swags of mosquito netting. The road curved past the camp, bearing east, toward the Hudson, and ended at a large macadam parking area beside a lake. There was a substantial comfort station, a bathhouse, and a small sandy shore but no swimmers, sunners, or lifeguards. We stood on a patch of grass, alternately admiring the lake and consulting the map, which showed that this lake, North Lake, fed into another, South Lake, which emptied into a short stream, Lake Creek, which tumbled over a cliff to become Kaaterskill Falls. The map's contour lines also showed that the land around both lakes was level, so that a lakeshore path would naturally provide an easy stroll to the falls. Except for the sandy area in front of the bathhouse, the shores of the lake were heavily forested. We hoped someone would come along and show us the way, but the few tourists who briefly alighted from their automobiles appeared as disoriented as we. We watched a family—a young couple and three children, who had evidently expected to find something more at the lake than the lake—disintegrate. One child, a toddler, burst into tears (the mother picked him up); the oldest, a boy of perhaps ten, trotted hopefully toward an overturned (and oarless) rowboat beached on the shore (the father ran after him); and the middle child, a girl of probably six, turned without a word and headed back toward the parking lot.

My husband and I were not ready to give up so easily. We saw open land to the east, and followed a path that led through two stone gateposts. Beyond these, the road became a circle, like an old carriage road. The ground seemed disturbed to us, and a New York State historical marker told us that we were on the site of the Catskill Mountain House. The identification was confusing. In Cole's paintings of the Mountain House, the building looks tiny—a white wooden ark in a sea of wilderness. But the space it occupied showed that the Mountain House had been larger than any of the hotels we'd seen operating on the Mountain Top that summer. The view remained—the famous view from the eastern rim of the escarpment. Like Olana, the Mountain House gazed over the Hudson at a panorama almost too grand for the mind to absorb. Beyond the populous river valley we could see over rolling land to the foothills of the Berkshires.

We were in no hurry to leave the view, because we knew that guests at the Mountain House—even women in crinolines—had been able to stroll out and admire the falls. Finding the site meant that our search was almost over and our summer in the outdoor art gallery was about to achieve its appropriate climax. At last, we turned from the river and reëxamined the land nearby for a path southward, or southwestward, to the falls. At the southern border of the field in which the ruins stood was a gray rock—a huge boulder—with a sign in front of it. The sign said "Escarpment Trail," and listed the places the trail led to. Among them was Kaaterskill Falls. At the bottom of the sign was an arrow pointing toward the Hudson River or toward the rim of the escarpment. There, between the eastern face of the boulder and the abyss, we could glimpse a ledge that looked about as wide as a windowsill. We would have had to lean far out over the edge of the escarpment to see around the bulging rock and discover whether the ledge ever broadened from windowsill to fire-escape width. The survey map was discouraging. The contour lines here were so close they almost touched: we were on top of a nearly vertical precipice without a foreground, like an early Cole. We tiptoed as far forward as we dared, trying to peer around the boulder. No luck. We went back and looked at the sign again, hoping we had misread it. We had not. Even so, we couldn't believe that the State of New York was inviting a couple of middle-aged museumgoers to take a walk along a rock shelf more than two thousand feet in the air. Anywhere else in the state, even at a lower altitude (say, on the observation deck of the Empire State Building), such derring-do would have got us arrested.

WE returned to the city for the winter, and plotted our next assault on the falls with the aid of maps, guides, and histories. These taught me what I should perhaps have guessed: the wilderness on the Mountain Top is a new wilderness, much of it wild only since the Second World War. When Cole arrived on the Mountain Top in 1825, the Catskill Mountain House had been open for a year, replacing a provisional hostelry erected in 1823—a kitchen, bunkhouse, parlor, and ballroom—that stood near North Lake. A sawmill was working at the top of Kaaterskill Falls. Most critics think that Cole's lovely "Lake with Dead Trees"—one of the three famous paintings of 1825—represents South Lake, and Alf Evers, in "The Catskills: From Wilderness to Woodstock," the standard modern history, suggests that the trees died because a man-made dam had raised the level of water in the lake. Well before the nineteenth century, Europeans in the Hudson River Valley knew that the Catskills had two commercial assets—trees and waterpower—and after the War of 1812 New Englanders came into the area and transformed the local milling, woodworking, and tanning operations into large-scale industries. The tanners began to strip the wilderness just as cultivated New Yorkers were learning to worship it. In 1817, William Edwards, a grandson of Jonathan, began building what would eventually become a five-hundred-foot-long tannery with a two-hundred-foot annex and four great chimneys on Schoharie Creek, at Hunter; and in 1825 Zadock Pratt opened a huge tannery further up the Schoharie. The tanners peeled the hemlock trees, for tanning used only the bark, which was soaked in water with the raw hides. The dead forests frequently caught fire, and the tanneries' effluents

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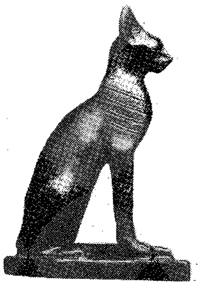

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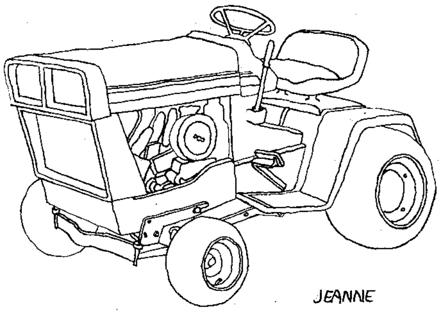
polluted the streams that ran through the blackened mountainsides. Pratt claimed to have cleared ten thousand acres; by the eighteen-seventies, the Edwards family had tanned out Stony Clove, southwest of Plattekill Clove, so thoroughly that even forty years later a traveller, T. Morris Longstreth, described the clove as "chiefly forested at the top."

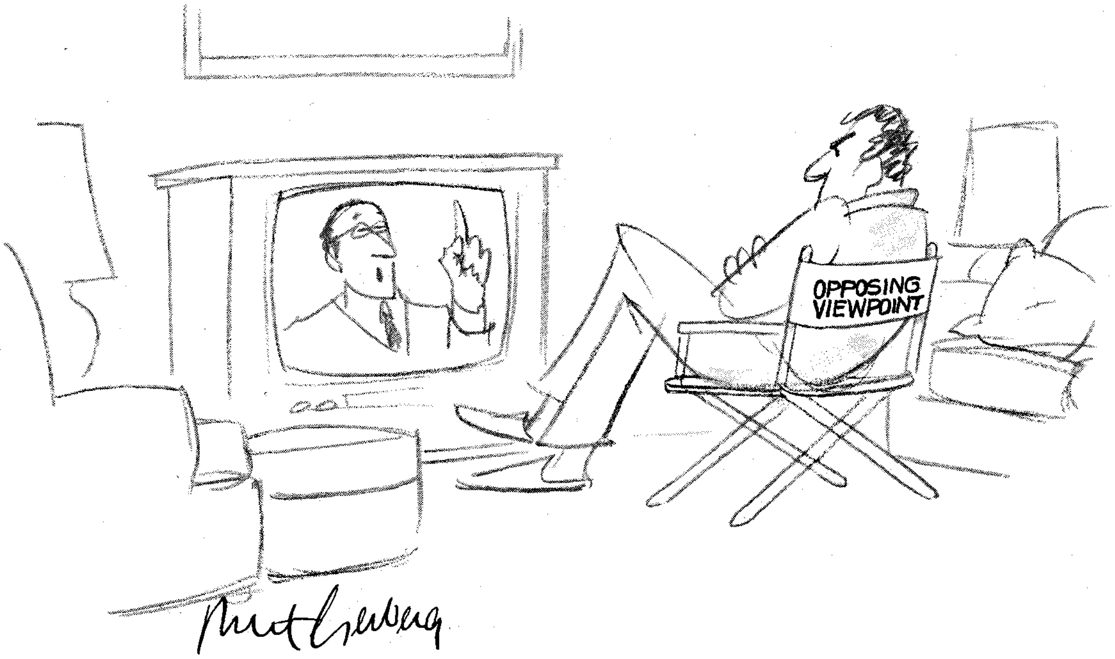
It seems more than puzzling—indeed, inexplicable—that through all the decades of deforestation and pollution the painters and the tourists kept coming. The Catskills retained their magical allure as the quintessentially American landscape. James Thomas Flexner, in "That Wilder Image," the third volume of his history of American painting, quotes Whittredge after he returned from Europe in 1859. "I hid myself for months in the recesses of the Catskills," Whittredge wrote, and he went on to say that he found there "nothing but the primitive woods with their solemn silence everywhere." I wonder where he could have hidden. As for silence, bluestone quarriers were blasting in the mountains from the eighteen-thirties to the eighteen-eighties. Yet, as the historian Roland Van Zandt points out in "The Catskill Mountain House," the Catskills continued to attract even painters we do not think of as belonging to the Hudson River School—Winslow Homer, for example. His "Under the Falls, Catskill Mountains," of 1872, shows two young women in the natural grotto behind Kaaterskill Falls. They would have reached it by descending a staircase that was built before 1854. (No source tells me when those stairs disappeared, but Longstreth reported using them in 1918.) By Homer's time, Kaaterskill Falls had become a playground while remaining an icon, and that was true of the deforested Mountain Top as a whole. In the eighteen-eighties, the railroad came up through Stony Clove to hotels at Hunter, Tannersville, and Haines Falls, and terminated at the top of Kaaterskill Falls. The Catskill Mountain House, with rooms for four hundred guests, had new competition from the Kaaterskill Hotel, a mile away and twice as capacious. There was also a little boarding house at the top of the falls, the Laurel House. Its owners not only built and maintained the staircase but controlled a dam by which they turned the falls on and off for exhibition purposes. Between 1881 and 1884, they renovated the Laurel House and enlarged it to accommodate two hundred and fifty guests. Nevertheless, there was a chronic shortage of rooms on the Mountain Top in the summers of the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Farmers along the railroad, all the way back to Hunter, took in boarders. The boom lasted through the nineteen-twenties, when the automobile began to change the traditional pattern of a summer vacation.

The new wilderness is an old summer resort that is working at transforming itself into a new winter resort. For a hundred and fifty years, the Mountain Top's sublime scenery has produced exactly one reliable cash crop—tourists—and the setting of our earliest native art is the setting of our oldest service economy. As summer neared, I wondered whether, in my infatuation with cloves, streams, forests, and landscape painting, I might have been overlooking some equally interesting phenomenon, such as an eighth-generation chambermaid.

THE second year, we rented a house at Windham, right beside the ski slope, which in summer becomes a mountain meadow—a rarity on the Mountain Top, where trees have retaken most of the ground they had once lost. Because I had grown curious about the people who lived on the Mountain Top, I chatted with the repairmen who came that year, and discovered that most of them, like the telephone repairman I had spoken to the year before, did not live on the Mountain Top, because they couldn't afford to. This was also true of many of the people who worked in the town. The beautiful land, useless for any productive purpose, is once more valued as potential resort property, and the more land the state acquires for parks, the dearer the rest becomes. A young man who came to fix the leaking icemaker was living on the Mountain Top with his in-laws. He told me that he and his wife had given up looking for a house they could afford, and were going to put a trailer on his in-laws' land.



It became clear that there are no eighth-generation chambermaids. While the mountains remain, the people and the enterprises are transient. What we took for long-established businesses had disappeared over the winter. The first night we were back on the Mountain Top, we drove over to Tannersville to a restaurant whose owner, a woman from Southold, Long Island, had done the best she could to duplicate Columbus Avenue in the Catskills. The restaurant was closed—for good, we discovered. (The place subsequently changed hands and styles several times, and ended up Chinese.) The constant exchange of people moving in and out promoted me, in my second year, to the rank of old-timer; I gave directions to the springs to a woman working in a general store who had just arrived from Colorado. This transience may also explain why there is no dominant local speech pattern—no Mountain Top accent—and why local memory is short. Most people know that there is a Thomas Cole Mountain. Few people know which it is, because nobody skis on it. We found Cole's house, in Catskill, through a series of articles in the *Times* which followed its transfer from Cole's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Edith Silberstein, to the Catskill Center for Conservation and Development and then to a foundation organized by two New York City art dealers, Alexander Acevedo and Ira Spanierman, which now runs it as a museum. (The state and federal governments were feeling too poor to take it on.) The generations do not stay on the Mountain Top, though some young people leave reluctantly. On an afternoon when I was looking at wildflowers on a road north of Windham, a very young woman driving a car at almost walking pace stopped to ask what I was doing. She had two little girls sleeping in the car, but when I told her she got out, and together, with the help of a flower-identification book I had, we distinguished three kinds of goldenrod. Possibly our joint achievement made her feel I was a friend; possibly she was lonely. She confided that she was working as a mother's helper between her junior and senior years of high school to earn money for community college. She did not know what she wanted to study in college, but she told me, "I know I have to get a job.



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I'll have to move away from here, but there's no place I want to go." She sounded not resentful but nostalgic in an anticipatory way, as if she were already looking back on her lost girlhood.

The newcomers who replace the outgoers are drawn by the scenery. James, from Manhattan: "There wasn't much doing in my line of work, graphic design, and I'd been here skiing, so I thought I'd move up and see what I could do." Maggie, from the Bronx: "Friends drove me and my husband up one day, and we both knew we had to find some way to live here." Joan, from New Jersey: "My husband's family used to board with a farmer up here when he was little, and a couple of years after we were married he took me to visit them and I didn't want to leave." All three ended up working in real estate. Maggie and her husband had originally hoped to avoid commercial entanglement and live off the land, but they discovered that scenic land is land nobody can live off. (There are very few gardens on the Mountain Top.) They were resourceful. "We never paid for heat," Maggie told me, "because the house we rented had an old wood stove, and I raised chickens and traded eggs for wood." But they could not barter for gasoline or medical care, so now he builds ski houses and she sells them.

THE American wilderness is, of course, a myth—an invention of the human mind. To the Indians, the wilderness was home, the way the Kalahari Desert is home to Bushmen. The painters who portrayed the American wilderness as the alluring and intractable Mountain Top landscape were joining a conversation about Western civilization which Europeans had been holding with each other since the start of the Age of Discovery, and the painters' persuasiveness enhanced the myth of the wilderness to such a point that nearly every trace of their presence, even the paths they took, has been erased from the scenes they sought out and painted. Under the "forever wild" provision of the New York State Constitution, which governs state forest lands, the Indians would have been arrested for living their everyday lives in parkland. About the only human activity permitted is hiking on the trails that the state maintains. (There are a few exceptions, such as camping at designated campsites, and the state carries on activities of its own: guidebooks to the trails mention that it has joined North and South Lakes, thereby obscuring a subject of prose, poetry, and painting —Natty Bumppo's "two little ponds," and the "two eyes" of Indian legend.) When I went into a state forest my first summer, I couldn't find the trail, because I looked down for a path and saw none. A hiker's trail is not a roadway but a series of colored badges pinned to trees every so often—generally at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty feet, the guidebooks say, although sometimes the trees or the badges are knocked down. The sequence of badges does indicate direction, but a trail promises nothing underfoot.

The trail guides do not view the wilderness the way the painters did, as sublime, or the way the local people do, in terms of profit and loss. The hikers' wilderness is an opportunity for feats of exertion, endurance, and rashness. The guidebooks inform and encourage these energetic young daredevils, but they also warn, with such deterrent descriptions as "extremely steep," "eroded," "dangerous," and "slippery," and with alarming statistics: according to one, four people had been killed in recent years trying to cross Lake Creek just above Kaaterskill Falls.

My husband and I studied the route of the Escarpment Trail, which we had found in front of the Mountain House site. It is twenty-four miles long, much of it on the uneven rim of the Catskill plateau. The part we would have had to follow to the falls is a mere three and a half miles, and we saw that we had made a mistake: the trail goes through a cleft in the boulder, not out on the rocky ledge. But every account we read made it seem an unacceptable risk. Besides, taking the trail would have required a second car, for if we parked at North Lake, entered at the Mountain House, and survived the trail, we would come out at the horseshoe turn on Route 23A, nearly five mountain miles away. We did have a hope that over the winter the state might have relented, or come to its senses, since trails, access roads, and parking places change from year to year, like Mountain Top restaurants. Thus, we began our second August's hunt by going back to the Mountain House site, cruising very slowly and looking for trail signs we had not seen the year before.

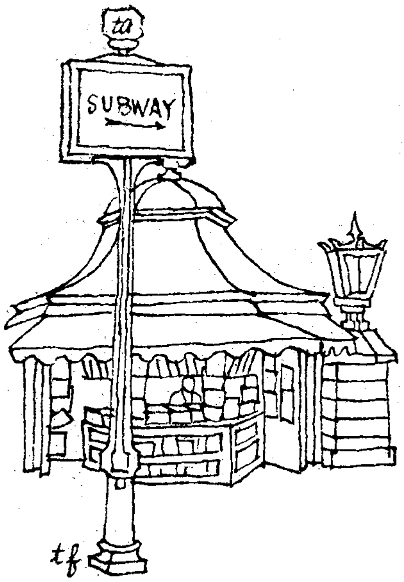
With the failure of that tenuous scheme, we moved on to the next. This was based on our reconsideration of the road from Haines Falls to the park—the road roughly parallel to the

Kaaterskill Falls gorge and the abandoned railroad bed. What we had taken to be private property seemed on our new maps to be interrupted by one or two public side roads leading off toward the falls. The main road is unscenic and unzoned; many houses also sheltered businesses (auto-body repair, roofing, plumbing), and there was a boarded-up hotel. There were also houses that were just houses, and, on the southern side, where we were looking, driveways with no house visible but (in one case) a chain across the road and (in another) a sign saying "Private Road. No Trespassing." In time, though, we found a public road that went through clumps of scrawny pine to a very rough parking lot—no more than a cleared patch of sandy-looking ground. I stole some wild blackberries that were growing around a large sign that read "Unauthorized Trail." That meant there were no markers. There was, however, a visible trodden path, and we followed it onto hilly ground beneath large evergreens, which blotted out the sunlight.

The land was a random collection of knobs or knolls with great stones embedded in them, so that we did not walk, exactly, but staggered over the bumps from stone to stone and sometimes from one aboveground tree-root system to another. The land was set in a permanent heave, and we held hands and grasped any tree for support, like people trying to walk on shipboard in a storm. We saw plenty of signs of unauthorized activity—beer cans, wastepaper, and campfire scorches. These little messes were reassuring: we were lost, but lost in a frequented place.

Our wanderings seemed to be taking us decidedly uphill—wrong for the falls, we were sure—but when we looked around the dimness of the woods we could see no indication that any other direction was right, so we reeled on over a stony hump and found ourselves just above a streambed. This summer, too, had been very dry, and the stream had dwindled into a sequence of pools gouged out of rock—some as big as bathtubs, others as small as handbasins. The streambed was the most striking collection of stones I had ever seen. There were slabs and boulders standing, reclining, piled on and pressed against each other in chaotic density. A very small oil painting by Asher Durand in the New-York Historical Society catches some of the aggressiveness of Mountain Top rocks, which are much nastier-looking than Cézanne's rocks, and figure in Catskill folklore as the handiwork and abode of the Devil. We sat on a boulder set edgewise in the streambed and studied the Geological Survey map in the dusk of the forest. It appeared that we had strayed into Spruce Creek, which joins Lake Creek a short distance above Kaaterskill Falls. We decided against trying to clamber down to the falls in the stony streambed, for we did not want to add our names to the necrology of overambitious hikers. As I stared at the stones in the creek, though, I could appreciate what people of our time, accustomed to innovation in the arts, find difficult to grasp: that a new sensibility may create genuine bewilderment and pain. Writers about the Catskills like to quote a president of Yale, Timothy Dwight, who saw Kaaterskill Falls in 1815, and compared the chasm to "a solitary bye-path to the nether-world." A quarter century later, another educated observer, Charles Lanman, Daniel Webster's secretary, thought that Stony Clove resembled "the valley of the shadow of death." The harshness of the stones in Spruce Creek suggested to me how these men might have found the romantic avant-garde's passion for crags and rocks bizarre. To people of Biblical culture, raised to admire a land flowing with milk and honey, a taste for streams flowing with stones must have seemed worse than sophisticated; it must have seemed perverse, even corrupt.

We picked our way out of the wilderness from boulder to boulder and trash heap to trash heap, and emerged at the parking lot. When we got out of the woods, we discovered that their darkness had concealed the passage of the afternoon. The sun was low. We looked at our watches. Toiling to and from Spruce Creek had been a much slower job than we had realized; we would have to come back early tomorrow and look for the falls.



AFTER the rocks, the storm. The Mountain Top had decided to produce the entire romantic repertory, and that night a spell of rainy weather began with a grandiose thunderstorm, featuring lightning bolts that flickered the mountains off and on. When the storm started to move east, the "rolling peals like distant thunder" sounded, just as Washington Irving described them: the ghostly crew of the Half Moon playing ninepins. The days that followed were rainy and misty, by no means atypical of Mountain Top summers. When Margaret Fuller made a pilgrimage to the Mountain House in the summer of 1835, she wrote home that "we had no more than half an hour to enjoy the gorgeous prospect which spread beneath it before it began to rain, and . . . we could not see the celebrated fall of water."

To my eye, the mists invariably suggested Turner—a painter, Flexner tells us, whom Cole admired until Turner's mists began obliterating solid objects. Sanford R. Gifford (1823-80), a Hudson River painter of the next generation (his "Kaaterskill Falls" is in the Metropolitan Museum), appreciated Turner's fogs but couldn't bring himself to imitate them. The Hudson River aesthetic demanded the faithful rendering of detail; hence the scenery is indistinguishable from the painting, but the painting is not a reliable guide to the weather.

The sun came out eventually and allowed us another try. The map showed that to get to the top of the falls all we had to do was bear right where we had turned left a hundred yards south of the blackberry-patch parking lot. This way in was short and easy—down a path to a bumpy clearing through weeds, scrub, and fragile young trees growing among boulders. The ground, which descended steeply, was slippery reddish mud over stones. We could see a silver thread of running water moving from left to right ahead of us and, beyond it, a pair of gigantic wrinkled gray boulders. Despite the rain of the past few days, the water was not very high, but we could hear, if not a waterfall roar, a murmur of running water. The brink of the falls was hidden from us by an immense squarish, corrugated pink boulder, which barred our way as well as our view, but the drop was implied by the sheer profile of the boulders on the far side of the stream. The land—or the stones—simply stopped. Awe-inspiring at the time, that verticality remains frightening even in a snapshot we took that day. It is also an aesthetic force. When I was a youngster, I was taught to turn museum-postcard reproductions of masterpieces upside down or on their sides as a way of understanding pictorial composition without the distraction of subject matter. Whenever I do that to the snapshot, the powerful assemblage at the falls' precipice presents a strong abstract composition: this concatenation of water, stone, and trees was created to be painted.

We still had not had a front view of Kaaterskill Falls, and the weather became uncertain again. If there was an interlude of sun—or mere visibility—before the month ended, we planned to adjourn our packing and try to see them from the slope of Roundtop Mountain, on the opposite side of the clove from the falls. We knew that viewing point—many painters had used it—but we did not know how to get there, for much of the land is privately held and trespassers are unwelcome. We hoped, however, to find a road open to the public, as we had on the way to the park, which would offer a long-distance view. On our next-to-last day, the weather cleared. Off we drove, and after several encounters with chains and "Members Only" signs we came to a paved road that wound up the mountain through the woods in a direction that promised us our view. Instead, after only a half-mile climb it ended in a clearing the size of a city block, dominated by a deserted hotel five and a half stories high, with a peaked roof, dormer windows, and a tower on one side. The first two floors were made of fieldstone, and the rest was wood. A two-story porch ran across the entire front, with a smaller porch on top of it. The paint—off-white with black shutters and trim—was weathered but still good. Trees were edging their way into the clearing, but it seemed that for the time being somebody was trying to preserve the lawns around this imposing antiquity, which was as big as an apartment house. Tourists in the wild, lost once more, we did what tourists do. We took snapshots of this unexpected monument until the rain began again and Turner's mists closed in on the forest and the clearing.

THAT hotel haunted us. We talked about it on the drive back to the city, and off and on all winter, wondering if anybody would find a use for it. We hated to think of it sagging into ruin or catching fire, as the Hotel Kaaterskill had caught fire and burned to the ground in 1924, just after the summer season. That was a loss to social as well as architectural history, because when the Kaaterskill was built, in 1881, it was the grandest, most luxurious, and most up-to-the-minute resort in this country. Its novel amenities included electricity and telephones, but to our eyes its scale was the most striking thing about it. Photographs show a much bigger building than we are used to seeing in wood; it was 2,004 feet around the perimeter. The Catskill Mountain House and the Laurel House were both burned by the New York State Department of Conservation (later renamed the Department of Environmental Conservation). These burnings were legal, though deplorable. Apart from its historical associations, the Mountain House offered the fascination to architectural historians of having been built in stages. The core was a building that Lafayette glimpsed on his tour of the United States in 1824-25; the additions reflected changes in technology and taste down to the eighteen-seventies. The hotel's most famous architectural feature, a two-story Greek Revival portico facing the Hudson, was installed in 1844 and 1845; that façade retained its elegant neoclassical austerity while the west face became an overactive Victorian jumble. Although the Depression forced the owners to sell most of their land to the state (which at that time also bought the land that belonged to the Kaaterskill), the Mountain House remained open through the summer of 1942. In the nineteen-fifties, a later owner, in financial desperation, sold off the wings to wreckers, hoping to raise enough money to reopen the central section; when he died, in 1958, he had cut it back to about the original 1824 building, and in the next few years it rapidly decayed. The state acquired the Mountain House in 1962 and burned it the next year. The Laurel House, another structure built in one style and enlarged in another, was sold to the state and burned in 1967. (The Department of Conservation was forbidden to buy land with standing

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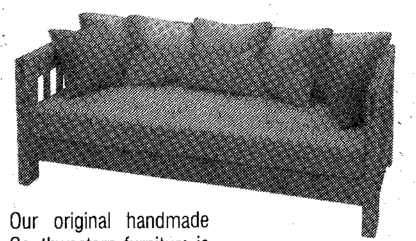

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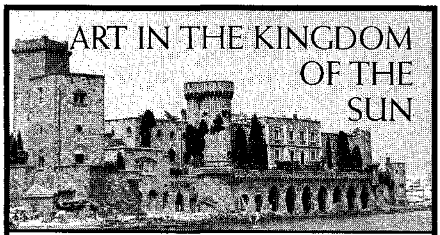

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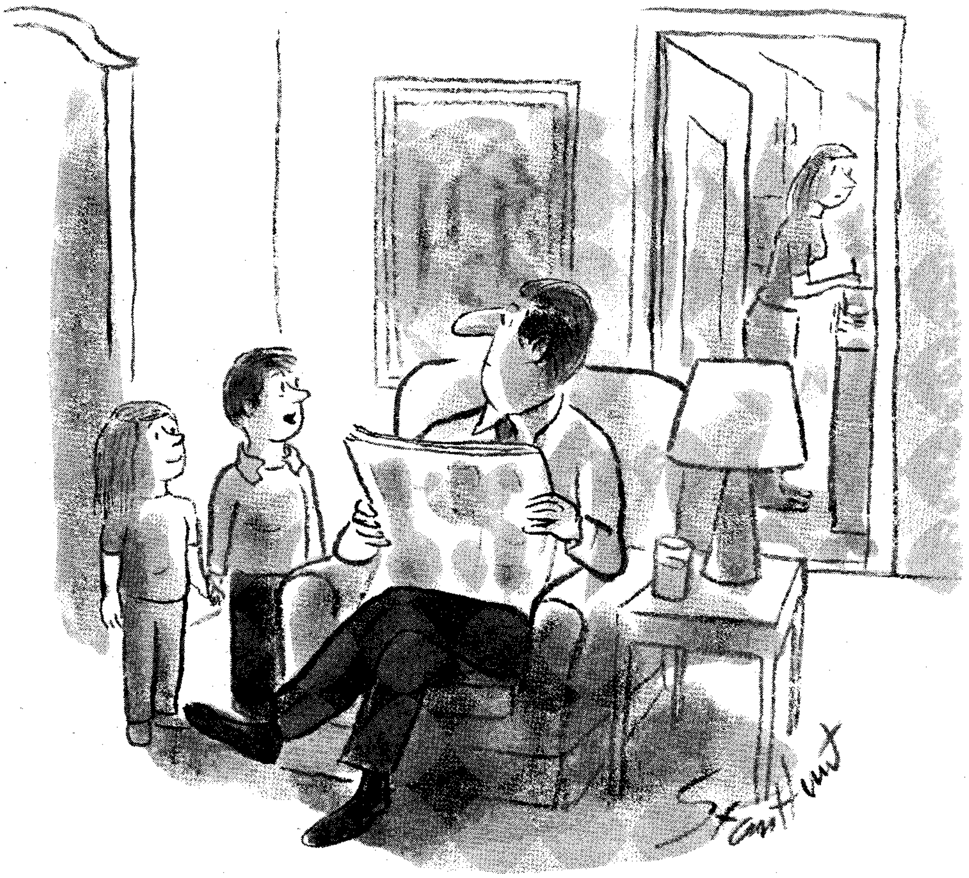


"Mr. Preston, I would like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage."

• •

buildings, but, as Van Zandt points out, another agency, one dedicated to preserving historic buildings and sites, could have bought both hotels and their grounds. That solution seems not to have been considered.)

THE only approach route left us, when the next summer came, was a hikers' trail up from the foot of Bastion Falls. We learned from the guidebooks that somewhere above Bastion Falls was a view of Kaaterskill Falls from below, but our authorities disagreed on how long the climb was from the horseshoe curve; one book said a quarter of a mile, another three-quarters. I reassured myself by calculating that the distance was either not as far as from my Forty-third Street office to Saks or not as far as from my office to Bergdorf's, but the contour lines on the survey map were anything but reassuring. They seemed to suggest that I could practice for my vertical hike by entering my apartment, which is on the eighth floor, through a window.

Meanwhile, we decided to visit the Mountain Top in winter. We made a number of brief trips, and they were all disappointing, but perhaps disappointments are discoveries. My obsession with the falls had begun by taking me back to 1825, when artists and writers in New York turned to the wilderness as a metaphor for our uncorrupted young nation. Then it led me into the present, when public bodies and private individuals are arguing about what to do with the Catskills—like several other parts of the country, the Catskills suddenly seem surplus. Some people want to halt or undo development. Others—usually people who would like to make their living in the Catskills—would increase development, if only they knew how. For the Mountain Top, the skiers seem to offer the prospect of economic survival, though probably not prosperity; and though skiers are there only in winter, they are a year-round preoccupation. In my summers, I heard them gossiped and complained about: an elderly woman, a longtime summer visitor, told me that in winter they turned the Mountain Top into a brothel. "Typical," a real-estate agent who was showing us a house said when she noticed a red-wine stain on a beige carpet. But in those summers the skiers were also being diligently prepared for: all summer long, enormous machines worked at smoothing out the ski slopes. And the skiers were catered to. My first landlord, back in Tannersville, sent in workmen to install a sauna as we were packing, and new ski houses were being built with saunas and whirlpool baths and game rooms.

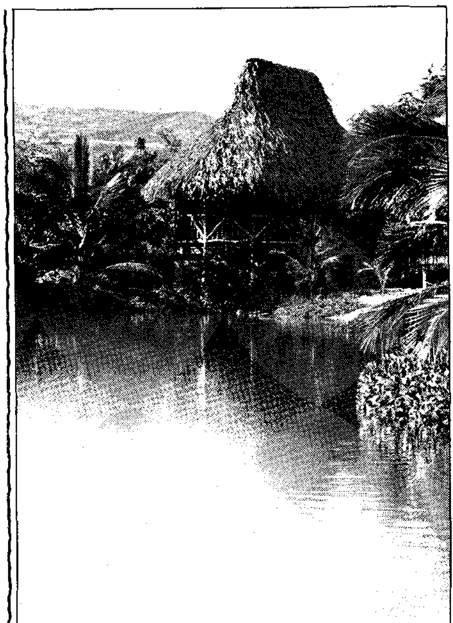
On one brilliantly sunny December Saturday, we drove up to see the skiers—those destructive economic saviors—in action. All the roads on the Mountain Top were cleared; the town budgets that cannot stretch for water-supply improvement go for snowplowing, I suppose. We lunched at a glass-walled restaurant that faced Hunter Mountain. From there, the skiers, who loomed so large in summer conversation, were dwarfed; they looked like a minor infestation of the scenery. When they came in off the slopes, they were more likely to be tired than rowdy, and quite a few were in family parties—parents and children. If their behavior was unremarkable, their dress was indistinguishable from that of city people. Everybody in New York City on a December Saturday was wearing a knitted cap and a down jacket. The Mountain Top looked just like the West Eighties. By the end of the winter, I had figured out that my sources on the Mountain Top—the "downstairs" of a service economy—were glamorizing their role by exaggerating the personalities of the skiers, who were the "upstairs." Of the skiers' economic contribution, one real-estate agent said that it was "about the same" this year; another said that things were "never better" but confided that he had taken out a new bank loan; and a restaurateur who had filled a long summer-evening wait for a table with the history of his entire business career now said, "Nobody's making any money except the lawyers."

The winter scenery, too, was an anticlimax. Cole has left a description (but not a painting) of winter ice columns in the Catskills, and Bryant's poem "Catterskill Falls" mentions "crystal battlements" and "icy turrets." Mountain Top winters are supposed to be white and dramatic—or, at the very least, rigorous. At a summer cocktail party, a local construction nabob had told me that he frequently lent his earth-moving equipment for winter burials. We saw none of this: the winter of our samplings was mild.

Lake Rip Van Winkle was frozen, and there was lots of snow, but except on the ski slopes, where some of it must have been artificial, little of it stuck: the forests on the mountains looked as if they had been lightly sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. The winter light drained the landscape of color—the evergreens looked black. In black, white, and shades of gray, the Mountain Top was almost unrecognizable—no longer a Hudson River painting but an old snapshot. On the eve of the thaw, though, as we were starting for home on the last weekend in February, a pale-brown undercoat emerged on the mountainsides. The brown had a tinge of red, which the setting sun made mauve, and this new color imparted a melancholy softness to the landscape. We stopped off at the foot of Bastion Falls to study our future climb, and in the sweetness of the lilac dusk I walked dreamily toward the stream, slipped, and fell. I heard myself say, "There's a troll under the bridge," and perhaps there was. But I had only sprained my little finger and bruised my knees.

I REFUSED to take that aberration as an omen. I thought of it as a "contretemps"—the word that Margaret Fuller had used for her rained-out visit to Kaaterskill Falls. Luckily, we could come back, as she could not, and on a slightly overcast afternoon in the August after my stumble, when Kaaterskill Clove was green and grand, we approached Bastion to climb to Kaaterskill Falls. We wore stout shoes, jeans, and T-shirts, and had cameras around our necks, and, as a mountaineer's stick, I took along a cane that had belonged to one of our grandfathers. We stepped over the guardrail to the right of Bastion Falls as we faced the climb, and walked down a steep slope into a rock-strewn hollow. There were heaps of dusty leaves on the ground, as in an untended corner of a large city park. In this grungy anteroom to the sublime, we found a rustic sign that, disagreeing with both my books, gave the distance to Kaaterskill Falls as eight-tenths of a mile. We found the first trail marker, a blue button on a tree trunk, without difficulty, and saw a second not far beyond it, up a slope. There was no real path. Past the second marker, the steepness of the grade increased. The trail markers became hard to find, because the woods were dark. Still, we were able to make out that the trail led to the right, up into the forest and away from Bastion Falls, which were almost lost to our view. As we were swallowed up by the north wall of Kaaterskill Clove, the ground underfoot became treacherous, because both the soil and the stones were coated with dead pine needles: they made a surface as slippery as ice. I clambered into a shaft of sunlight, and I could see the pine needles' color: light brown, tinged with red—the same color that had allured me in the thaw. The grade's steepness increased with every step, and I began to feel that I had lost my balance permanently. The mountainside forest was always the same and always different. Soil, stones, and pine needles were constantly recombined to create novel difficulties. The big boulders embedded in the earth seemed to offer security if we could reach them and cling to them, but they were often part of natural constructions—accidental works of sculpture—that included smaller stones that came away when I put my hand or my cane or my weight on them. Then, too, though the direction was up, it was not direct, like a staircase, but undulated into basins or hollows before resuming a steeper climb, and the trail markers did not tell us how to get through stretches furnished with dead trees, rocks, tree-root systems, hollows, and protuberances. The scale was large: we were often baffled but never cramped. That was lucky, because we spent a lot of time going sideways, in response to this sort of configuration: At the head of the boulder on which we were resting were a rock-and-pine-needle-lined mini-clove and, at the boulder's left, a very large tree with a tangled root system that seemed to become a ridge running into a thicket. The trail marker was above and to the right, where the grade looked too steep for climbing. The solution was to move laterally even farther to the right, edging along until we came to a milder ascent.

I discovered that most of the time my most secure posture was on all fours, pushing with my feet, like a swimmer making a pool turn, while I grasped with my free hand for something—usually a tree—to pull myself up with. Sometimes I could stand up straight beside the tree and look into the wild mountain forest, but I found the forest irrelevant to my preoccupation with not dropping Grandpa's cane. And I was distracted by the slight but unpleasant pressure that the camera cord exerted on my windpipe



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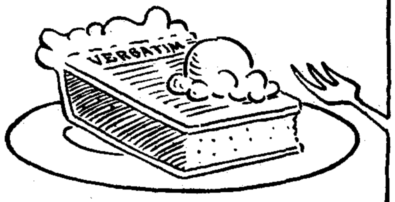

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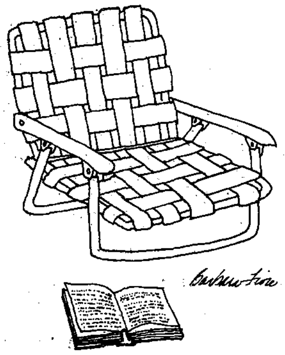
INN ON THE ALAMEDA

after I'd moved my camera around to my back to prevent it from smashing into the rocks as I went on all fours. I saw rock (mostly gray), pebbles overlapping like shingles (mostly grayish-white), and trees (mostly conifers), all on a bed of pine needles in a half-light, and most of the time I saw this from a baboon's perspective. My aesthetic responses drained away as I concentrated on every step and every handhold. The terrain had become a hostile interrogator trying to trip me up by asking the same question in slightly different forms: steepness, stones, hollows, bumps, pine needles, roots, and decaying branches. I took no pleasure in outwitting the landscape, avoiding its traps, and continuing the climb. I was bored by the difficulties, and angry—angry at Kaaterskill Clove and, of course, angry at New York State for turning my outdoor museum and studio into a wilderness.



My husband was always ahead of or above me; he told me later that he was torn between admiration for the trail markers, which indicated a way even when he thought there could be none, and fear—especially fear of my falling and hurting myself. I was too angry to be afraid. High above me was a vast gray boulder—a miniature mountain, with hollows as well as crags—and I thought I would try to reach it and rest and compose my fury at the hostility of this wilderness. I hoped, too, that the rock would offer a view—so far, all the climb had been in gloom—to remind me why I was crawling uphill and to encourage me to continue this senseless effort. (Margaret Fuller wrote of her horse-drawn ascent from Catskill to the Mountain House, "You have no idea what a drag it is.") I remember pausing, hunched over, before I started for that rock, and wondering if any Chinese Communists on the Long March had admired the scenery, some of which was in their finest painterly tradition. Then I began to climb, but all fours did not give me quite enough purchase to reach the rock. I had to squirm or wriggle, flattened against the ground, with my nails in and my nose against Kaaterskill Clove. Once, I was able to raise my head far enough from the soil to see what I was snaking over: the floor of the sublime forest belonged to the ants, for whom the pebbles were boulders.

I reached the rock, pulled up my feet, settled the cane, turned the camera around, and rested my back against the stone. My semi-recumbent sprawl in no way resembled the pose of Mme. Récamier in David's portrait, but I was thinking bitterly of her boyfriend, François-René de Chateaubriand, who had got me into this fix. Mayor Jimmy Walker claimed that he had never known a girl who was ruined by a book, but he was not a bookish man, and I suspect that he did not know much about bookish girls, who are seduced more easily by literature than by anything else. Chateaubriand's descriptions of the American wilderness in "René" and "Atala," which I read as a schoolgirl, had started me looking at American scenery and American landscape painting—in fact, had sent me on my first waterfall pilgrimage, to Niagara. It was really Chateaubriand's fault that in middle age I was sprawled against a godforsaken rock without a view, contemplating my dirty fingernails. I began to cry: tears of self-pity and exasperation.

My husband, above me, was toiling toward a crag that jutted out of the mountainside and overhung it. He was, I think, two trail markers in the lead, and I watched his route, the route I would have to follow. He reached the crag, looked ahead, and then looked down at my teary face looking up at him. He came back more quickly than was safe. From the crag he had seen not the falls but only another trail marker, and he had seen my tears. He decided to take me home.

OBSESSIONS survive defeat. We went back this past June. Although we had become slightly disillusioned with books and maps that disagreed with each other and with what we found when we followed their directions, we noticed that several books mentioned a Prospect Rock, which they claimed commanded a view of the falls from the northwestern edge of the gorge. Our calculation placed it fairly close to the blackberry-bush parking lot. We had not wholly abandoned the notion of trying the Bastion Falls climb again, but it had been raining for days before the misty morning on which we drove to the horseshoe curve. A deluge poured over Bastion Falls, and all of Kaaterskill Clove was streaming, pouring, or leaking water, so we suspected that an ascent that day would run into a new difficulty—seasonal rivulets. Then, too, luxuriant new green growth in the onetime dusty hollow had changed the configurations where the trail began. Our previous experience would be of little use on a second go. At that moment, we forgave our inconsistent authorities. Our own experience showed that returning to a natural scene is like revisiting children and discovering that last year's games, presents, or conversational strategies have nothing to do with the young persons who now greet you with thoughtful comments on Kierkegaard or the Peloponnesian Wars.

The road to the blackberry-patch parking lot had been improved, and the parking lot itself looked as if it had been enlarged and its edges tidied; in fact, I saw no blackberry bushes. The signs were new—brown boards with yellow lettering. They didn't mention trails, authorized or not, but were devoted to prohibitions against camping or picnicking. Ours was the only car in the lot. We crossed an open field spangled with buttercups, and strolled into the forest beyond. The woods were divided by a grassy lane, perhaps eight feet wide and perfectly flat. The grass was sopping, and the dark, damp woods were in what had become to us a familiar state of natural disorganization, but the lane itself was as clear and clean as a green-carpeted hall in the home of a conscientious housekeeper. We were, of course, on the old railroad bed that had eluded us earlier. Since Prospect Rock was supposed to be near the railroad, we studied the woods to our left, looking for a point of entry, or a trail, or a glimpse of daylight from the chasm: the rock was alleged to protrude over the rim. We could hear the sound of water falling—proof that we were close to Kaaterskill Falls—but the tangled forest was forbidding. We came to a relatively clear space, left the lane, and, parting bushes, worked our way through a tangle of dead leaves, mud, rock, and fallen trees until we could see the ground, and the trees ahead, descending precipitously in darkness. Still hearing the falls, we struggled back to the railroad bed, and walked on tentatively, wondering if we had missed a Prospect Rock turnoff. Then, for the first time on all our expeditions, or straggles, we met another person. A man came ambling toward us. He was wearing chinos, a printed shirt, and a gray pullover. His hair was curly and dark, with a few flecks of gray. He looked fit, intelligent, and friendly. He was evidently surprised to see us but was willing to answer questions. When my husband asked him the way to Kaaterskill Falls, he directed us back the way we had come. We told him we had been there.

"We're looking for a full view of the falls, like the paintings," I said.

"For that," he answered, "you have to go down to 23A . . ." And he started to give us directions for the Bastion Falls climb.

I had not realized how badly our defeat rankled until I felt my shame at admitting that we had tried the climb and given up. But he received my admission with a smile and a confession. "I did, too," he said. "It was too rough."

We said we assumed we were on the old railroad bed, and asked whether we were on public or private land. "It's a mixture of public and private in here," he said. "I think you're on private right now." He did not treat us as trespassers or interlopers, however. He told us that for several years he had had a place "up here, where I spend quite a lot of time," and during those years he had heard that "there's a man who cleans up the railroad bed, tidies it, and looks after it." I remembered the man who looked after the Tannersville spring. "I don't think anyone asked him to," our informant went on. "He just made it his business. I don't even know who he is." He added, "There's another railroad bed down below, closer to the gorge, and nobody looks after that."

This remark opened the appalling possibility that we were looking for Prospect Rock from the wrong railroad. My husband asked, "Have you ever heard of Prospect Rock?"

Our newfound friend shook his head gravely. "I hear there's a lot of hard climbing," he said, "and then you have to hang way out over the edge to see anything." He paused a moment, perhaps to give weight to what he was about to say, and then warned, "You have to be very careful up here. People have been killed."

He wanted to continue his walk, and we had no reason to delay him. "Have you ever seen Kaaterskill Falls, the full view?"

"No, I haven't," he said. "Be careful."

We walked on a little farther, but the sound of the falls was growing fainter, and we decided to retrace our steps. The sky, which had been gray and lowering, as if threatening to rain us out, grew brighter, illuminating our discouragement. On our way back, south of the open field we found and explored a small circular plateau that held the remains of an enormous campfire. We wandered on toward the sound of the falls, which seemed very near, like water running into a bathtub in the next room. The descent from the plateau was gradual up to a point; then it slid steeply onto what looked like a ragged-edged terrace—an unkempt horizontal space, which we thought might have been the other railroad track. Underbrush prevented us from seeing either end of the terrace or the ground beyond, or below, it, and while we were sure we could safely skid down to its level, we were less certain we could get back up. I could see some white between the trees below and squatted on my haunches amid the wet flora to see if it was falling water. It was sky. We walked back to the parking lot.

A second car, with Missouri license plates, was parked there. We headed for the top of the falls past another heavy growth of no-camping, no-picnicking signs, and came to a wonderful surprise: a new yellowish-brown wooden railing had been built a few feet above the spot where we had previously stood to view the near-brink. The railing defined a kind of raised platform from which, as from the bridge of a ship or a box at the opera, we had an extensive view. Lake Creek entered furiously from our left, swollen in volume, tearing downhill over its rocky course through countless minifalls. We were looking down at the huge boulders on the far side, and they seemed precariously balanced. The pink rock on the near side that had blocked our view before was larger than we had realized, and the ground around it looked different, as if some had been washed away: the steepness ended in an unfamiliar crumble. And this time we could see what we had missed earlier—the water turning white and starting to fall. The urgency of the water as it disappeared in the narrow channel between the boulders conveyed a sense of the irresistible and the perilous. We were staring down, transfixed, when some fellow-visitors appeared from the left—from the upper reaches of Lake Creek. They approached in single file: a good-looking young blond couple in their twenties, and a golden retriever following an extremely slender dark-haired woman in her thirties, who seemed to be acting as their guide, for she pointed out scenic features as they went. She was carrying a bundle in her other arm, and when she reached the rail we saw that it was a sleeping baby wearing a crash helmet. We must have shown our surprise, because she introduced herself. "I'm a climber," she said. "I'm from Kiskatom." (Kiskatom is a suburb of Catskill.)

"Have you ever seen the falls?" we asked.

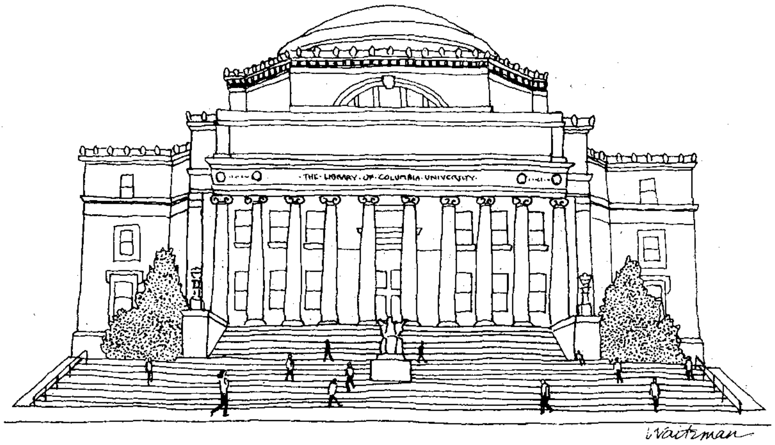
The young man said, "Don't ask us. We're visitors."

The dark-haired woman looked at us as if we were crazy. She pointed toward the brink, and said, "There they are."

I said I meant the whole falls, the front view.

"For that, you have to climb up beside Bastion Falls, and there are places in there that—ugh." Instead of finishing the sentence, she made a face, and led her guests off toward the parking lot.

My husband was busy adjusting his camera. I considered the muddy ground at my feet. Directly in front of the rail, cut up by roots and gullies, was the slope down to the pink rock, but on the right of the slope the mud seemed well-trodden, and I decided to see if I could walk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it. There was a gap in the trees and bushes, and I was able to move down and to the right along this slippery, uneven, twisting footing. There were no trail markers, yet I was certainly on a path: it went up, down, and sometimes sideways, over roots and stones, but was generally parallel to the gorge, which was to the left, hidden by trees. Edging rather than walking, I came to a stout tree, hugged it for balance, and studied the way ahead. For a moment, I turned back to the roar of falling water, and through the leafy branches of the trees I could glimpse a bit of white stream. I crouched at the foot of the tree and, through the dark-green leaf screen, saw a spray of mountain laurel at the edge of the gorge and, beyond it, a length of pouring water. A tune came into my head and identified itself while I squatted. It was the love duet that ends the first act of “Lucia di Lammermoor,” a perfect choice by my subconscious: an opera about a crazy woman, and from just the right period. (“Lucia” dates from 1835.) To the roar of the falls and the accompaniment of Donizetti, I continued to inch along the twisting mud path. With every step, I could see more of the waterfall. I did experience the romantics’ sublime—the mixture of fear and delight—for there was not an instant in which, as, step by step, more of the falls’ beauty unveiled itself, I was not aware that a misstep could take my life. The far side of the chasm—a wall of rock—expressed the starkness of the vertical; and its closeness, the narrowness of the ravine, expressed it again. Down, down, down, said the view, offering an image of the inexorable—or, if you like, of death. On my side, most of the trees were now beneath me, growing from or clinging to land well below the level of the path.

I hadn’t realized that my husband had lost sight of me around one of the twists on the muddy path, but I called out in my excitement, and presently he joined me, relieved that I had not vanished for good. Together, we picked our way as far as we dared. The path ended a few feet beyond and below us, at an insecure-looking projection with frayed edges.

We sat on a fallen log and looked back up the gorge. I think we saw about half the falls. We could not see the basin that catches the first cascade, but we could see the top half of the rock amphitheatre that surrounds the basin—the arena that Cole and Homer painted, and where in bygone years bottles of champagne were lowered by rope to the tourists. I had been skeptical of its glories: delight in a natural phenomenon that resembles something else struck me as a period taste. I was mistaken. The rock amphitheatre—what we could see of it—was superb. The stone was pinkish, and cracked and roughened in innumerable lines and facets, and the arena’s roundedness, like a segment of a dome, added another form to the overwhelming verticality. The proper adjective is “majestic.”

After my toilsome climb beside Bastion Falls, I had sometimes wondered if the painters had deceived themselves. The power of the human imagination in the grip of a sensibility might have persuaded them that they saw something more than I would see at Kaaterskill Falls. This is what I saw: a white column endlessly falling, its drive increased by the narrowness of the stone gap through which it flowed. The stream’s haste and roar conveyed power in a way that—for me, at least—machinery never could. The inexhaustible torrent went by itself, like a living being. The whiteness of the water did not suggest ghastliness, as in those horrifying images of whiteness which Melville used in “Moby Dick.” It expressed force. But at intervals below the brink, jutting rocks broke into the tearing stream and interrupted the column of water, opening it up in a pattern that was repeated over and over. The falls looked like a ribbon of lace being continuously woven. I have never seen a combination of such extreme power and such extreme delicacy. The painters did not deceive themselves. The only word for Kaaterskill Falls is “sublime.” I hope someday to see it all. —Naomi Bliven

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The newly-formed Tri-State Literacy Council, whose goal is to wipe out literacy in the region, took another step toward established operation Monday with the election of officers.—*Belle Fourche (S.D.) Daily Post.*

Well, it’s a start.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Green Valley (Ariz.) News/Sun*]

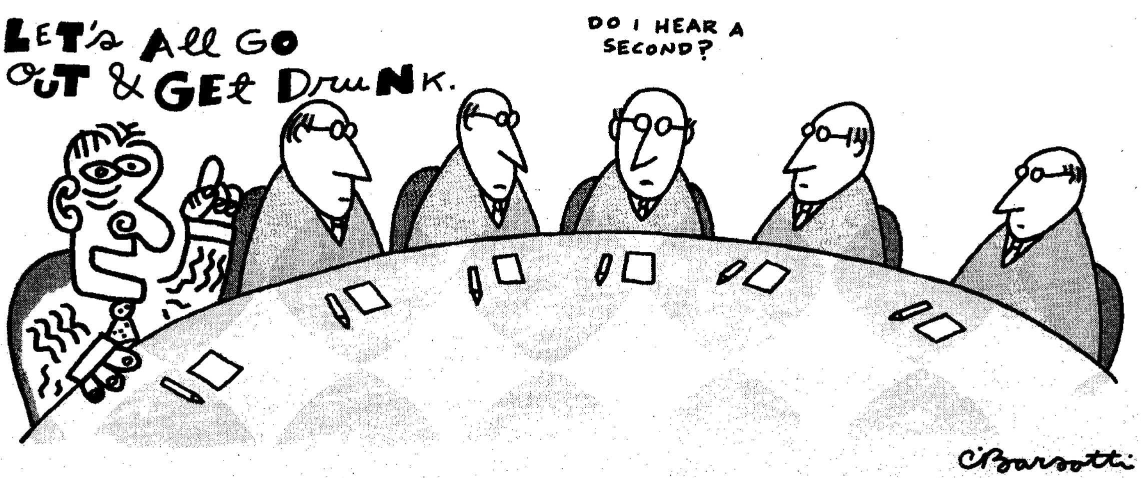
Rather than going through life with the nagging fear of a medical catastrophe with the accompanying ruinous financial loss, lifecare at *Sonrisa* affords residents the security of knowing they’ll be reduced to destitution or to dependency on their families.

THE THEATRE

Letter to a Man in Row G

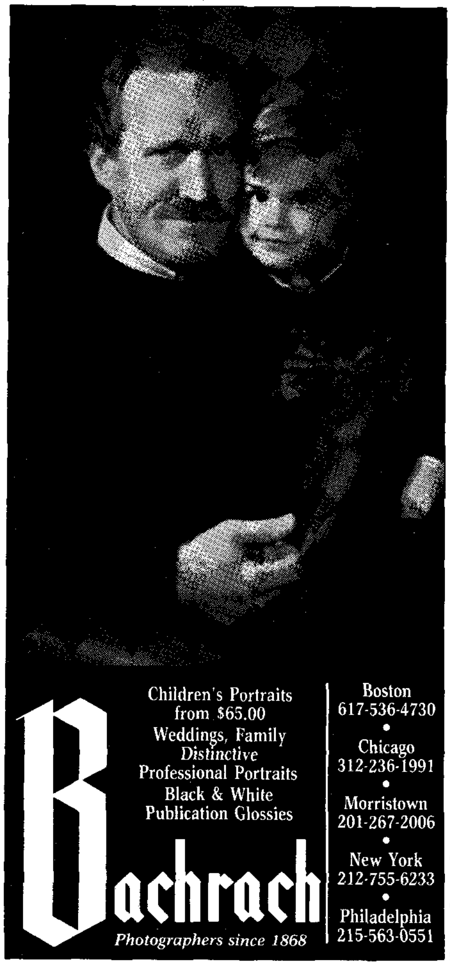
DEAR SIR: I don't know who you are or anything about you except that you were sitting two seats away from me at a performance of "1984" at the Joyce Theatre the other night and didn't seem to be enjoying yourself very much. You squirmed a good deal and sighed several times during the first half and failed to return to your seat after the intermission, and I couldn't help wondering whether your behavior might be a reflection of my own state of mind. I've no idea what motivated you to catch the Wilma Theatre's multimedia production of "1984." Perhaps Orwell is a favorite author of yours. Perhaps you live in Chelsea and like to support its "little" theatres, or in Philadelphia, where the production originated. It may be that you were simply walking by the Joyce that night, in search of something to do; but you had the look of a man who knows his Orwell—in which case, I think I can guess at some of the things that distressed you about this production.

First, there was the multimedia paraphernalia with which the director, Jiri Zizka, tried to create an Orwellian world around us: the seven hexagonal screens at the back of the stage, the film clips, the slides, the public-address system, and the laserium-style lighting. It *was* all rather silly, wasn't it—the films that were meant to tell us about Winston's dreams, fantasies, and memories, and the footage of Winston and Julia making love; the words "RECTIFY BACK ISSUES" slapped on a screen in computer-style neon to tell us what Winston does at the Ministry of Truth; the projections of woody copse, cluttered room, and safety glass to locate us in forest, junk shop, and the Ministry of Love. Show-and-tell theatre—as though we needed to have things pictured in order to understand them. What distinguishes the Ministry of Love from every other place of punishment or execution in history or letters is the fact that it is called the Ministry of Love. If you try to suggest the place where Winston Smith is imprisoned, tortured, and brought into line with party orthodoxy by projecting an image of safety glass onto a screen, you will only rob the Ministry of Love of its Orwellian aspect: it will become like any other prison. Yes, I imagine that the multimedia aspect of the production bothered you a lot.


LET'S ALL GO OUT & GET DRUNK.
DO I HEAR A SECOND?
CBarsotti

Then there was the "dramatization" itself: actors dressed up like Storm Troopers rushing around and arresting each other, stammering "Not Room 101!"—I guess you missed that part. Still, you'd have caught all the heavy-handed exposition: Winston talking aloud to his diary ("If only Emmanuel Goldstein's underground brotherhood really existed, then I could work for a just cause!") or apostrophizing O'Brien ("I'm writing this diary for you!"). No doubt you also wondered why aspects of life under IngSoc which in Orwell's plot have been fixtures for as long as anyone can remember—Newspeak, for instance, and the Thought Police—seemed only just now to be coming into existence. Why was Syme, Winston's colleague at the Ministry of Truth, having to explain the mechanics of Newspeak to him? Why was Winston remarking with an air of discovery that "the Thought Police do everything—rewrite history, invent characters who never existed"? And what, you must have asked yourself, were all those visual and aural allusions to contemporary American life: the office workers seated behind computer consoles, the televised aerobics classes, the Pac-Man images? They were Mr. Zizka's big statement about how much our own culture and society have come to resemble the world of Orwell's "1984"—a banality that this production requires far too much manpower and technology to arrive at. In addition to a set designer (Phillip Graneto), a lighting designer (James Leitner), and a costume and makeup designer (Pamela Keech), Mr. Zizka has—glance at your program, if you still have it—a scenic-projection designer (Jeffrey S. Brown), a cinematographer (Michael Bailey), two sound designers (Adam Wernick and Charles Cohen), and a dramaturge/lyricist (Michael Ladenson), all to make a point that Orwell was able to make just with words. An entire casting firm (Myers/Teschner) was needed—to bring us a Winston who seemed too young and fit (John Shepard), a Julia who seemed too mature (Frances Fisher), and an O'Brien (Evan Thompson) who seemed to belong to the "Star Trek" school of acting, where you pause slightly before every fourth or fifth word to show that you're saying something portentous. Nor can it have escaped your notice that the characters in the Wilma Theatre "1984" were speaking in the vernacular of post-sixties American slang, using expressions like "screwup" and "kick his ass," and "fucking" as an adjective, and alluding to such concepts as "the pennant" and "the President."

Among the many distortions of Orwell in this production, the transposition of IngSoc and Airstrip One to present-day America was, I think you'll agree, the most unfortunate—worse, even, than the sentimentalizing of Winston and Julia and their relationship. What is the point of using seventies lingo to tell us in 1987 that many of the predictions Orwell made in 1948 about what would happen in 1984 have come true? What made "1984" "prophetic" was not that Orwell guessed rightly that certain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things would happen but his suggestion that they would come so soon. As far back as 1908, E. M. Forster had predicted a time when people would live isolated lives in front of telescreens, communicating solely by electronic means. But Forster's "The Machine Stops" was set in the far-off future—as were Yevgeny Zamyatin's "We," the book that is thought to have inspired much in "1984," and Robert Graves' "Watch the North Wind Rise," which appeared in the same year as Orwell's novel. If anything set "1984" apart from the other utopian or anti-utopian novels of its time, surely it was that it took place in the foreseeable future, only a generation away: people who read the book when it first came out, grownups in their twenties and thirties, would have grown children in *their* twenties and thirties when 1984 rolled around. The first is your generation, the second mine, so you'd probably know better than I; but Orwell's simple transposition of the last two digits of the year 1948 must have been very daring for its time, must have added a good deal to the book's shock value and poignancy. Orwell took certain icons of British culture—a well-known church, a children's rhyme, an old man straight out of an Ealing comedy—and, to a public still high on postwar optimism, posited a time when that church would be demolished, that rhyme forgotten, and that old man unable to recall anything of Ealing-comedy England. Gentlemen in England then abed must have looked up and said, "Good God! He's talking about *my* lifetime! I'll be alive then!" For Jiri Zizka to transform Orwell's old man into a Nick Nolte-type bagman out of "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" is meaningless, and therefore ineffective. As is just about everything in the Wilma Theatre production of "1984." But, then, it was bound to be, for how—even with laser beams—can you dramatize a novel that culminates in the hero's conversion to a position of moral solipsism?

"Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past." "1984" isn't really about churches and nursery rhymes; it's about language and politics. Perhaps you hoped that the Wilma production would be worth seeing for the same reason I did: it's Mr. Zizka and Michael Ladenson's version (their "translation for the American stage") of a stage adaptation of "1984" by the Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, whose own Orwellian experiences under the "normalization" policies of the post-Dubcek era have been brought to our attention by Tom Stoppard in his "Dogg's Hamlet, Cahoot's Macbeth"—a play about language and politics in which a company of proscribed artists staging a "living room" version of "Macbeth" in a police state manage to best the authorities by performing the play in a nonsense language that the audience has learned in the first act. "Dogg's Hamlet, Cahoot's Macbeth," which had a brief run in New York in 1979, is dedicated to Pavel Kohout and is partly based on an incident in his life. Did you find it odd that none of these extremely interesting facts are mentioned in the playbill for the Wilma Theatre "1984," that, indeed, the program provides no information at all about the original playwright, and does not even include the conventional "bio." As far as the American Theatre Exchange is concerned, Mr. Kohout seems to be as much a nonperson here as he is in his native land.

Jiri Zizka's "1984" is interested less in language and politics than in its own gimmickry. It uses technology to make the point that we live in an over-mechanized society but fails at using theatre to express or explore any of Orwell's major concerns—as the recent staging of "Hard Times" failed to explore those of Dickens. I don't know why people have to keep churning out stage adaptations of the world's great novels or why, when they do, the American Theatre Exchange has to keep bringing them to New York. They give actors employment and critics a chance to enhance their summer reading, but otherwise seem to serve no useful function. I like to think you abandoned "1984" because you are getting tired of these infantilizing dramatizations. It may be, though, that I have misread your behavior entirely, that when you shifted irritably in your seat and muttered under your breath it was because you had a cramp, or a train to catch, or had just remembered that pan of milk on the stove; in which case, I'll feel most foolish when you write to tell me so but will remain yours faithfully —MIMI KRAMER

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Promotions, retirements, deaths and other faculty actions approved by the Board of Visitors at its May 1987 meeting will be reported in the July 15 issue.—*Inside UVA, a publication for the faculty and staff of the University of Virginia.*

O heartless academe.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Images for Opera

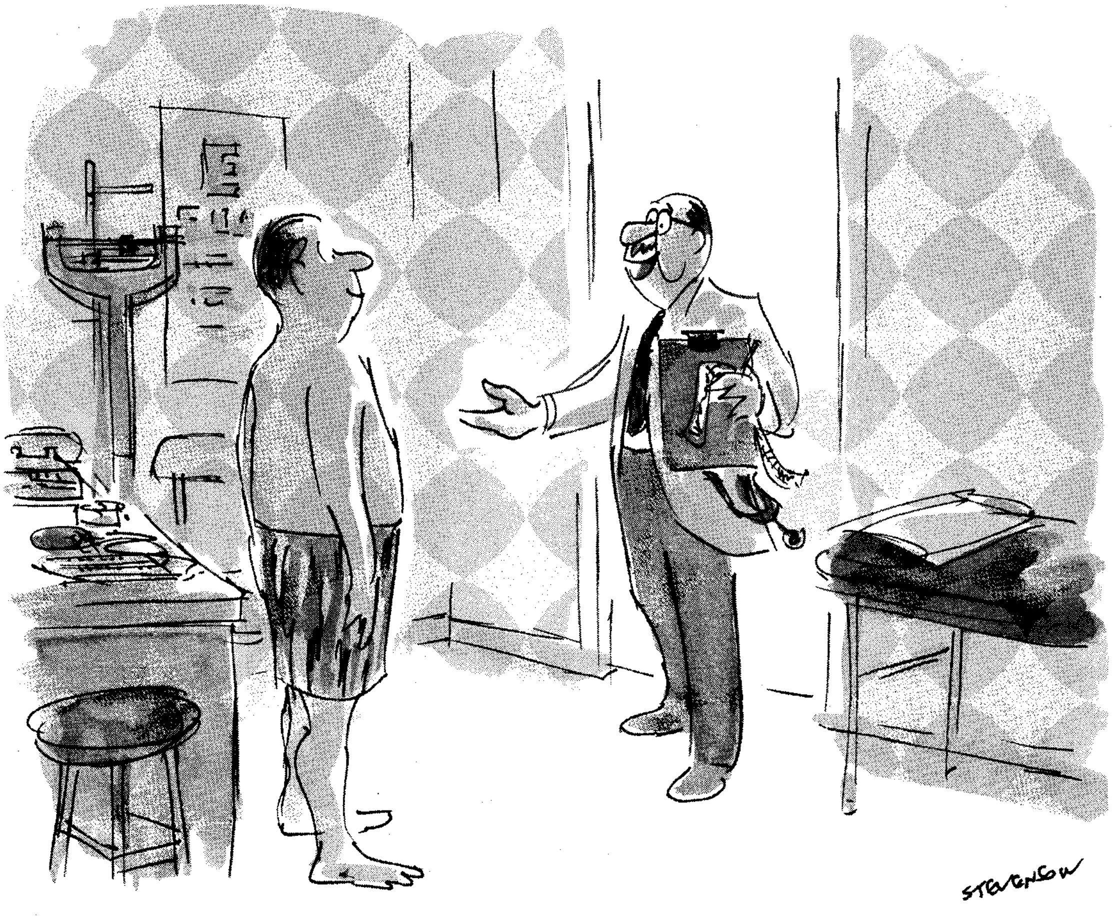
THE operas of Benjamin Britten provide American companies with most of their modern repertory. (This summer, there are at least three productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream": at Chautauqua, Glimmerglass, and Wolf Trap.) The second presentation of the Opera Company of Philadelphia's 1986-87 season was a thoughtful and beautiful production of "Death in Venice." Earlier performances I'd seen were in houses of different sizes (Aldeburgh, Covent Garden, the Met) but always in Colin Graham's staging, in John Piper's décor, and with Peter Pears and John Shirley-Quirk in the leading roles. The Philadelphia production (in the Academy of Music) brought new emphases and independent iconography to a work so richly and subtly layered that no one interpretation reveals all of it. The designer was George Tsypin (who has worked often with Peter Sellars, most recently in the electrifying "Don Giovanni" now at PepsiCo Summerfare). The conductor was Michael Korn. The director and choreographer was Gray Veredon, with William Lewis—who sang Aschenbach—as artistic adviser.

Piper was a collaborator on—a co-creator of—"The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring," "Billy Budd," "Gloriana," "The Turn of the Screw," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the stage première of "Owen Wingrave," and "Death in Venice." In a 1979 essay, "Designing for Britten," he recalled remarks by the composer as he looked through the artist's preliminary sketches: "What's going to happen at the end of Act I, when that turns round, you know, or this goes off the scene, what are we going to get next, because I can't compose the music until I know exactly what's going to happen." In 1971, Piper reëxplored Venice, with Britten, and made dozens of drawings as raw material for the dramatic adventure, after Thomas Mann, that Britten, the librettist Myfanwy Piper, Colin Graham, and he were planning. The painted décor of the opera's first production, in 1973, represented Venice, but not naturalistically. The imagery, drawn from the city, held specific allusions both to its famous sights and to unpredictable, unforgettable informal glimpses such as Hugh Honour describes in the last paragraph of his "Companion Guide to Venice" (the most eloquent of all guidebooks), but seen as if through Aschenbach's fevered, passion-pitched eyes: now menacing in extravagant beauty, now "transmuted and gilded with mythic significance."

In Philadelphia, Mr. Tsypin's settings, cunningly lit by Chenault Spence, were created by reflecting Mylar panels and elegant glass-and-steel constructions that served many purposes: tombs in the Munich cemetery, portals, the door of the beloved's bedroom, Lido bathing cabins. The abstract imagery chimed with Mr. Lewis's view that "the opera takes place in the mind of the singer" and challenges such a view as Arnold Whittall's, in his penetrating study "The Music of Britten and Tippett" (Cambridge):

> The opera is far from presenting a mere fantasy: the sense of place and time is vividly actual, and this double sense contributes much to the crucial operatic dimension of the drama. Without the palpable presence of an inhabited Venice, the work might seem more a secular Passion, almost too unified by its focus on the central character, who speaks more directly to the audience than to most of his fellow "shades."

And challenges Piper's view that "Death in Venice" is "a supremely evocative opera" that "must embrace the Venice of all time as well as Thomas Mann's Venice and our own Venice." "Venice" is an incantatory name that evokes centuries of painters', poets', and musicians' responses to mingle with a modern visitor's rapt observation. Thoughts of Titian, of Turner, of the gondolier's "Nessun maggior dolore" drifting to the ear of Rossini's Desdemona, of Wagner held spellbound by gondolier cries on the moonlit canal and haunted by them while he composed "Tristan" are not irrelevant to Mann's allusion-



"*Mint!*"

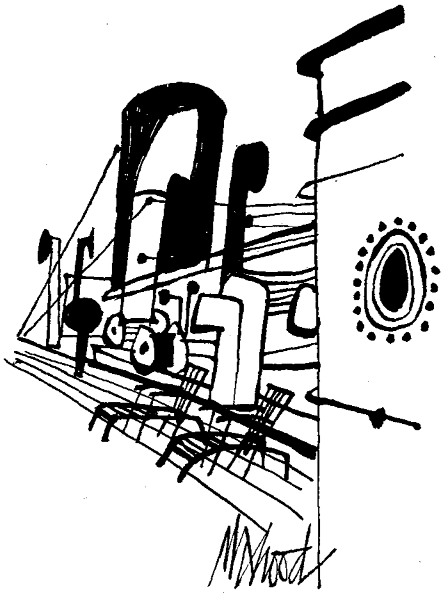
ridden "Death in Venice" and may well play a part in responses to Britten's transformation of the novella. Yet the opera does not need the resonances, as the pure, taut Philadelphia production showed. And into a "secular Passion" the enactment of Aschenbach's Dionysiac nightmare fits more readily than into the earlier production. I did, however, miss any strong sense of the sea: not simply the Adriatic but the deep, calm, welcoming sea that is a recurrent symbol in Britten's operas, sounding in his music, verbalized in Peter Grimes' "What harbour shelters peace?," in Billy Budd's "Fathoms down, fathoms—how I'll dream fast asleep." The last image of "Death in Venice"—both novella and opera—is of the "lovely psychagogue," divided from the shore by a broad expanse of water, beckoning Aschenbach out into "an immensity of richest expectation." In "Billy Budd," Captain Vere, "lost on the infinite sea," sighted a far-shining sail and knew "where she's bound for . . . a land where she'll anchor for ever." There are musical links between these passages.

Mr. Lewis's Aschenbach was a fearless, inspired performance, alive along every line. Allan Monk was admirable in his portrayal of the various figures, part realistic, part mysterious, who impel Aschenbach on the stages of his journey. It is difficult to find a dancer who can convincingly play Tadzio, a fourteen-year-old "mortal child with more than mortal grace," "beautiful as a tender young god;" John Payne did as well as most of his predecessors. Too short a dancer was cast as his tall, elegant mother. The numerous small roles were, for the most part, adeptly taken—Lee Velta especially good as the travel-bureau clerk. Mr. Korn's conducting was sensitive. The orchestra played well. The Philadelphia company treats opera as a serious art.

PENNSYLVANIA OPERA THEATRE, another serious company, this season presented Britten's "The Turn of the Screw"—an opera first done in Venice—for five performances in Philadelphia's Walnut Street Theatre. Bliss Hebert directed, Allen Charles Klein designed, and Barbara Silverstein, the artistic director of the company, conducted.

Piper's 1954 décor for "The Turn of the Screw" pictured the summer sweetness of Bly—the comfortable country house, the long, lulling June days, the smiling park—into which evil's sudden irruption was "like the spring of a beast." In Philadelphia, Mr. Klein's décor was heavy and menacing from the start, dominantly black. Into such a scene the arrival of ghosts was unsurprising. And there was no sense of season. In Mr. Hebert's direction I missed any nice sense of social station—the children of the house, their governess, the housekeeper—which is an element of both Henry James's novella and Britten's opera. But the emotional confrontations were keenly handled, vividly pictured. An able young cast was led by Randi Marrazzo, as the Governess, and James Longacre, as Peter Quint. Lynnen Yakes, lustrous in despair, was an outstanding Miss Jessel; she has lit any role in which I've seen her. Most members of the thirteen-piece orchestra had also played in "Death in Venice," but full chamber-music eloquence—each player an actor in the drama—was not achieved.

"THE TURN OF THE SCREW," in 1954, won for Britten the acclaim that had eluded him since "Peter Grimes," in 1945. It must be hard for young people today, who see Britten treated as an accepted, widely performed master, to credit with what grudge his merits were once assessed. In most of the early British reviews for "The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring," and "Billy Budd" there were more kicks than halfpence, and "Gloriana" was written off as a disaster. Now the first three operas are in international—and "Gloriana" is in at least the English National—repertory. (Britten did have some champions, too, and critics among them who were young in the early fifties rejoice to find that views then thought eccentric have become received opinion.)

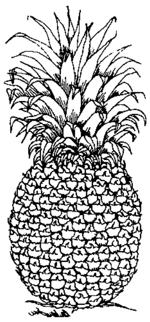


"Albert Herring" was put on this season by the Juilliard American Opera Center. It used to be trounced for the glib jokiness of Eric Crozier's libretto—rather as "The Rape of Lucretia" was for the pretentious poetastery of Ronald Duncan's libretto. But literary failings, though regrettable, can't keep a good opera down. (The 1847 Florence critics made merry with the text of Verdi's "Macbeth;" "Ballo" contains the line "I hear the footprint of pitiless paces;" and in "Otello" the Cypriot crowd, watching the storm, sings an equivalent of "Shudders the universe, speeds through the gulfs the Aquilon phantasmagorical.") In time, people perceived that there was more to "Herring" than local larkiness. Things went too far in productions that turned Lady Billows into a chilling, sinister embodiment of the Tory Right, and Albert into a young Socialist hero. At least, it became clear that "Herring," like all good comedies, has a serious theme. It's a comic companion to "Peter Grimes"—one that ends happily. The Juilliard production, directed by the late Cynthia Auerbach, touched only the surface of the opera, but it avoided caricature and was reasonably attractive. Franco Colavecchia's décor was to British eyes distinctly exotic. A multiracial cast gave a new look to 1900 East Suffolk society: operagoers have grown accustomed to casting against appearances such as would hardly be contemplated in the movies or the spoken theatre.

Other Juilliard operas were a "Marriage of Figaro," ambitiously conceived but execrably executed, and a Menotti double bill (the New York première of "Tamu-Tamu" and, in the original Italian, "Amelia al Ballo") best—and easily—forgotten.

NED ROREM, in his forthcoming "Nantucket Diary," asks—after complaint that I write too little about *his* music—whether I've "ever given an English composer a bad review." Well, yes, often and often when I was a chronicler for a daily "journal of record." And if less often in these columns, for the reason that most of the British—and French, German, Italian, Danish, etc.—compositions written about here are prize fish that have been captured by two nets. Some American artist or organization has singled them out from the vast shoals of foreign music available, and I, who write about well under a third of what I hear, have thought them pieces worth noting.

There has been much British music in New York this season. In brief: Peter Maxwell Davies' "Sea Runes" and "House of Winter," composed for the King's Singers and sung by them in Tully Hall ("Sea Runes" a world première), are Orkney scenes with texts by George Mackay Brown. The first is a set of six cameos (including elder, crofter-fisherman, shopkeeper, fishmonger), and the second an ampler evocation of peopled landscapes and seascapes. The vocal writing is vivid. Davies' "Birthday Music for John" (John Carewe, then the conductor of the Fires of London, was fifty in 1983) was introduced to America this year by the Odyssey Chamber Players, in the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn Heights and, the next day, in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Manhattan—that large, French-looking Barney & Chapman building, with Henry Holiday windows. The work is a three-movement, nine-minute trio for flute, viola, and cello. It is lucidly laid out, transparent in texture, with apprehensible themes—enjoyable to hear, and enjoyable to study in the pocket score published by Chester. Wendy Rolfe, Lois Martin, and Jeffrey Szabo were the accomplished interpreters. Odyssey also played Britten's Phantasy, Opus 2, for oboe and string trio—an early, unfading flower of his art. (Whittall devotes three pages of his book to exploring its structural subtleties.) Mark Hill was eloquent in the Leon Goossens role. Odyssey established the "British" setting by opening the concert with the D-major trio for flute, piano, and cello which Haydn composed for the London publisher John Bland, and maintained it by closing with Salomon's arrangement, for flute, string quartet, and piano, of the "Surprise" Symphony. These were agreeably done, but not with the polish, the poise, the inspired ensemble imagination that Haydn's music deserves.



Robert Saxton's Piano Sonata (1981) was given its American première by Elizabeth DiFelice at a New York New Music Ensemble concert in Symphony Space. It's a quirky, exhilarating span of music lasting about twelve minutes—energetic, never dense, rhythmically provocative, cadencing at last into (in the composer's words) "a little chorale for Béla Bartók, to whose memory the Sonata is dedicated." Miss DiFelice was a persuasive advocate.

Michael Tippett's Fourth Piano Sonata, commissioned by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Association and first played in Los Angeles, by Paul Crossley, two years ago, was given its New York première in April by Clive Swansbourne at a Symphony Space recital. It's a large, important, five-movement composition lasting about thirty-five minutes. Few people turned up to hear it: perhaps those who care about contemporary piano music or admire Tippett had already got to know the work from Mr. Crossley's recording (on a two-disk CRD album, along with Tippett's First, Second, and Third Sonatas). The Fourth Sonata was first conceived as a set of bagatelles and then grew into a sonata, a parergon to the Fourth Symphony and "The Mask of Time." It has had a mixed reception. I find it filled with beautiful ideas—passages lyrical, energetic, surprising—but difficult to contemplate as a whole. Either of the last two movements—a jazzy toccata and a serene theme and variations—could well stand on its own in a recital program. Mr. Swansbourne's performance was clear and confident, but less romantic and less rhythmically alluring than Mr. Crossley's. Moreover, the work, which ranges the keyboard and makes extensive use of pedalled resonances, seemed to need a nobler instrument than Mr. Swansbourne had under his fingers.

Robin Holloway's "Showpiece (Concertino No. 4)," played at one of Merkin Hall's Music Today concerts, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, fell flat. It's a miniature concerto for orchestra, composed to display London Sinfonietta prowess at the Society for the Promotion of New Music's fortieth-anniversary gala concert, in 1983. It's in Holloway's light, fluent "occasional" vein. I thought it nothing much when listening (on tape) to the première, which Oliver Knussen conducted, and was surprised that Mr. Schwarz had chosen it from the dozens of Holloway pieces unheard in New York. The Music Today instrumentalists were proficient but earnest; Mark Hill alone captured the playful Holloway tone.

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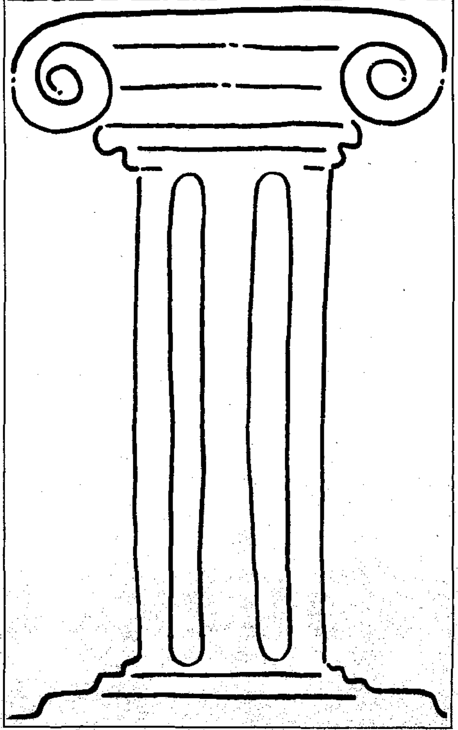

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its third Merkin Hall concert this season to late music by Roberto Gerhard: "Gemini" (1966), for violin and piano, the Second String Quartet (1961), and "Libra" (1968), for instrumental sextet. Gerhard's music is easy to respond to when well played, but not easy to play well until the players know it thoroughly. Mastering the notes is not enough, for, as Gerhard wrote in a 1960 essay, "one of the hardest discoveries for the musician to make, it seems, is that music, contrary to a generally held belief, is not made with notes. . . . The basic stuff of music is sonic motion, not notes or sounds." Four years earlier, he had published his thoughts about deriving time sets from pitch sets. His music was athematic, formally asymmetrical, and sonically adventurous. His Third Symphony (1961) used an electronic tape. In the Second Quartet, there were astonishing new sounds. In "Gemini," there was a passage where each player "should remain totally unaware of what the other is playing." Other composers of the time were doing similar things. Gerhard in his sixties and seventies was doing them in music whose colors, tang, and energy were ascribed to ineradicable Spanishness: he was born a Catalan and studied with Granados and Felipe Pedrell before studying for five years with Schoenberg. He moved to England in 1939, after the fall of Barcelona. After a decade and more of neglect, he was hailed by some as a new Berlioz. "Libra," his penultimate composition, glitters, crackles, and sings.

The Speculum players, I thought, had not fully mastered "Gemini" or the String Quartet, but they rose with zest to the challenge of "Libra." Gerhard has a place on the American scene. His Fourth Symphony, subtitled "New York," was commissioned by and first played by the New York Philharmonic, in 1967. But the Philharmonic hasn't kept the work in its repertory. In Britain, where Colin Davis conducted it in 1968 and recorded it, its bright inventions helped to make local ears receptive to what Roger Sessions, Elliott Carter, and Milton Babbitt were thinking and writing. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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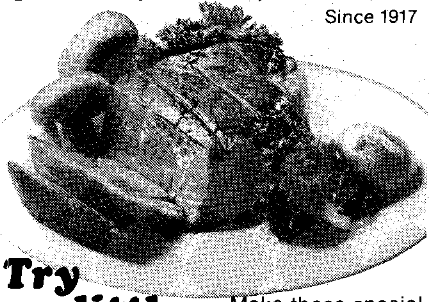

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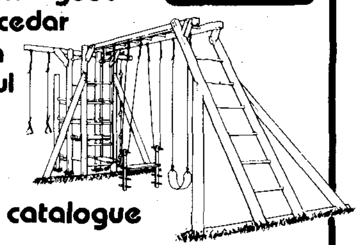

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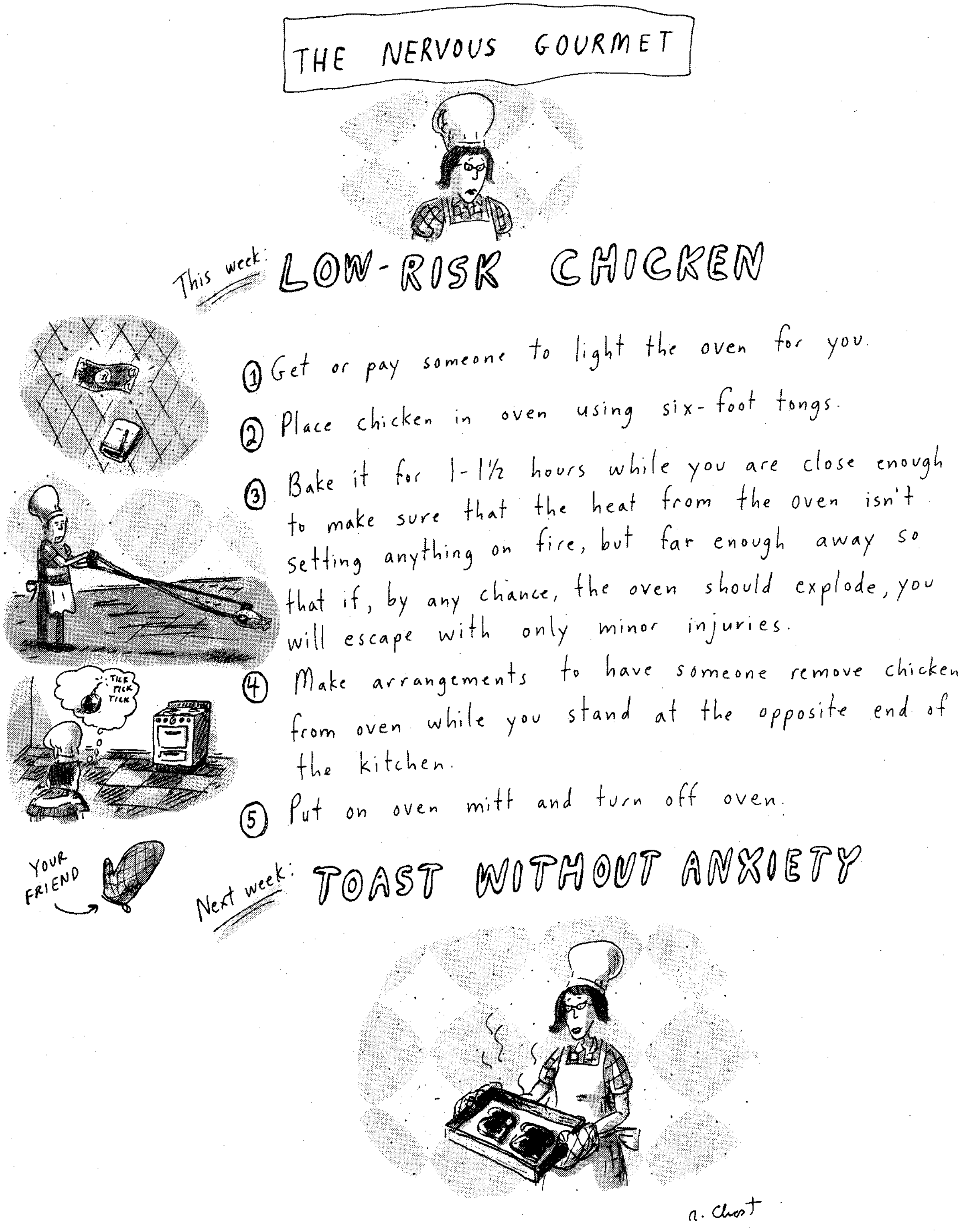
REFLECTIONS

SUFFERING TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE

According to a story in the *Times*, political pollsters claim that voters today most of all want their next President to have "heart" or "soul." Apparently, the words can be used interchangeably, which is fitting, since they are equally meaningless—sort of linguistic grunts of the inarticulate. Given the polls' pervasive and sometimes insidious effects on the body politic and given the inordinately large number of candidates running for President this time—a politician's dozen, at the latest count—we are likely to be awash in maudlin sentimentality long before Election Day comes around. Other polls in the past have shown that the public has come to believe that all aspirants for high political office in this country are the synthetic creations of mass-marketing publicity and advertising campaigns (which are, of course, based on polls), so this time candidates for the highest office are trying to avoid that appearance by synthetically creating themselves (again, of course, based on the polls). To that end, they are now pounding along the campaign trail with their hearts on their sleeves and their souls in their mouths, to persuade the public that they are actual human beings. "They are showing their emotions, talking about their feelings, revealing intimate details about their pasts," the *Times* reported. "Everywhere you look, the men who would be President are, as the poet Rod McKuen once put it, 'listening to the warm.' " What they have heard has led them, separately, to a surprisingly similar response—public displays of their private sufferings, as a means of demonstrating that it hasn't all been easy for them, either.

Vice-President George Bush, the *Times* noted, has been found to strike voters as a "shallow aristocrat," a "lapdog," and a "wimp." To rebut these charges, he went on "60 Minutes" and talked about the suffering that he and his wife endured when their three-year-old daughter died of leukemia, in 1953. "A little strength comes from that," he said. Later, in an appearance before several hundred supporters, Bush boasted that in the Second World War he was, at the age of eighteen, the youngest pilot in the Navy. "I happen to believe," he went on, "that seeing my comrades in my own plane killed in combat, and having seen people on our ship killed in combat, that that sensitizes me to the importance of a strong national security." Bush cannot open his mouth without putting both of his political feet in it. If he keeps it up, he may establish a new record for inepti-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TICK TICK TICK
YOUR FRIEND
Next week:
TOAST WITHOUT ANXIETY
R. Chast

tude, outdoing even such recent candidates as George McGovern (whose campaign director was Gary Hart) and Walter Mondale, who showed how it really should not be done.

Over on the Democratic side of the campaign, Senator Joseph R. Biden, Jr., of Delaware, went on the "Today" show and spoke about the "rage, absolute rage" that he felt over mankind's helplessness before fate when his first wife (a schoolteacher) and their baby daughter were killed in an automobile accident, in 1972. During a campaign appearance in Concord, New Hampshire, Biden was introduced to an audience by the co-chairman of his state campaign, Steven McAuliffe, whose wife, Christa (also a schoolteacher), was killed in the space shuttle Challenger disaster. McAuliffe said to Biden and the audience, "Without belaboring it, it's obvious we share, you and I, a very heavy burden." Presumably, he meant the deaths of their wives, not the heavy burden of using them to get votes. Among the pollsters' and political consultants' explanations for the "higher emotional involvement" between candidates and voters in this campaign, the *Times* said, is "enhanced emphasis on character rather than issues, as a measure of Presidential candidates." Clearly, Biden is banking on the New Hampshire primary to pull him through—after he has traversed the state arm in arm with his fellow-sufferer McAuliffe. But by the time he and McAuliffe are finished, they may have made their public suffering seem more crucial than the deaths they mourn.

When Gary Hart dropped out of the race and attacked the press for its unseemly conduct, while dissembling about his own, he shattered the image that he had tried to create, and revealed himself as a man of unstable character and reckless judgment who cared little for his family and less for the scores of people who worked on his campaign, at low pay and for long hours, out of dedication to him and belief in what he ostensibly stood for. A few weeks before he was found to be too hot, some polls showed that the voters regarded him as being "too cold," and they were soon proved all too right. Apparently hoping to warm himself in the public regard, Hart went out on the hustings and joined the heart-and-soul contest, in which he had a nice advantage, of course, by way of his name, even if it wasn't the one that he was born with. During a campaign stop in his home town of Ottawa, Kansas, he reminisced about his boyhood there—an opportunity for some fine sentiment that could have tied him to local residents and his roots. Instead, he went out of political control. "While talking about his parents," the *Times* reported, "Mr. Hart's eyes filled with tears and his voice quavered." The account didn't mention his audience's reaction, but it said that "his staff was thrilled with this 'humanizing' moment." Whatever his poll-minded aides may have felt, his performance was another example, small but striking, of his rashness. Although the scene might have played well with an audience of elderly people who would be pleased if their children were so moved by the thought of them, an audience of Kansas farmers and townspeople must have thought that any grown man who got up in public and carried on over his parents had to be either a phony or a sap. Most professional politicians are amateur actors, of course (the lead in the White House, on the other hand, is a professional actor and an amateur politician), and those who are still in the race, or about to enter it, would be wise not to repeat Hart's imprudence in plunging across the faint line between feeling and weakness—or, in terms of the present campaign, the line that separates the men from the wimps.

Political consultants claim that the purpose of the present "emotional" campaign style is to forge a bond, or to create "identification," between candidates and voters. One of the surest ways to accomplish this, they also claim, is by conveying compassion. So far, though, the candidates seem to be saving their compassion for themselves, perhaps because they don't have enough of it to go around or because they haven't found a suitable way to convey it to audiences. As soon as they do—and, unfortunately, they are bound to—the campaign will become far more sappy. Some of them will have a harder time of it than others—particularly the candidates who are now regarded by the voters as not having much feeling or depth of any kind. For instance, the polls show that voters find Representative Jack F. Kemp, Republican of New York, and Representative Richard A. Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, along with Senator Albert Gore, Jr., Democrat of Tennessee, "a bit artificial." It could be their blow-dried hairdos, which make them look like trendy bartenders, or it could be that they *are* a bit artificial. The proper artifice should fix that; if it doesn't, they will get enough practice in simulation during this campaign to be ready for 1992 or 1996, which is probably what a couple of them have in mind anyway. In that event, they may run into far stronger competition—from Senator Bill Bradley, Howard Baker, Senator Sam Nunn, and Governor Mario Cuomo, who are on the sidelines watching the soulful parade. They are serious men, and big guns, and if one or more of them joined the present race it would probably take a sharp turn toward the sensible. Still another candidate, Governor Michael S. Dukakis, Democrat of Massachusetts, has a far more daunting reputation—as a "reserved technocrat." Not long ago, a political consultant who has known him for years said, "He's dry, dull, earnest, and thorough. If we want the city-manager form of Presidency, he's perfect." Some of Hart's former aides have gone to work for Dukakis, but they're unlikely to find in him any of the "humanizing moments" that Hart thrilled them with so briefly. Most unfortunately of all for Dukakis, everyone remembers that other reserved technocrat in the White House, Jimmy Carter (who was dangerously ahead of his time, politically, in claiming not only that he had heart but that there was lust in it). And older voters, who vote in the largest numbers of any bloc, remember most vividly the historic pariah among reserved technocrats, Herbert Hoover. Still, Dukakis might mollify them, if no one else, by quoting from his favorite poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

Of all the men who are blowing their sad horns in this Presidential blues concert, only Senator Bob Dole, Republican of Kansas, has the advantage of disadvantage: his right arm was left useless by a severe wound during his service as a combat infantryman in the Second World War. Apparently to test his material before taking it out on the road, Dole gave an interview to *Vanity Fair* in which he

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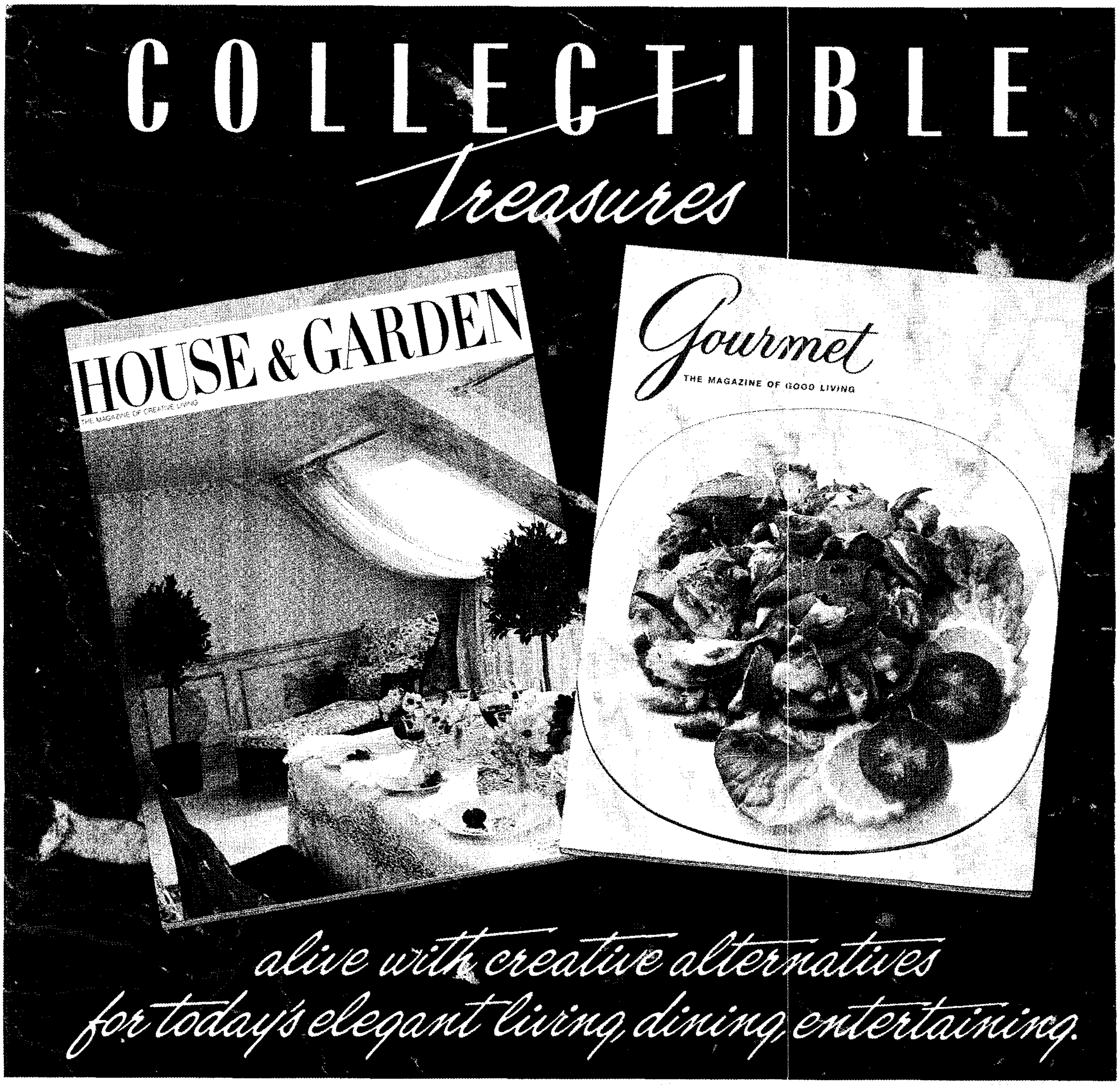
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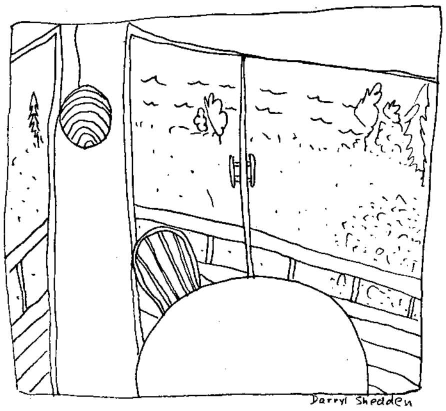
talked about his life when he got home from the war. "There you are, a grown man, and you can't do anything, can't get dressed," he said. By using the second person, he neatly got around the wimp factor and helped readers imagine what it must be like to have only one working arm. To make sure that they fully appreciated his disability, the piece went on to describe the extraordinary difficulties that he has in coping with such ordinary daily tasks as buttoning his shirt, affixing his cufflinks, and tying his shoelaces. Not long ago, while campaigning in Georgia, he demonstrated how adroitly he can wipe out Bush. "Like many others, I went off to World War II," Dole said. "And, like others, I was at the right place at the wrong time on April 14, 1945. I got to spend about thirty-nine months in a hospital, and I just say that all that experience . . . has made me a very strong person and a very sensitive person when it comes to the handicapped and other vulnerable groups in America. There is something about a recovery or a rehabilitation that makes you stronger anyway. You get frustrated. You get mad sometimes. Then you learn how to have a little patience. And you learn that other people have real problems." If voters are looking for the cleverest sufferer, Dole is their man. Since he is also a man of some wit, he will probably make fun of himself through his handicap—say, by recounting embarrassing moments that it has caused him—and will thereby remind voters not only of his loss but of his spirit and courage in surmounting it. In the end, he may turn out to seem more whole than his rivals.

POLITICIANS are so eager to seize an advantage of the moment that they occasionally fail to consider where it may lead them. In trying to reap the votes that pollsters claim are out there awaiting men of heart and soul, the present candidates may turn out to be mere pollinators, who spread the crop across the land without realizing that the one man who is ideally suited to gather in the harvest is Pat Robertson. His qualifications for the Presidency may be zero, but his qualifications as a candidate are off the scoreboard. He is an expert in the heart-and-soul business, he is a topnotch television performer, he has millions of dedicated followers, he controls the Christian Broadcasting Network, with a potential audience of eighty million people, and he has, or so he says, God on his side. Some time ago, Robertson announced that he would run for President only if God told him to in one of their talks together. But, apparently stung by skeptics' charges that his claim qualified him more for a madhouse than for the White House, he seemed to modify his position, without basically changing it, and announced that he would run for President only if God demonstrated His support by enabling him to collect three million signatures on a petition. When God did even better—donations amounting to seven million dollars poured in for his campaign, by far the largest sum collected by any of the Republican contenders—Robertson once again said that he would consider running for the Republican nomination. Clearly, he is confident that, with God as his fund-raiser, Heaven is the limit, so he has for the present rejected the federal matching funds available to him—eleven million dollars between now and the end of the primaries.

Although a great many gullible Americans have a low tolerance for human reason and a high tolerance for any mountebanks who claim to be in touch with God, it appears that there are probably not enough of them to make Robertson our next President. But that may not be his goal. If he makes a fair-to-good showing in the polls and the primaries, he could win by losing, because he would then become the leader of this country's immense religious-political-crackpot wing. It has been drifting amorphously for years, and now may be the time for someone to give it direction. If it is Robertson who does, he might well succeed in his avowed purpose of pushing this nation to a more distant right than anyone has contemplated before.

From time to time in American history, religious extremists have flirted with politics—until the Internal Revenue Service threatened to cancel their tax exemptions. It will be interesting to see how far Robertson's followers will go in making non-deductible contributions to his campaign, and it will be even more interesting to see, if he is defeated, whether he follows his tax-exempt God or a taxable political career. The chances of his making it big and turning the evangelical zealots into political zealots are not to be dismissed out of hand. In fact, possibly the safest place to put Robertson is in the White House, where he would be controlled by Congress and the courts.



Senator Edward M. Kennedy firmly ruled himself out of the present race before it started, but its heartfelt and soulful character may persuade him to reconsider. One advantage he would have over the other candidates is that he would not have to mention his suffering at all, since everyone who sees him is immediately reminded of his murdered brothers. Another advantage is that he is a passionate campaigner—unlike the others, who do a poor imitation of passion. But, most of all, this could be the ideal, and only, time for Kennedy to transmute his greatest political liability—the death of Mary Jo Kopechne at Chappaquiddick—into a major political asset. If he were to announce his candidacy in a major address on national television, and to confess (in the cadences of Theodore Sorensen) his profound guilt and shame over his past deceit and cowardice, he might at last earn the public forgiveness that has been denied him for eighteen years. While the candidates' suffering on the stump may well create some identification between them and the voters, confessions of wrongdoing and admissions of mistakes are much more dramatically compelling. As the evangelicals have demonstrated, public, not private, redemption is in the air—the TV air—today. Up to now, none of the candidates seem to have understood the potent effects of public confession. Kennedy could be a trailblazing campaigner, and if there is a connection between the size of the vote and the size of the wrong the voters are forgiving, he could build an unbeatable lead.

In the past, politicians rarely confessed to wrongs or admitted to mistakes, because that was as good as depositing money in an opponent's political bank. But these days it is not only politically acceptable to own up to error, it is politically desirable, as a sign of manliness—particularly since President Reagan has shown, by his

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spectacular ineptitude, what can happen when one does not. As everybody except Reagan now agrees, if he had gone before the public immediately after the Iran-Contra story hit the news and said, "I was wrong," the scandal would soon have been forgotten. Not long ago, an NBC News–*Wall Street Journal* poll showed that fifty-six per cent of the people believe that he lied about his part in the affair (while, bewilderingly, forty-six per cent of them also approve of the job that he's doing), and the political costs to him continue to mount. Whatever he finally pays for his obduracy, it will never be as much as the cost to any of his subordinates who may end up in prison because they were loyal to him.

SOONER or later, the voters may get fed up with the childish antics of the present candidates, and start looking around for a grownup to serve them as President. The chance that they will find one is slim, but nowhere near as slim as the chance that he would run, since what self-respecting man would subject himself to the degrading silliness of this campaign? (Today, Franklin Roosevelt might be encouraged to display, not conceal, the braces on his legs.) But a plausible substitute for an adult may turn out to be Alexander M. Haig, Jr., whose Junker face and taut bearing make him at least look the part. Although he may have a hard time identifying with voters on the common-man level, he could be uncommonly good at displaying his feelings on the highest level. As chief of President Nixon's White House staff, Haig stood by the falling President, and it was reported to be Haig who persuaded him to resign, to save himself and the Presidency. Afterward, it was Haig, by then a four-star general in command of NATO, who directed the forces guarding Western freedom against the barbarian Red hordes. And, finally, it was Haig, Secretary of State in the first Reagan Administration, who fought to preserve the peace of the world and the safety of this land. It is quite a political résumé. Still, his rivals are bound to raise some niggling questions. Did he negotiate a pardon for Richard Nixon and the NATO job for himself in exchange for the Presidency for Gerald Ford? How else could Haig, who arrived at the White House as a colonel and earned his four stars on the battlefield there, have won such posts over a couple of hundred officers who outranked him? Even worse, though, Haig will have to explain his sudden and hysterical behavior after President Reagan was shot. "As of now, I am in control here," Haig announced on television from the White House in a grim and ferociously defiant manner. Afterward, he explained that since the President was incapacitated and the Vice-President was out of town he, as next in line of succession to the Presidency, had merely meant to reassure the people that the government was in safe hands. Actually, he was a couple of rungs farther down on the ladder of succession, and all that he accomplished by his announcement was to scare the wits out of people by acting as if a coup were in the making. No politician would ever make such a nutty mistake, and Haig's chief drawback is that since he has never held elective office he knows nothing about the unique complexities of political life except what he learned at the knee of Richard Nixon—that is, scoundrel politics. Haig has lived outside democratic society for much of his life, in a world that is circumscribed by command and obedience, and for such a man civilians are little more than a mass nuisance. Still, his military attributes make him seem grownup, which may be why—according to a "favorability" poll—he suddenly shot to second place among Republican candidates a couple of months ago. Although he fell back later, he is still in hot pursuit of Bush, the front-runner among Republicans, who seems to have the lead solely because more people recognize his name. A debate between the two could eliminate both of them from the race. Bush is inarticulate to the point of verbal strangulation. And Haig, who is particularly fond of misusing jargon like "fixated," attacks English rather than speaks it, and can mix metaphors faster than any other man on the campaign trail. Not long ago, for instance, he said that a newly elected President "has a window of opportunity to make a difference in the country that usually lasts about two years," and then "the worms crawl out of the mattress."

POLLSTERS claim that they serve the public interest by finding and reporting what the public thinks and wants—in everything from doughnuts to Presidents. But in the present campaign the candidates have used their findings only to *seem* to be what the public wants, so in the end the voters are not served but deceived. Of course, the pollsters would probably reply that it isn't their fault if the product they sell is politically misused. That is true—just as true, say, as the gun manufacturers' claim that it isn't their fault if the products they sell are fatally misused. In any case, the polls are protected under the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech, and they will have an increasing effect on our political system, for good and for ill, as they become more refined and more widely depended on. Given their inordinate influence and the length of time that candidates campaign nowadays—upward of a year and a half of constant travelling, delivering hundreds of speeches tailored to fit various audiences, shaking hands by the thousand, eating chicken-and-pea dinners by the ton, living in seedy motels and hotels, and begging, begging for money—it seems unlikely that we will ever again have a good President. Instead, we will have our pick, willy-nilly, from among a crowd of egocentric children who are so obsessed by their dream of being "leader of the free world" that they will do anything and be anyone to get the job. Unhappily for them, and unfortunately for the world, all the dignity and glory and power of the Presidency cannot make a leader out of a man who has won it by behaving like a fool. Perhaps the best solution is a requirement that pollsters publish not just the results of their surveys but the questions asked and the responses given in detail. If the polls were conducted with scrupulous care and objectivity, rather than to produce sellable results, it seems overwhelmingly probable that voters who are asked what they want in a President would say that they want what they have always wanted—a leader of honor and character and vision who would be honest with them.

—RICHARD HARRIS

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BOOKS

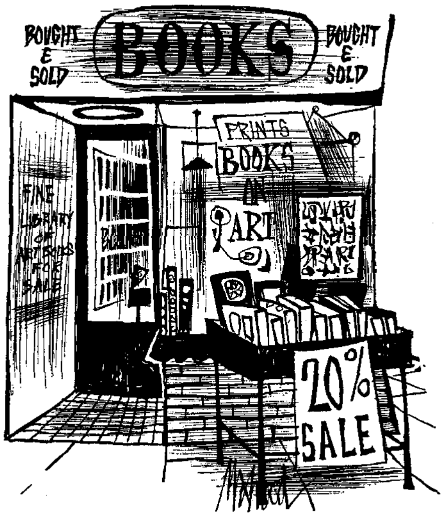
Black Ships

WESTERN friends of the modern Japanese novel are accustomed to slender volumes. With some sizable exceptions, like Yukio Mishima's "The Sea of Fertility" or Junichiro Tanizaki's "The Makioka Sisters," most modern Japanese novels—or, anyway, most of those exported through translation—are tersely told tales. Long on beauty though they may be, the books of Soseki Natsume, Yasunari Kawabata, and Kobo Abe generally demand little shelf space; and both Tanizaki and Mishima, for all their drives toward amplitude, worked most commonly with forms closer in length to the novella than to the novel. Into this august but austere company now emerges Toson Shimazaki, whose "Before the Dawn" runs to more than seven hundred and fifty pages, not including a generous introduction by its translator, William E. Naff; various maps; a list of principal characters; an extensive glossary; and a bibliographical note. With what might seem an un-Japanese lack of delicacy, the book arrives here with a startling, satisfying thump.

"Before the Dawn" (University of Hawaii; $30), which was first published in 1935, was Toson's sixth novel, and the last he completed before his death, in 1943, at the age of seventy-one. (Toson was born Haruki Shimazaki; the ideographs of his pen name suggest a wisteria flower and a village.) It is also the first of his books to be published in this country—a fact that would probably surprise most Japanese readers of fiction, for whom he is one of the century's most prominent figures. Naff notes in his introduction that in Japan a mountain of literary exegesis—more than a hundred and thirty books and some seven hundred articles and essays—has been erected in commemoration of Toson.

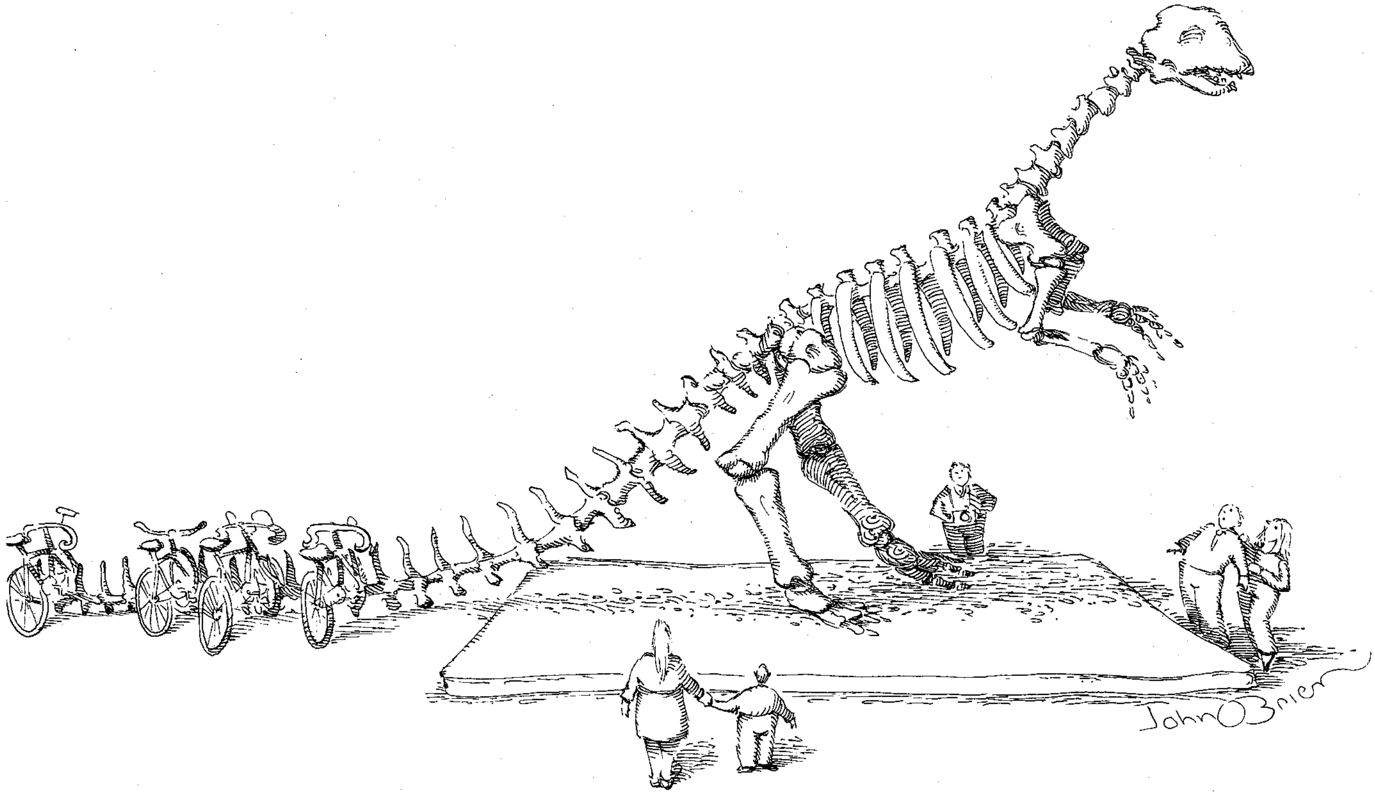
Many, perhaps most, of those modern Japanese novels which find an English translator take as their theme the effect of the West on traditional Japanese ways and outlooks. Frequently handled in tacit fashion, with little recourse to Western characters, the theme may be presented as a confrontation between duty and liberty, or the old and the new, or the intuitive and the rational. "Before the Dawn" is striking in its attempt to treat the pressures of West on East frontally, minutely, and from their outset. The prologue opens in the spring of 1853, a few months before a mysterious, minatory cluster of "Black Ships"—those of Commodore Perry—are spotted near Yokohama. The epilogue closes in 1886, within the graveyard of a Buddhist temple. In the three decades and seven hundred pages that intervene, scarcely an incident arises that is not touched by those Black Ships and the colorful, confusing world they bring as their enduring cargo.

"Before the Dawn" tells the story of the Aoyama family, who for seventeen generations have lived in the village of Magome, one of eleven post stations in the deep Kiso Valley of central Japan. Magome lies on the Kiso Road, which winds through the valley and, although tortuous and often snowbound, is of vital military significance; it is the only inland route linking western with eastern Japan, the imperial court in Kyoto with the Tokugawa shogunate in Edo (modern-day Tokyo). At the time of Perry's arrival, Kichizaemon Aoyama is fifty-five and—though he feels his years a little as he maneuvers around the steep environs of Magome—he is still vigorously serving the village in the hereditary positions of *shoya* (tax and labor administrator), *toiya* (freight official), and *honjin* (keeper of the posthouse, in which high-ranking official travellers are lodged). He is also the head of what is by long tradition Magome's leading family; the village was founded by an Aoyama in the sixteenth century. In the nicely calibrated society of mid-nineteenth-century Japan, Kichizaemon is at ease in his dual role as a kind of country squire to the other villagers and an unquestioning subordinate to the distant shogun. (Kichizaemon is hardly unusual in bending unresistingly to the shogunate; for centuries, even the emperors were reduced to mere figureheads in the face of its military might.) Unfortunately for Kichizaemon, his only son, Hanzo, seems temperamentally unsuited to the positions of authority he is meant to inherit. Hanzo is contemplative, restive, feckless, and imprecise. Also unfortunately for Kichizaemon, the Black Ships signal the advent of revolutions along the Kiso Road which would upend a far steadier sensibility than Hanzo's.



Toson's decision to center his novel in a far-flung mountain village, rather than in one of the big cities where face-to-face contacts with Westerners quickly became common, proves an artistically liberating choice. The impact of the "red-haired barbarians"—as early Westerners were sometimes known—is felt the more powerfully for their invisibility. Most of the villagers have never seen either Kyoto or Edo. In fact, communities in the Kiso Valley are so insular that slight variations in pronunciation can be heard between neighboring villages lying only five miles apart. Life is given over to subsistence farming and vague, fiercely nervous speculation about the various samurai and lords whose elaborate, palanquin-equipped processions pass "one after another like waves of cloud in a storm front." One day, a few weeks after Perry's arrival, heavy cannons are dragged laboriously through the village—and what could this mean? All the great political upheavals of the age are much too distant for the villagers (with the exception of Hanzo) to think of influencing or interceding in them—but not so distant, it seems, that their aftershocks will not come rumbling through like one of those earthquakes that, in this precariously vertical mountain community, are a continual source of terror.

IN deciding to write a historical novel, Toson unwittingly did the Western reader a great favor. The need to reconstruct a vanished world seems to have led him naturally into an expatiating, comfortably didactic tone, and the reader receives much



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more in the way of background information than he generally expects to be given in a Japanese novel. He may feel, indeed, that he is sometimes given more than he can usefully absorb. Toson discourses, occasionally at great length, on the politics of the era, paying particular attention to military campaigns. He is also copious—more helpfully and proximately so, in terms of the plot—in his exposition of the functioning of the transport network along the Kiso Road. Page after page, the book bespeaks a dogged aptitude for historical research, by which a vanished world becomes a gratifyingly palpable one.

If the Western reader finds the tangled, faction-ridden history that Toson presents a little bewildering, he can take consolation in the thought that bewilderment of this sort has a long history; as Toson points out with some amusement, early Western officials often failed to distinguish between the imperial and the shogunate courts. But, whatever small confusions Toson may cause the reader unversed in Japanese political history, he succeeds completely in what Naff singles out as one of the book's primary objectives: a vivid demonstration of the richness and ferment of Japan's intellectual life during an age when most outsiders would have deemed the country only recently and partly "opened." Japan's initial American visitors naturally had little chance to perceive that they had irrupted into one of the most literate and vigorously scholastic countries in the world—or that they had happened to arrive at a moment when the shogun was being undermined by renewed moral and political claims on behalf of the emperor. From the Japanese point of view, the jostling entrance of the Americans (and, subsequently, the British, the French, the Russians) could be assimilated only within the context of this other, older source of contention. For many Japanese, the two great political turmoils of the age—one new and international, the other ancient and domestic—were sensibly resolved in the popular slogan "Revere the Emperor, Expel the Barbarians." The two demands seemed philosophically of a piece. But if the first was soon to be fulfilled, with the Meiji Restoration of 1868, the second became more dreamily unworkable with each passing year, as Western customs and fashions, laws and ideologies penetrated ever deeper into Japanese society. Poor Hanzo cannot compass this necessary process of interchange and reconciliation on the international level; his earnest, occluded outlook is limited to "straightforwardness and wholesomeness." If the West *must* be admitted, Hanzo would ask that each of its aspects be given fervent scrutiny and only those compatible with innate Japanese values be granted adoption. As becomes clearer with each chapter, he is unsuited to the indiscriminate, lumping approximations of daily life, and his inability to cope with the hybrid developments of a modernizing Japan nudges him incrementally toward madness.

HANZO enters intellectual life as an optimist and an activist. In his mid-twenties he becomes a disciple of the Hirata school of National Learning, an intellectual movement that, according to Naff's glossary, "strove to recover through philological study and religious speculation the presumably pristine character of early Japan." It pitted itself against "Chinese-mindedness," which it perceived as a legacy of Japan's middle ages, and as being variously responsible for the ascendancy of the shogun over the emperor, the substitution of imported Buddhist practices for indigenous Shinto rites, and the acceptance of "empty verbalizations." According to Hanzo's beliefs, any resumption of what was "open and generous" in the national character can come only with the reinstatement of the emperor in the sacrosanct position that Jimmu, the first emperor, enjoyed; the fallacies of a millennium need to be swept entirely away. Hanzo's "rejection of the middle ages" and "return to antiquity" are not meant to support a blind return to

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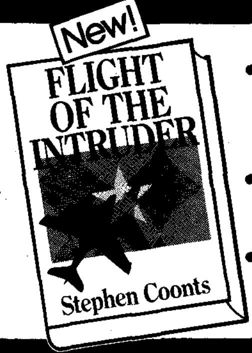

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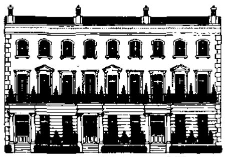

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ancient ways, however; he seeks an enlightened, consciously chosen program of cultural rescue, by which a "new past" may be found.

The first half of the novel mounts step by step toward the fulfillment of Hanzo's elevated vision. Out for a walk one snowy morning in the winter of 1867, Hanzo stops in a teahouse, where he meets Kozo, a friend and fellow-disciple of the National Learning movement, who has some astonishing news. In a room suffused with morning light, Kozo informs Hanzo that the shogun has agreed to relinquish his power to the emperor. Dizzy with jubilation, the two friends exchange cups of sunlit *sake*. To Hanzo and Kozo it seems that their country is about to be spiritually reborn at last. To the reader it seems that a threshold has been crossed—that the dawn of the novel's title has arrived. But Hanzo's delirious joy is recurringly darkened by an insight that he has first expressed during a doctrinal debate: "I was just twenty-two when the Black Ships first came here. But it is a mistake to think that those were the first Black Ships. If you think about it, you will realize that there is no way to count all the Black Ships that have come to this country since the beginning." It seems the taint of the foreign has been with the Japanese all along. And by now it may be ineradicable.

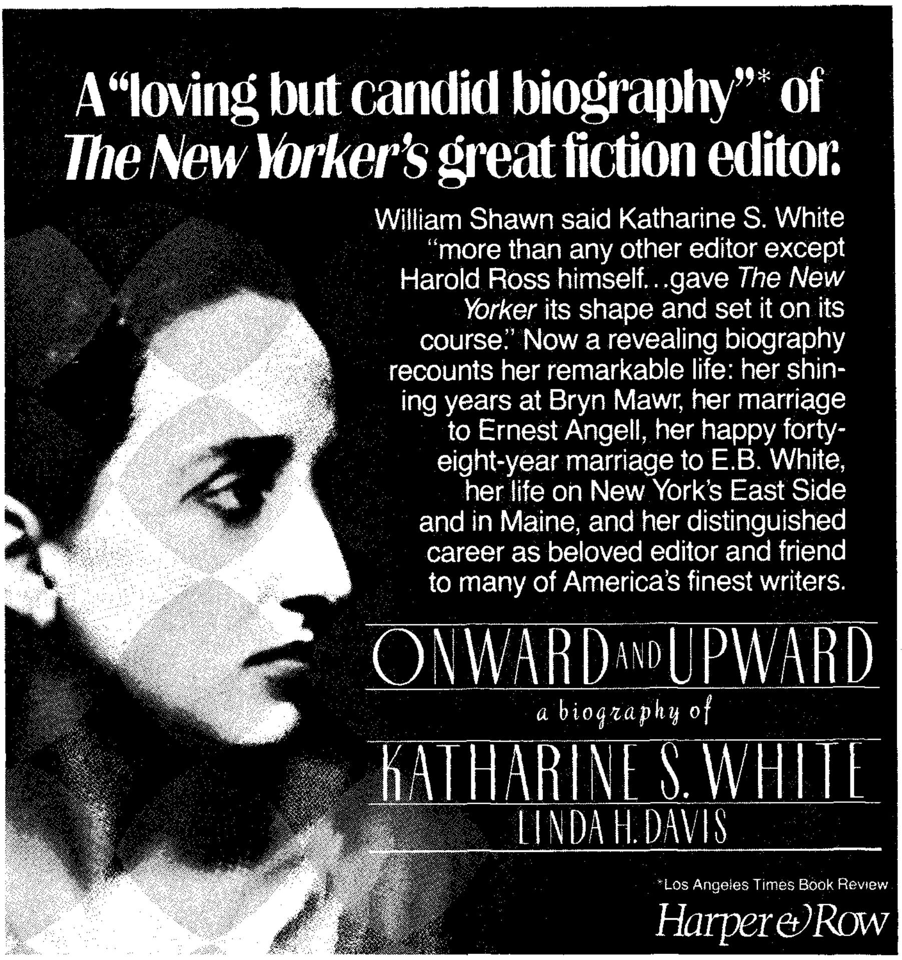
Hanzo eventually discovers that the villagers of Magome are curiously unmoved by the Restoration. He wants them to "begin living by completely new rules." But earthbound, daily life, with all its old pettinesses and dissatisfactions, goes on. And although Hanzo cannot share the villagers' outlook, he empathizes sufficiently to see that for them what has occurred is a mere exchange of tyrants. The shogun's knowingly brutal exactions have been supplanted by the decrees of an ignorant bureaucracy that likewise impoverishes them, this time in the name of the emperor. In the eyes of the villagers, most questions of the spirit, including even that of national regeneration, are an extravagance reserved for those with time on their hands—the priests, say, or those rare men like Hanzo, who have the wealth to indulge themselves in schemes of universal betterment.

ACCORDING to Naff, Japanese literary authorities disagree about the import of the novel's title. Any allusion to the rising sun must, of course, evoke the nation as a whole, and the emperor, who symbolizes it but some readers have speculated tha the title also refers, less weightily, to the early-rising author's work habits Others have detected in it a glimpse of the shadowed era of the novel's composition—those increasingly militaristic years during which Japan was inching toward global conflict. Naff favors a more cheerful interpretation. "The most important source is probably the term *reimeiki* or 'period of dawning,' which Japanese cultural historians often date from around 1887. It was then that the first desperate rush of almost indiscriminate foreign borrowing . . . was superseded by years still tense and perilous but marked by the emergence of a new generation that had both the time and the training to think more critically about the problem of European influence." That the book's epilogue takes place a year before the "period of dawning" argues strongly in Naff's favor. Still, readers may wish to regard the title as darkly ironic—for this novel is, in the end, a heartbreaking story. The illumination that the title promises may be only that of a false dawn. Almost the last words the reader hears from Hanzo are "I am going to die without ever seeing the sun again." The cry expresses the running anguish of his final two months, which he spends immured in a cramped, frigid, filthy hut. Hanzo's own son Sota has locked him up, in response to the villagers' conviction that Hanzo's gathering madness imperils them all. The reader will probably grow to feel that, however misguided its impulses, Hanzo's spiritual restlessness—which propels him into a job in the Ministry of Religion in Edo, and eventually into a lonely four-year stint as a Shinto priest—distinguishes and ennobles him. But Hanzo himself, shortly before his final mental disintegration, becomes convinced that "his insignificant life simply did not amount to much." The sunlit *sake* he once shared with Kozo now becomes a dark, treacherous fluid as Hanzo floats toward alcoholism. In his descent into hallucination and madness he is spared no pain or indignity. And, in a sudden shift, this vast novel, heretofore marked by spotless decorum in its handling of sexual and bodily matters, turns graphically revolting at its close. The reader, too, is spared nothing: Hanzo, his "hair and nails . . . grotesquely long," is seen hurling his own excrement at those who would visit him. When this gentle, unrealistic man loses all sense of reality, he becomes a savage animal.

The ambiguity of the title sets the tone for a novel in which motivations are often obscure. Critical events in the lives of the characters are often obliquely reported, in the form of hearsay, rather than directly portrayed. The narrative method is unassertive, insinuative. Time and again, when the author presents some small revelation—a memorandum, a letter, a snatch of dialogue—he offers the reader no initial identification or preamble. One is momentarily compelled to sift and analyze without the mediating assistance of the author. For all Toson's forthrightly didactic intentions, in depicting personal dealings he relies on a characteristically Japanese subtlety and restraint.

The book's plotting, by contrast, is often a loosely disciplined, and even vagrant, affair. Hanzo sometimes disappears for thirty or forty pages at a stretch while Toson supplies the reader with "historical reflections." This interplay between an individual and a nation, both of them struggling and confused, works dynamically at times, with each side complementing and enriching the other. But there are moments when the story threatens to collapse altogether under the double weight. Toson handicaps himself further by failing to create deep, tiered characters. The critic and translator Edwin McClellan hardly overstates the case when, in his book "Two Japanese Novelists," he observes of "Before the Dawn" that "of the many characters that appear in it, not one, not even the hero, seems to emerge as a fully rounded personality." Hanzo's questing hunger does come through, and so does the mute, inadequately squelched despair of his daughter Okume (who, ominously, is described as "exactly like her father"). But for the most part the farmers, priests, merchants, scholars, and innkeepers of this novel bustle about in a flat, two-dimensional world. The reader is likely to feel unreasonably overworked as he tries to keep track of the outsize, constantly growing cast of characters (a task enlarged by Toson's decision to introduce at various points women named Otami, Otama, Otomi, and Omaki).

"Before the Dawn" is, then, a crowded tale, but one happily rendered into a clean, idiomatic English. The reader may come away from it regretting that no very distinct impression of Toson's writing style is conveyed



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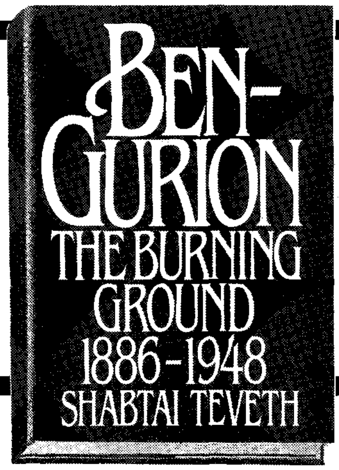

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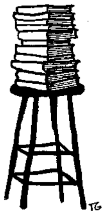

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(perhaps an inevitable shortcoming, for, according to McClellan, Toson chose to work in a style "bereft of ornament"), but he will nevertheless delight in the easy fluency of Naff's lines. Punctuation is kept to a minimum, and the reader can travel for pages without encountering a parenthesis, a dash, or a semicolon. Commas, too, are often nimbly deleted, thanks to a sure ear for speech rhythms, as first displayed in the prologue: "The rule of the Tokugawa had still been secure when a mound topped by a stone inscribed with a verse by Basho was set up beside the road in Shinjaya hamlet at the western edge of Magome." In its sheer length, its detailed forays into political history, and its emphasis on ideology and the life of the mind, "Before the Dawn" clearly imposed heavy burdens upon Naff—who by serving Toson unobtrusively has served him well.

McCLELLAN notes that all of Toson's novels except his first, "Broken Commandment," had firm autobiographical underpinnings. Throughout his career, Toson transferred the events of his turbulent life—which included three years of self-imposed exile in Paris after he had, scandalously, impregnated his niece—directly into his fiction. As Japanese readers would be likely to know, Hanzo was based squarely upon Toson's father, Masaki Shimazaki, who had both served on the Kiso Road and pledged himself to the National Learning movement. A profusion of Hanzo's writings—poems, letters, petitions, journal entries—appears in the novel, and all were originally Masaki Shimazaki's. But if uncertainties about Toson the stylist may hamper the Western reader slightly an ignorance about Toson the man in no way impedes an enjoyment of "Before the Dawn." Everything the reader might need to know about Toson's life can be gleaned from the novel itself.

Rooted firmly in dates and itineraries, rich with convincingly quirky particulars, the portrait of Hanzo bears the unmistakable stamp of actuality; remote as Hanzo's heart may sometimes seem, especially in his dealings with his wife, there is never a doubt that behind him stands a historical person as model and inspiration. And toward the close of the novel another actual person teasingly, transformatively emerges. In the reader's mind, a suspicion hardens into a certainty that Hanzo's bookish son Wasuke, a peripheral but winsome character who "is fond of learning," must be based on Toson himself. With this revelation, the book is converted into an intimate family monument—one whose heft and grandeur are the more poignant for being erected in honor of an undiscerning, often foolish, ultimately demented man.

Perry's Black Ships of 1853, and the character of that determinedly indrawn nation whose waters they breached, present questions that Japanese novelists and historians will be reëvaluating for centuries. Perry's steamships—which were capable of crossing the Pacific in less time than a procession normally required to negotiate the Kiso Road—introduced a heady new age. Working as both novelist and historian, Toson Shimazaki sought to illustrate how that age affected a solitary man, his father—whom, as the Hanzo-Wasuke relationship suggests, he had scarcely known. Like Wasuke, Toson left home to study in Tokyo while still a young boy, and rarely saw his father afterward. Unfamiliarity in no way hindered him, however, in drawing a sweeping, sympathetic portrait of a man who had "lost his way in his journey through this world." Hanzo himself was left believing that "everything that had accumulated in Japan over the centuries was being treated as though it had no value." But the very existence of "Before the Dawn" attests to the persistence of one traditional virtue: ancestral piety, the devotion accorded a father by his son.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

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CULTURE COMES TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

[*From an announcement of exhibitions at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art*]

Je Suis Le Cashier: The Sketchbooks of Picasso

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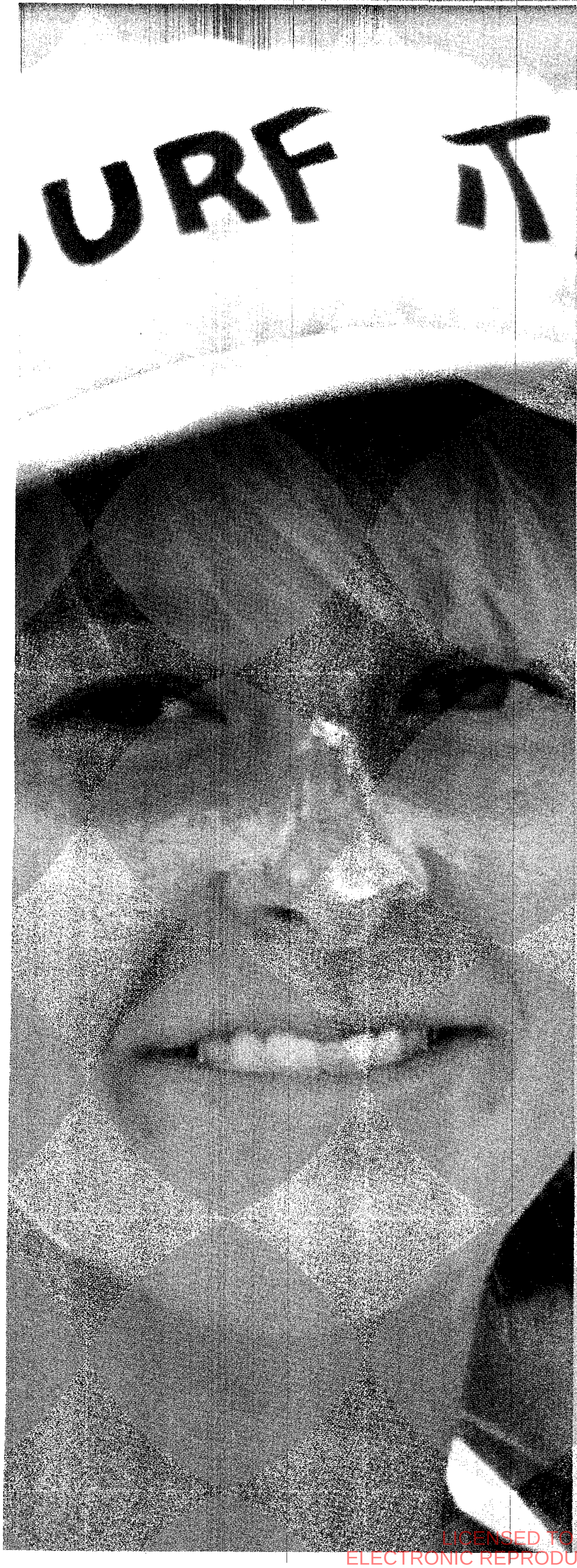
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Berwick Advertiser*]

A most unique situation occurred in July, when the monthly meeting took place, with the Rector's permission, in St. Mary's Church, where due to an oversight no chairs were available in the Parish Room.

The President, Mrs Innes, welcomed Mr Muckle of Powburn who showed some beautiful slides of numerous house plants along with a running commentary of practical advice and information for prolonging the life of each plant.

An appropriate conclusion to the evening when, with a Christmas flavour, a tub of mincemeat was shared amongst the members.



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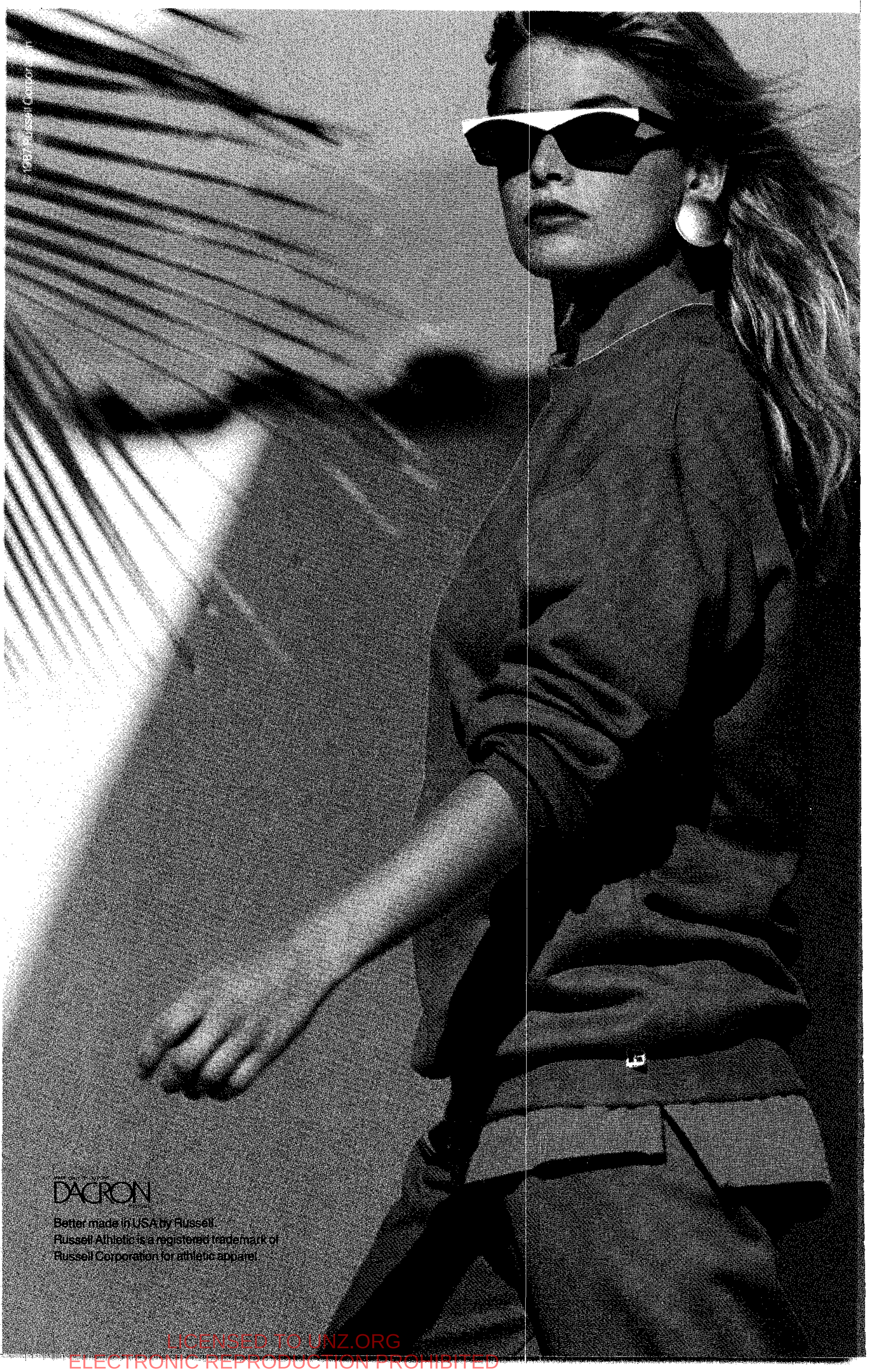

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